

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

"What God Hath Joined Together, Let no Man Put Asunder."

A Lecture Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 3rd, 1886, by Mrs. E. L. WATSON.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

You are aware that there has recently been a revision of the good book from which our text is taken. We think it might be still further revised, and we trust that you will allow us to do a little of that work to-night, since we have no reason for supposing that the eminent gentlemen who have made this revision could lay any special claim to inspiration any more than we can. We will make our text read, "What God hath put asunder, let no man join together." [Applause.]

Nature makes no mistakes. The only infallible guide we know is found in the constitution of the universe; in the right reading of the phenomena by which we are surrounded, a portion of which constitutes our own life. The relation of the sexes involves the most important issues of human life. To rightly understand Nature's desire in this matter is to obtain divine guidance, and to shake from human nature an awful incubus, which has rested upon it for countless years. The institution as it now exists has been rightly named by one of the world's best advocates of human liberty, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a "man-marriage." While woman is as deeply concerned in the matter as man, she has never been consulted on the subject, and has never been allowed one word toward making or modifying the statutes relating to that institution.

It is self-evident that Nature intended the male and the female to live together in harmony, and by this relation to keep humanity ever fresh upon earth's bosom, and to eternalize the purest affections of the human heart. It is plain that what on the part of nature is a necessity and a legitimate condition, can have no grain of vulgarity about it, and must be held as pure and sacred. The relation of the sexes, the principle of sex, is as divine as the idea of God and immortality.

Since this relation involves the happiness of the individual, the protection of the offspring, and the permanence of the State, it is of the highest importance that we should have right ideas upon the subject. Yet, strange to say, it has been treated with unpardonable lightness on the part of society at large; and it seems almost audacious on our part to discuss it publicly; nevertheless we are determined to do so in the plainest manner possible.

The institution of marriage starts out with a wrong proposition, and that is the inequality of human rights. Man arrogates to himself special prerogatives, and the Pauline doctrine is perpetuated, which declares, "Man was not made for the woman, but the woman for the man;" that "the man did not come of the woman, but the woman of the man;" that "wives must submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the church." We have had this doctrine preached to us for hundreds of years, and the result is an unjust relation existing between the sexes.

moral and spiritual affinity; without these the two can never be divinely joined.

Nature (which is only another name for God) never joins in marriage two human beings who are constitutionally antagonistic to each other. If by any misapprehension they come together in the sexual relation, and then follow the revelation of antagonism, they are in duty bound by the laws of God, whatever may be the laws of man, to separate. [Applause.]

Divergence of views is beautiful, and only makes more perfect the harmony; but where actual and vital antagonisms exist in the marriage relation, they redouble their force in the next generation, and this results in confusion in society.

At present a married woman is a nonentity before the law. She sinks her individuality in her husband; she does not own or dare to claim her own person; her earnings are her husband's; also her dowry in many States; her children are her husband's; and his opinion must be hers, if she would live in peace. This is not right. [Applause.] This relation should be mutual, not only in one particular, but from the marriage kiss to the pushing out of the birdlings from the nest and sending them on their individual and independent way. Both should feel that they still exist as individuals, yet harmoniously blended in all their interests, and that the rights of one can not be infringed upon without injuring the other. From this harmonious action the music of the marriage life would flow continually.

When we take into consideration how little we really know; that here and there we pick up a fragment of truth, and now and then catch a glimpse of the moral law, the majesty of which few are yet able to comprehend, let me ask you two beings, who, striving to do their best, come together from mistaken judgment, not being fully acquainted with each other's habits and characteristics, when they make this discovery and see that life is one cruel blank or that it is planted thick with thorns, if they continue the relation,—why, I ask, should they be compelled to torture each other for the rest of their mortal life? [Applause.]

I know of none. But you say they should remain together for the sake of the children. That is one of the very reasons why they should be separated. A happy home, with the rosy-cheeked little ones, their dancing feet, laughing eyes and prattling lips, and two united hearts making the perfect whole; the home planted thick with the flowers of affection, is the vestibule of heaven, if not the very holy of holies of human life, but that other place, where two lives are stinging each other; where the children hear discordant words; where there are frowns instead of smiles, coldness and indifference instead of intense love and anxiety to please and bless—that place can not be called a home. It is the nearest to hell, if it is not the very heart of hell.

As the relation of the sexes lies at the very root of being, involving the happiness of generations to come, the first thing to make things better is to be more cautious about marrying. A young girl is physiologically and psychologically unfit for that relation. We say to her that the aim of life is not marriage. That is beautiful and is to be one of God's blessings to you by and by. But now make ready to do some noble work. Then you will attract, not the dude, the man of the world or the fortune hunter, but the noble of the opposite sex.

In the next place, get acquainted before you marry. A great many engage in matrimony who know almost absolutely nothing of their prospective husbands and wives. They unite blindly in this sacred relation, not knowing or thinking about the consequences. Do you say that the ecclesiastics have rendered it secure? Not a bit of it. If nature has not joined them, though the priest has pronounced them one, they are two nevertheless. This leads us to the heart of the question. Let us do away with marriage as a mere fashion. Let us recognize that a married woman is equal to a married man; and let half of the income be counted the wife's. In this respect you are better off in California than in some of the States east of the Rocky Mountains. Let it be remembered that happiness and independence belong to the woman also, and that she is something more to her husband than a mere convenient appendage. True marriage has justice for its basis, and it is based upon the principle of love. Any other is null and void before God's law. And here would come in the command, "What God hath put asunder let no man join together." [Applause.]

You may feel that we are treating the subject in a very radical manner, but we believe that the revolution which this idea of marriage would bring about, would do more for the redemption of the world than the death of all the Christs that have been nailed to cross or that drank the poisoned draughts thrust upon them by the hands of prejudice and ignorance. Why? Because under present conditions it keeps all of the sons of God busy in both worlds to keep us out of hell here and hereafter. If it is so hard to regenerate, let us see what can be done by a good generation. See to it that you are joined by the law of harmony and mutual love. See that you are physiologically adapted to each other and psychologically blended. Then we will have no idiots and imbeciles to be provided for by the State; but Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Mozarts, Beethovens, Christs, Buddhas and beings like Socrates will walk with us in our common, everyday life. Every mother's bosom shall nurse

the world's redeemer, and every father's heart shall rejoice in a fresh and noble humanity springing forth from a pure love.

It is a significant fact that the ecclesiastics—the last men on earth to touch a social evil—have found it necessary to cry out against it. How are you going to overcome the desire for murder in the heart of a mother who has no rights as a wife, and who is wronged in ways that can not be spoken, wronged a thousand times more cruelly than he who was nailed upon the cross and had the spear thrust into his side? How can we hope to have children welcomed until we see maternity protected, and life at its very fountain guarded from the lawlessness of man's lusts? Never will the day of redemption dawn until woman stands before the law equal to man; never until she is something more than a doll or a household drudge. There are thousands of men who think if they dress their wives well, allow them to ride in their carriages, they have done for them all that could be expected. But, we answer, husbands have not fulfilled their whole duty, if they disregard their wives' individual rights and trample upon the sacred desires of the heart.

This is a great subject; and we can only make a few suggestions in our limited time. Happy homes insure prosperity at large. A country where evil is disfranchised instead of legalized, and which regards the virtue of its young men just as necessary as the virtue of its young women, and establishes marriage upon a scientific and philosophical as well as ethical basis, can not possibly be otherwise than prosperous. When our homes are made the theatre of all the blessed joys, we shall not fear for any of the interests of the nation.

In regard to the law of divorce, the best interests of all concerned should be taken into consideration; and it should be just as easy for a woman to obtain a divorce as for a man. It should not be necessary in any State for either to commit a crime in order to sever this tie. [Applause.] I do not mean that there should be a separation on account of trivial differences; no, a thousand times no! Do not misunderstand me. But if you have tried it thoroughly, and find that it is impossible to live together amicably; if, after a number of years of earnest endeavor to soften the asperities and round off the angles of disagreement, you fail, then, I say, get apart, for then you may know that God did not join you together, and that man ought not to. This life is too short and the world too wide for two human beings, who constantly antagonize each other, to be forced to live under the same roof. It is not good for this generation, and certainly not for the next.

When you feel that you can not possibly agree, and that it is only misery to continue the relation, go to work amicably and build up from the ruins new conditions for each other and for the children. Bring the children into the council chamber. Let them hear your reasons for this action, and let them remain with the parent they revere the most. Then be friends. Do not believe that because you could not live together you must necessarily hate each other. You can be brothers and sisters, and perhaps enjoy that relation tenderly and sweetly, if you can not be husbands and wives.

In separating do not, as is often the case, show hatred, or fling dirt at each other, for this is unmanly and unwomanly. Always try to keep up the angel side of life. Let us look at the subject rationally, and by and by you will cast your vote for a disorganizing marriage institution, for individual liberty, for a higher moral standard in this relation. I declare unto you that, as it now exists, it is oftentimes a sink of iniquity, a cloak for lechery, and a school for degrading conduct.

In the light of God and the angel world a crime against your physiological being, whether committed under the shield of the marriage relation, or illegitimately according to the statutes of men, is all the same, and you must answer for it. Your nature will feel the wound and will show the scar for ages yet to come. Now as Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, "What is man's glory is woman's shame." This is a wrong for which society stands answerable before God and nature. Think of this subject carefully, and as you go from this place do not say that I have advocated sexual license, or have uttered one word that would lower by the breadth of a hair the moral standard of the race. Be assured that it is the evils and not the virtues of existing institutions that we attack.

No man has a right to marry who is not prepared to take care of his prospective offspring. The duty of parents to children is a thousand times more imperative than that of child to parent. You are responsible for your child's existence. If you make it a curse, you ought to suffer, and you will. You have no right to call into being a life of misery.

Let me distinctly state that in an unhappy marriage, divorce is not the first remedy. There should be the most earnest endeavor to make home happy, and to make more noble the life in all respects; and there should be such forbearance for each other's faults as will gradually build up harmony. I believe that very often the beginning of unhappiness in the marriage relation is owing to carelessness, to the neglect of those little delicate attentions, which are the fragrance of the matrimonial relation. With your lover you never forgot to be polite, but between husband and wife it does not matter so much, for everything is "fixed." Remember that there is nothing fixed in nature. Everything is on

the move; and the two who are not growing together are growing apart day by day. If one is careful and tender, full of desire to make life more gracious and beautiful, the other careless, cold and indifferent, by and by there is going to be a separation, whether published to the world or not.

Divorce should not be considered a disgrace. No one should be compelled to commit a crime in order to be legally divorced, any more than a man should be compelled to steal from his partner in business, in order to obtain a dissolution of partnership. Let it be strictly just, and then it will be honorable. It ought to be considered a disgrace to continue the relation when a thorough trial proves that happiness is impossible.

Have courage enough to face a false opinion, and to stand true to your selfhood. Have courage enough to be pure whatever the world may say. There are thousands of married people who are living together in utter estrangement. Bitter antagonisms undermine their health; and men and women, who otherwise related, would be virtuous and happy, become sour and pestilential members of society. They are "highly respectable." No one thinks of saying that there is anything wrong there, at least not without adding "it is their own business." It is not their own business alone. It is the business of society to see that they harmonize or separate, for the interests of coming generations, as well as the present, are involved.

In this plain speaking I may offend some of my hearers, but I would rather offend by stating facts than please by catering to falsehood. I have spoken to-night with my eye fixed upon a brighter and nobler future for man and woman. [Applause.]

#### PSYCHOMETRY AND CHRISTIANITY.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the JOURNAL of December 25th, I stated the results of psychometric explorations by Prof. Denton and myself, which indicated the existence of a mild climate at the North Pole. These explorations I considered entirely credible, because they manifested a scientific accuracy of perception, and because psychometric exploration has proved reliable whenever I have directed it to regions where its accuracy could be tested. Your hypercritical correspondent who would compare such investigations with mediumistic fancies is not very well posted on this subject.

Having found reason to believe a mild climate in existence at the North Pole, which is quite contrary to the *a priori* probabilities, I sought for some reason to show the possibility of this discovery being true. If in seeking such reasons I have, as your correspondent says, resurrected a buried corpse, I was not aware that such an opinion had ever been buried. I shall believe that a mild climate exists until the question has been settled by exploration, as is predicted. But I was careless in using so freely the expression "tropical climate," which I forgot to correct in the haste of preparing the article. It was what might be called a tropical climate in summer, when my observations were first made, but in winter, when the sun was low, it was like our cool autumnal climate or a southern winter.

The wonder is that such a climate should be possible at the North Pole; but instead of seeking to show that there must be such a climate, I simply sought for reasons to believe such a climate possible.

The shorter polar diameter of the earth occurred as one reason, and if the interior were a perfectly solid mass, it would have been a sufficient reason, as the temperature might be assumed to be equal at equal distances from the central region. Your correspondent's mathematical argument is simply a confused misunderstanding of the subject, as I do not suppose any radiating central source of heat, but simply a heated mass, subject to the laws of cooling masses, which tend to equilibrium.

There is, however, a valid objection to polar heat, if the interior of the globe be a molten mass; for in that case the interior heated mass would have the same contour as the exterior, and the polar region would have no nearer access than the equatorial to the interior heat. In that case we have only two foundations for the possibility of a mild polar climate—the existence of an extensive volcanic region and the existence of a sea of extraordinary depth, bringing up the subterranean temperature. Both of these are admissible suppositions, and the devastating power of Mt. Hecla, Skaptar Jokul and Kilauea, shows that volcanic fires indicated by hot, boiling springs, may be as powerful in hyperborean regions as elsewhere. I simply maintain that the psychometric statement on this subject is probably as true as other psychometric statements from reliable sources on geographical questions, and that physical science does not show its impossibility although it does show the great improbability of a mild climate being found at the North Pole. If it should be found it would be the greatest possible triumph for psychometry; if not, it would serve to show the limits of the intuitive faculty and cast a doubt upon the splendid geological and astronomical psychometry of Prof. Denton.

Upon the etymological question of the meaning of the words Christianity, Christ and Christian, I beg leave to repeat my statements as they were somewhat marred by typographic errors in the Greek.

My position is that the word Christ is simply an honorary title given to Jesus, and not necessarily confined to him, but applicable to others who may deserve it. *Chris* means

to anoint, and Christ or Christ means the anointed one, in a holy sense. Hence the words *chrisis*, unction, and *chrisma*, or *chrism*, the anointing substance, *christion*, the vase for the ointment, and *christokines*, for being moved or inspired by Christ, the anointed one. The lofty meaning attached to the conception of Christ, the anointed one, is further illustrated by the analogous word *ches*, and its numerous compounds—*chrestes*, the followers of Christ having sometimes been called *Chrestians*. *Chrestes* means a prophet, oracle, and the prefix *chres*, attached to various words, conveys the idea of excellence, usefulness, or superiority in virtue or prophetic wisdom.

Religion, which is a loving and reverential emotion, demands that we should honor and obey our Christ—the human beings whose example of wisdom and love leads us in the path of duty—not because we yield to authority as churches require, but because we yield to truth when it is made apparent by our teachers. Hence I conceive that Christianity is not an inappropriate name for true religion, if we understand rightly the meaning of the word.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

#### Col. Olcott and the Virginian.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following relating to Col. Olcott, the Theosophist, I clipped from a recent issue of the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is from the pen of Gath (Geo. Alfred Townsend), a bitter opponent of Spiritualism. As the Colonel is well known to the readers of the JOURNAL, either personally or by reputation, it will doubtless be read with interest:

#### A DARING REPORTER.

"I was speaking to Major Poore, after looking at his book, about reporting feats, and he asked me if I had ever known a Mr. Olcott, who was at one time an officer of the secret agency of the State Department. Said he: 'At the time of the John Brown raid Olcott was a reporter on the New York Tribune, and he was directed to get to Charlestown in some way, where Brown was to be tried and hanged. He was an Abolitionist theoretically, and had been on an agricultural committee or convention with an old fellow from Virginia, who hotly debated the slavery question with him. Olcott never expected to see that man again, and he went to Richmond as a farmer, fruit grower, etc., and they knew nothing about his being a reporter. He had gone to Richmond with the idea that something would turn up that he might be taken up to Charlestown. The State Government had ordered its militia divisions to the valley, and made it compulsory for their members to go or furnish an able-bodied substitute. It was pretty hard to get recruits. The panic state of slavery made them think that Brown represented a huge army with massacre in their eyes. After they had taken Olcott up to their armory, they found him to be a pretty good rollicking fellow, and said: 'Why can't you enlist and come along with us?' So he found his chance and joined the Grays, and was marched to Charlestown. One day, while he was standing in parade under his leather hat and pompon, with clin-strap and musket and all that, behold the old fellow came right down the line with whom he had had the argument about the villainy of slavery. Olcott saw that he would be hanged if they detected him. They had been looking for the reporter of the Tribune everywhere but in the military lines, and for an Abolitionist to be there would be treason to the State in its inflamed condition. So Olcott half shut his eyes, squinted with his nose, put his chin to one side, and the old fellow came and looked right into his face; but as he got no recognition he went past, he presently came back again and went through the same inspection. Olcott felt as if he was John Brown, until finally the old chap went off."

"Said I: 'I know Olcott very well. What has become of him now?' 'Why, after the war he took up Spiritualism as a hobby, or a speculation, and somebody died in New York and left him a legacy on account of his devotion to that subject, and now he is out in India studying the Hindoo Scriptures, with the idea of getting up a new religion or overthrowing all the old ones.'"

New Haven, Ct. GEO. F. A. ILLIDGE.

#### A Tender Nurse.

A gentleman in one of the suburban wards owned a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and, when any little ones visit his master's house, constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago, a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day, the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The dog took his place near the little one as usual. The day was hot, and the flies bad, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and did it so gently, too, as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his thoughtful kindness. This story has the merit of truth.—Pittsburg Chronicle.



# The Golden Mean of Metaphysical and Spiritual Healers.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

As the divine methods of healing, such as mind cure, magnetic, psychologic and mesmeric, faith and prayer cures, are being criticized individually, collectively and comparatively, wisely and unwisely by many, I offer, after years of thought and research, what to me is the golden mean.

E. S. Holbrook, in his criticism in the JOURNAL of January 30th, after wisely admitting that cures are effected, by faith, prayer and other modes, proceeds to investigate the claims of Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, as "claiming new discoveries, aside from our spirit-magnetic healing. My assertion," he says, "is, therefore, that in so far as it assumes to be anything else, and flaunts a new name, claiming distinctiveness and originality, it is a fraud; and further, when it denies Spiritualism and was upon it (and this is done), it is a flagrant fraud in fact. But I do not wish to say these new devotees know it." I reply that I am not disposed to dispute this extract, except to remind him of the apparent fact that to constitute a fraud it is necessary to find knowledge, intention and volition. Admitting what this critic admits leaves it simply an error of the head and not of the heart.

Again, he adds: "But this Mrs. Eddy is a kind of queen bee, that can hatch out, almost any day, all over the country, full swarms (millions are they not?) of full-fledged scientists and philosophers. And these, too, are something like the bee. They are born at once to their full capacity; at least if they pay something like \$300, and they enter at once into the great field of humanity, full of learning, full of genius, full of power. . . . And these in turn, wonderful to tell, swarm, too, and philosophers and healers are made in an hour (at least for \$25 or so), and these, too, can cope with anything in the shape of philosophy or science."

By regarding the term, "in an hour," as in a comparative sense, I find no fault with this, and have raised my voice and wielded my pen against it. There are minor points in which the thoughts of Brother H. and myself run parallel that I cannot ask space to enumerate, but will notice the main points where we do not parallel, for the purpose of arriving at truth. I quote:

"The mind curists adopt as true the theory attributed to Berkeley, 'That all the universe is mind, and there is no matter—also old and very remote and without any respectable support as a philosophy.' . . . But who is it that hath said this (that there is no matter)? It is attributed to Bishop Berkeley, and he only said it because of the difficulty of asserting any theory of knowledge except on mental states, which we know from consciousness."

Neither metaphysicians, Spiritualists nor Berkeley (as I understand them) affirm that "The universe is all mind, and there is no matter," but that matter is a "sensual seeming," i. e., existing to physical sense as a reality, but cannot exist by and of itself as a real and an eternal existent thing, but comes into existence on demand of spirit, as a state or condition of mind, to answer certain ends. When these ends are answered, spirit or mind retreats it, or withdraws, when it (the body) changes to gases—lo "luminiferous ether"—breath of life breathed into man at the beginning, unparticled substance, the chaos of Genesis, etc., and these ready again on call.

The statements of Berkeley are that "matter exists only in mind," not that it does not exist at all. Another is that: "The properties or sensible (physical) qualities of all the objects of Nature cannot exist outside of perceptive mind." What, is: perceptive mind? but the Buddha, the Christ, the logos, the intuitive conscious reality, a light revealed within; that Paul refers to in Gal. i: 15, 16, saying: "God called me by his grace to reveal his son in me." Perceptive mind is what Berkeley referred to in Holbrook's last quotation from him, viz.: "Except our mental states, which we know from consciousness." This is explained again in Mark iv: 12, in contrast with physical sense, "That, seeing ye may see and not perceive, and hearing ye may hear and not understand."

Matter is a correlate of mind or spirit, as ice or snow is a correlate of water, as steam is of water and caloric of steam, etc. Thus, mind becomes matter to furnish a physical basis of life, resulting in physical phenomena and material sense. This is the end or purpose of its existence. Matter, then, is as the temporary staging that men erect, from which to build a house. When the house is built, the staging, having answered its end, it is retired and the house stands of itself; and so the soul evolves from this material basis in reciprocal action with matter until, it is superior and can maintain an independent existence; then it retreats matter—moves out of the material house. At this point the house begins to fall to pieces and soon returns to that limitless ocean of cosmic matter—occult air, feminine principle of a dual God—Mother God—world-spirit or universal spirit, etc.—some of the terms used in explanation as above. I find over fifty different terms used in explanation of this world stuff, that is as clay in the hands of the potter—becomes anything desired by us when a proper state of mind is reached by the one desiring. Thus, it is not the denial of the existence of matter as a correlate of mind; but of matter *per se*, and is as easy to comprehend as that water swings downward into ice and snow and upward into steam, caloric, electricity and light, into that cybele or chaos of the beginning.

Bishop Berkeley was the first of modern thinkers to renew the discussion of these mythical ancient, secret (or sacred) wisdom-religions coming down to him from Plato, Plotinus and others. What Berkeley said of mind and matter, we may say of water and ice. We know the fact of change, but the reasons and processes are too deep for our reasoning. These, the most ancient of historical religions were concealed in all the myths, allegories and pantomime they could invent, in order to hide them from the vulgar (ignorant) with whom it was supposed to be unsafe to trust them.

Then, instead of having, "No respectable following as a philosophy," Berkeley was followed by a succession of German philosophers, such as Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer and many others, reaching down to Emerson. Plato and Plotinus of Egypt, drew their facts from Pythagoras, B. C. 50 (whose miracles equalled those of Jesus), as well as Empedocles and Esculapius, B. C. 444. These reached again to the book of Kabala of the Jews, to the astro-magic, astro-theological, wisdom-religions, to Rosicrucian symbols, transcendental mysteries of Ceres—to the caves of ancient Persia, to mythical, when the initiated took the names of stars and constellations, and assumed the figures of ani-

mals, and in dumb pantomime, became the orrery of the universe, playing the revolutions of the planets, occultations, eclipses, and processions, thus searching for the hidden secret—the divine in nature.

From these again, down to the myths, Adam and Eve, Garden of Eden, Serpent and Tree of Life, to Noah and Ark, Sampson and Foxes, to that mystic book of veillations called Revelations, through myriads of secret masonic veillations societies, extending from Egypt, India and Persia to the present. And why all this seeking to cover with rubbish and conceal with Kabala, the vulgar—"these without—the uninitiated?" Simply because one secret exerts a charm power surpassing a thousand realities. If mystery says "a mouse" is under the mountain, that mountain will be sapped and mined or turned over. Effort and trials are demanded, resulting in discoveries and evolution. Nature guards her secrets well; her choicest morsels with briars and thorns, bitter shucks and pricking briars.

In this case it is the spiritual significance that is concealed beneath the word—the rubbish of myth, allegory and pantomime, and each spiritual wave of a three-thousand year cycle, that sweeps over our race, is doing something to remove the veils from the bible. The present one is enlisting an army of sappers and miners from those "without" who are mining from beneath the mountains of phantasmagoria, the jewels of thought, with which to unwind the maze, or remove the veils from the Ezra Bible, and determine the occult or spiritual significance beneath "The letter that killeth," but "in the spirit that maketh alive."

This work of finding the spiritual significance, of externalizing, practicalizing and bringing to light what is veiled by the word, began on earth when Spiritualism began, and is now being assisted by metaphysicians called the "Boston craze" (whether they are aware of it or not) in compelling deeper thought and research; and more has been accomplished in the thirty-eight years of Spiritualism than in the fifty years of my study and research in it, aided by such learned commentators as Black and Barnes in searching among the mysteries and contradictions of "the letter." But the search for the secrets of the divine methods of healing, practiced by Pythagoras, Jesus and others nearly 3,000 years ago, when a spiritual man was sweeping over the race, is renewed during the next one, in the last thirty-eight years, by thousands who have come and yet are coming to the demands of suffering humanity, and for humanity's sake, let us not stand on the order of their coming.

This critic says: "It is not a good policy to bring in another power until compelled to. . . . They should come to the true light and acknowledge the true God." Each one's light or God is true to the standpoint from which he sees, and each one will work in that way that the singularity of his constitution demands. Each must fill his own niche. Again: "That these mediums are in the main useful to those who want them, I must believe. Nevertheless I say, let us have something better. And I assert my belief that our magnetic way is better and seldom injures." "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Whenever selfishness is to be found (and I can easily believe that it is found on both sides), it should meet with our unqualified condemnation.

Metaphysicians may proclaim forever, "It is not magnetism, it is not hypnotism, it is not psychology, it is not mesmerism, it goes beyond all these," they are only proclaiming their own want of research in the most subtle of all science and philosophy. Hermetic philosophers spent hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, delving in occult chemistry, in search of the soul of things—for that grand Catholicon that might transmute the baser metal into gold; but it was left for later ages to find that this universal solvent was mind or spirit. Later it was seen that all was life of some degree—from the atom to the Infinite Mind; and that each life by virtue of its creation, becomes so by having a portion of this mind or spirit, as a basis or germ from which to become. Spirit or mind is that universal solvent, which becomes a magnetic, psychologic, mesmeric, telepathic or hypnotic force, because all of these are correlates of spirit or Infinite Mind which is at the base of all existence, and the kind or quality of each depends upon the constitutional peculiarities of the one that exerts or wields it.

The two hemispheres of the brain are as the poles of a magnet. From the right or positive pole, a magnetic, or mesmeric, or kind force (as above) is exerted and centered wherever desire fixes it, then returning to the left hemisphere as a negative force, constitutes a vortex power capable of being extended in telepathy or as a healing power, various distances, depending on those that wield it. This forms the basis of society and the ruling power among brutes, insects, etc. The difference between the attractions, repulsions and combining powers of the elements, the aroma of the rose and the aura of the insect, brute, etc., is as the differentiation of progressive life. That of the wild goose that leads his flock, will differ from that of the minister that leads his flock, or that of the politician that leads his flock or party. Every element (as medicine), being or life, can correct or heal some other in some degree; therefore all can be cured by these divine methods, when they find what is adapted to them. True blending is as healing. Before elements or atoms (as correlative opposites) can blend in the subtle chemistry of tissue formation, and heal the organ on the material side, there must be a true blending of thought and desire, or emotion (correlative opposites) on the spiritual side. This constitutes a creative process. Nothing is created without first being idealized or imagined in the mind, accompanied by desire or emotion. In Exodus xxv and xxvi chapters and Heb. viii: 5, it is said that when Moses "went up into the mountain" (i. e., exalted trance or spiritual condition), he created the tabernacle in idea, and was three times charged: "See thou make all things after the pattern shown in the mount." When out of this condition he went down and out of it, and externalized or materialized it to physical sense, in the wilderness.

Sturgis, Mich.

The Queen of Italy has recently presented to the Roman Museum a necklace in silver gilt, a bracelet in massive gold, 400 grammes in weight—both presents from the Shah of Persia—and also a series of plates representing the costumes of Bolivia, given to her by the Italian Minister at Lima.

Georgia can beat Kansas on sheep stories, and tells of fifteen sheep locked together by cockle burrs. Kansas cautions too much corn to cultivate cockle burrs.

Philadelphia proposes to erect monuments to the memory of Generals Hancock and McClellan.

Lord Salisbury has declined a dukedom. Mme. Ristori is writing her memoir.

## Cause and Effect—Remarkable Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will state a few facts which I have witnessed from time to time, and ask Mr. J. D. Hagaman or anyone else to explain them by any other hypothesis than that of spirit agency. In Mrs. Harding's book on "American Spiritualism," she speaks of Miss Cogswell of Midd, Vt., who not only had red communications appear written on her arms, but flowers on her forehead.

About 1852 or '3 I taught school in East Midd where Miss Cogswell lived. Mrs. Hyde, a cousin of mine living in the neighborhood, invited Miss Cogswell, myself and husband to her house at a seance, to exhibit her marvelous gifts. We had been visiting a brother-in-law, who had two insane daughters. As we all sat in Mrs. Hyde's well-lighted parlor that evening I mentally asked what was the cause of the insanity of my nieces. As Miss C. sat in company with us, she would lift up her flowing sleeve occasionally to see the communication as it came gradually. It was this: "One thing is—the mind." There was a blank, a word not plainly written. The writing was visible in raised script, red letters, apparently under the skin. As it was late in the evening, Miss C. stayed over night. In the morning we sat again. I asked the same question mentally as I did the evening before. Then soon came this sentence: "Overtaxing the mind is one cause." Overtaxing was the missing word.

In the years 1854 and '5 I taught penmanship in schools in Buffalo, N. Y., and boarded at Mr. E. A. Maynard's. Mrs. Harding in her book describes some wonderful manifestations thus, some of which I witnessed. The medium's name was Reed. There were others more marvelous than I saw, that Mr. M. thought the public were not prepared to know. One evening Dr. Oliver and many other prominent citizens were seated in a double parlor at a seance. The doors of the room were locked and strips of wood were nailed down to them. Previous to this the spirit Samson had promised to bring a clock into the room from a certain number on Main street. The gas was turned down, and after some music, we heard a clock tick on a mantle shelf. When the gas was lifted there was the clock. The spirit requested that Mr. M. should carry the clock back in the morning. Several went to the jeweller's and asked him for a certain number of his clocks. He looked and it was missing. He was much surprised when they returned the clock.

A hunter's horn was brought and blown on, from a distance of three miles at another seance, and carried back by the spirit to the owner.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard were people of superior intelligence and probity, and moved in the first circles. Last winter, seven months after we moved to the city of Grand Rapids, Mr. Allen, the celebrated medium, came here.

Mr. Wheeler, an old resident, held a seance with Mr. A. at his house, hoping to hear music from the piano. Invitations were given to about eighteen, including my husband, daughter and myself. We were strangers here. We joined hands and the light was extinguished.

In the course of the evening I held the medium's right hand, and my husband the left hand. Soon we heard writing with a pencil on paper previously prepared. The communications were placed in my hand and in his coat pocket. Arms were clasped around my husband's neck, and Laura was whispered into his left ear, and the next moment Eva was whispered in his right ear. The piano and tambourine were played at the same time. Mr. H. mentally asks for "The last rose of summer," and it was played soft and beautiful, and gradually the music died away in the distance. A prominent citizen obtained a satisfactory message on his shirt bosom, and he only found it out when he went home and his wife wanted to know what it was, and where he had been. We attended several of his seances and obtained ten communications that carried positive conviction that they came from our children. My husband had a written communication from Laura, and signed by our children, and the words below: "My son, I come. Ezra Hutchins." His father's name was written below. He died a Calvinist Baptist. One evening I attended the seance alone, quite a distance from home. Wendell, a son who passed away, the July previous whispered, "We are all here, grandpas and grandmas; we'll go home with you." Can any sophistry explain these things away?

Mrs. L. A. HUTCHINS.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Preachers Who Bring Disgrace.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is now a well-known fact to every inquiring mind, that there is scarcely a daily issue of Chicago papers, that does not contain an account of the moral defection of some distinguished minister of the gospel. The Times lately had an article on that subject, which is worthy of careful consideration. Spiritualists can show a far better record than the church. The Times goes on to say that the "colored preacher, Nero, whose European career as a swindler and a libertine has now been exposed, is pretty sure to be sharply dealt with by British law. Yet it seems that before he went to Scotland to obtain money on false religious pretences and to further gratify his gross desires, the viciousness of his life has attracted attention in St. Louis and Kansas City; and one of the newspapers of the latter town denounced him last October as a profligate character."

If what we now hear of his conduct in this country is true, he ought long ago to have been in an American prison, but he seems to have adopted the tactics which have carried through the ordeal of exposure not a few white preachers whose immoral practices have made them notorious here during the last ten or twelve years—that is, since Mr. Beecher set them the example and taught them the trick. When Nero was published as a disolute character he had brass enough to stand out against the charges, and his "cheek" was supplemented by an oratorical power which enabled him to get sympathy from those who listened to his ready tongue. He could talk so piously and deny so indignantly that it seemed to them impossible that he should be a rascal.

"Yet everybody knows from practical experience how easy it is for vice and fraud to put on the cloak of piety and virtue, at least so far as speech goes. A street beggar can do it, and draw out by a piteous tale of domestic suffering the alms he at once proceeds to expend at the nearest rum shop; and how much more skillful at the game may be a corrupt preacher who has learned to play on the emotions of audiences, and who has about him all the impressive adjuncts of the pulpit and of his sacred profession. If the disolute preacher is a clever actor as well as a persuasive orator, he is likely to be the most dangerous of rascals."

"It was because we saw that the Beecher case would remain as a lasting precedent and would furnish a continuous example, that we so greatly lamented the success of the methods adopted in it. For it affected not merely an individual, but the whole cause of religion. If one minister of the Gospel could thus escape charges so terrible and obtain countenance in braving the opinion of a large part of the public, then every scoundrel in the pulpit would be encouraged to pursue his evil practices with the confidence that he could at least win partisans to sustain him, right or wrong, and sleeky rascals would be stimulated to enter the holy profession as the surest cover for their depravity."

"And what has been the result? Since the Beecher trial we have had in this country a succession of clerical scandals of the most disgraceful sort, and the preachers concerned in them have almost uniformly been able to 'cheek it out,' and keep their places before the public as ministers of religion. Down, in Boston, hires a hall and draws all the more people because of the notoriety he has gained by his shameful practices. Bristol, in New Jersey, continues preaching, and poses as a martyr before the curious and the deluded. Nero abandoned school teaching and goes to Scotland to figure as a revivalist and a missionary for the conversion of his race in Africa."

"Yet these are days when religion, beset by countless enemies, needs more than ever to be proclaimed by men whose unquestioned spotlessness and sincerity shall command the respect of the world. The Church cannot afford to keep in its service a minister on whom the slightest evil suspicion rests. Even if he is wronged by the doubt, let him remain outside of the holy place until the stain is absolutely removed."

The position taken by The Times is excellent. Teachers should always maintain an unspotted character. The records of Spiritualist lecturers are generally most excellent. There are only a few exceptions.

Chicago, Ill. J. E.

## The Existence of God.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of the 6th of February, there was an article on the above subject. The writer, after putting the subject pretty fairly before us, joins a former writer in asking for more light. I humbly respond. I am not sure, however, that what I have to say will be considered more light, but I think it will make the subject no darker, and as one thought begets another, and not always in the same mind, I may, and do, hope it will evolve some greater thought on the subject.

The design argument was long since disposed of by George Jacob Holyoak (Paley) refuted it in his own words, and I think no one who attempts to solve the question by design, and follows out the logical sequence, but must conclude that, if it is necessary to conceive a being apart and independent of the universe, it must, of necessity, from the same premises, be admitted that there must have been a greater being than the creator of this world to create the creator of this world, and so on to absurdity.

If all we know has transpired in this world is the actual work of the being who is called God, then we must conclude that he and his works are entirely beyond our conception; that we cannot possibly judge him by the same rational judgment by which we judge the being we know; for if God governs this world, i. e., superintends all the phenomena, animate and inanimate, then, according to our ways of judging, he is neither wise nor good; otherwise we do not know what is meant by goodness when applied to God.

To say, "What to us is apparent evil is unattended good," is the same as to tell us we do not understand God and his ways, and if we are so organized that we cannot understand God and his ways, if we cannot be benefited by his existence, then his existence to us is zero.

If we, to be considered good, must act contrary to what we know of this being, God, then, to us, he is not good. If he exists and has the power to make things better, and does not, according to our ideas of goodness, then, to us his existence is of no utility; and if he does not interfere in our government; if we are responsible for our own happiness or misery, then, to us, he is from home. It is impossible to ignore the fact that as we progress—get more light and knowledge—we are ignoring that being which has been represented to us as God. The men of the "Independence" established a government without a God, and contrary to the governments with God, no man rests under any disability preventing him from serving the people in any office because of his unbelief in a God; hence it is plain we have come to the conclusion that we do not know God, or that the knowledge of him is of no use to us; that we can have a government without God; and better than those all along the ages ever had with their God!

A father who has the power and does not make his children happy, but injures them, or some of them, by his partiality, neglect, or otherwise, we call a bad father; and a father who is kind and uses his power to make his children happy, we call a good father.

A God who fails to make his creatures happy, either has not the power, and therefore is not good, or has the power, and is indifferently bad. If destitute of goodness, then no good God exists. If his plans, according to our idea of wisdom, are not wise, then, to us, no wise God exists. If according to our ideas of truth and justice, the arrangement of this world is not true and just, then, to us, no true and just God exists. Knowledge and wisdom are known by their utility in making us happy.

Much might be gathered from various sources to bear on this subject, but as we live in the "age of reason," they carry no authority with them; I shall, therefore, only quote from one leading mind, whose arguments the theists have only to overthrow to establish their position. Charles Bradlaugh says:

"As an Atheist I affirm one existence, and deny the possibility of more than one existence; by existence, meaning the totality of all phenomena, and of all that has been, is, or may be necessary for the happening of all phenomena. If, however, God is affirmed to represent an existence which is distinct from the existence of which I am a mode, and which it is alleged is not the *noumenon* of which the word 'I' represents only a speciality of phenomena, then I deny God, and affirm that it is impossible that God can be; that is, I affirm that there is one existence and deny that there can be more than one." See pamphlet by Charles Bradlaugh: "Is there a God?" and the "Free Thinker's Text Book."

It must be clear that we cannot conceive of an omnipresent God except as Christ said to Philip: "Believe that I am in the father and the father in me," which is Pantheism—the totality of all is God.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

If the term God does not represent the totality of all phenomena, then he must only be a part; if a part, then he is conditioned, subject to circumstances, and cannot have things as he wishes; cannot of himself control evil; cannot of himself establish universal good. I think it will be clear from the facts of history and the doctrine of theologians, that this has been the predicament of the God which has been represented to us all along the ages—the Bible God included.

While in our ignorance we stood in awe and trembled at the recital of the burning bush, and the thunder and lightning of the Mosaic Delty, such a God in our imagination existed; but since we dared to draw aside the veil, and with the lighted candle of philosophy have made diligent search, like all other ghosts, God is not to be found; the pretended exhibitors fail to present him; he never paid us a visit; we know not of his existence.

JOHN MILLER.

## A Recent Important Decision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The recent decision of Judge Brewer, of Kansas (U. S. District Court) to the effect that an individual cannot by act of the legislature be deprived of his business by having his brewery closed, until he has received compensation for his losses, seems to bear upon the case of the Wisconsin physician whom the old school or allopathic fraternity are prosecuting, as stated in a recent JOURNAL, under the scandalous doctors' laws of that State. It would seem that Judge Brewer's decision of the constitutional right of the brewer to be paid for his losses before he can be closed up by law is just and sound in reason, equity and law, and that the right to continue his professional business established prior to the passage of the selfish laws procured by the doctors, is also guaranteed by the constitution until he has been fully compensated for the deprivation. I enclose a slip from the New York Times, proving that an Indian doctor removed a lizard from the stomach of a woman where all the "regulars" had failed. It was fortunate for Mrs. Williston that in Tucson there was no doctors' yile law to prohibit the Indian medicine man from practicing his calling.

The Times says: "Mrs. J. C. Williston, the wife of a contractor and builder, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just returned from an extended trip, after a most remarkable experience. Mrs. Williston is not yet thirty, but her hair is almost white, and her face bears the signs of a life of suffering. She has been the victim, for years, at varying hours of night and day, of pains like the cutting of a knife, and physicians supposed her to be suffering from cancer of the stomach. Eminent physicians failed to exactly locate the trouble or afford the lady relief. She spent months in travel and large amounts of money endeavoring to find effective treatment for her malady, but most of the physicians whom she consulted said that her disease was cancer of the stomach, and that death would ultimately result."

Last October she went to San Francisco, stopping and treating, while en route, at the Soda Springs of Idaho, but in vain. Spring she tried the waters of Calceoga Springs and the baths of Paeo del Robles without effect. San Francisco's best physicians could afford no relief, and she started for Sonora, Mexico, intending to visit some celebrated springs near Nogales. She was taken seriously ill at Tucson, Arizona. One day during her illness a Papago Indian, of local notoriety as a "medicine man," visited Tucson from St. Xavier's Mission. He was taken to Mrs. Williston's rooms and asked if he could tell her ailment. He looked at her and had her describe the pains and their location, and then with the exclamation, "Me sabe heap bad spirit," he rushed out and toward the mission. In a few hours he returned with herbs and a basket of moscal, a root used by the Indians for food.

"He motioned to Mrs. Williston to swallow the herbs. They made her deathly sick, so much so that she almost died from fright, thinking she had been poisoned. The result, after a few hours, was the emission of a dead lizard that was fully four inches in length. It was apparently of a species common to the East, but how it had managed to live for so many years was the mystery. Mrs. Williston says that: but one explanation occurs to her, which is that when a child, and living at Phillipsburg, N. J., she and her brother were accustomed to drink from a little brook that ran near the house. They would scoop the water up with their hands, and she thinks that possibly in this way she swallowed the embryo lizard. Mrs. Williston's recovery has been rapid, and she is now fairly on the way to a complete restoration to health. Though the taking of living objects into the system is not rare, medical men say that this is one of the most remarkable cases on record."

NEW YORK. BRONSON MURRAY.

A gentleman writing from Yokohama says: "The Japanese have acquired such a passion for being tattooed that a law has been passed forbidding the marking of natives. The law does not apply to foreigners. It is quite the thing now to be tattooed, and elaborate designs are traced on many travelers as an indelible reminiscence of their sojourn in the East. The sons of the Prince of Wales, when here a few years ago, were tattooed, and several Russian Dukes and sprigs of nobility have undergone the process. The son of Longfellow recently submitted to a very elaborate tattoo decoration, and for more than three months was in the hands of the tattooer, who did an amount of work on him during this time that is usually spread over a period of three or four years. This caused, of course, a severe nervous shock, which he was only able to withstand by the application of hypodermic injections of morphine."

The statement is made that a statue of the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt during the ten plagues has been found in the desert, where it had been buried for over three thousand years.

Mrs. Sarah Davidson, of Lower Bodder, M. T., shot a bear, and with the bounty received for it paid for a sewing machine.

Liverpool has no cathedral, but plans have been prepared for one, and the edifice is to be one of the finest in England.

Of Charles Wesley's great-grandsons three are members of the clergy of the Church of England.

The king and queen of Sweden have joined the Blue Ribbon army.

George W. Childs is heartily in favor of the Federal aid to education bill.

President Eliot commends lawn tennis as an excellent game for college use.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DECIDED BENEFIT.

Dr. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of innutrition of the brain from abuse of alcohol."







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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 6, 1886.

## A Presbyterian Divine Gives Advice and Calls Names.

The following letter is from Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., minister of the Four-and-a-half Street Presbyterian Church in Washington, where it is said that President Cleveland attends with his sister.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1886.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Esq., Sir:—Some one has sent me a copy of your paper, from which I cut your article on Calvin, and herewith return it to you for further reflection. A more unfair, unjust, dogmatic, bigoted, lying article, I have not read in a long time. If you suppose that Calvinism is to be shaken or battered down by such a journal as yours appears to be (for I never saw or heard of it before), you will live long enough to find out your mistake.

It is "in the piping times of peace" that shallow minds have free scope to ventilate their rapid and vain conceits, but let a genuine storm arise, which threatens disaster to society, and the world will be soon brought back to Calvinism. Don't you worry about John Calvin and don't lie about Servetus. This is my advice to you.

Very frankly,

B. SUNDERLAND.

There being no special reason for privacy, but, on the contrary, judging that the writer of this epistle would like to have the people know his opinion, we publish his clerical epistle. Dr. Sunderland is a man of good Presbyterian reputation, and we have heard some good things of his interest in worthy charities, his kindly aid to excellent persons, and his sympathy with humane reforms, but the impudent, ill-tempered language and spirit of this letter show to what depths a man will descend when his sectarian bigotry is aroused.

Our article on John Calvin, which he returns to us "for further reflection" on our part, was a leading editorial in our issue of Jan. 30th, "A Monument to John Calvin in Washington," in which we plainly criticized the strange proposal made in the Presbyterian General Assembly to erect such a monument to a man whom we characterized as "an old-time persecutor and a religious bigot, whose memory is ignominiously associated with the burning of Servetus." We commended the *Interior*, a large and leading Presbyterian newspaper in Chicago "for its strong and fearless protest against this miserable project," and the statement and opinions given on Calvin's guilty and bloody spirit toward his victim Servetus, were quoted from the *Interior*, with our own comments. Our facts as to the career of Michael Servetus were from authentic sources. But our clerical adviser calls the article "unfair, unjust, dogmatic, bigoted and lying," and tells us to "quit lying about Servetus," said advice being eminently Christian in spirit as well as elegant in language!

If we lied, it was in quoting lies from the *Interior*, for our facts were from its columns so far as Calvin was treated of. Will Dr. Sunderland say that journal lied?

Of Servetus we told the truth, if there be any truth in the best histories of that excellent man, that martyr to the bloody bigotry of John Calvin. If this pious adviser wants to try his hand at disproving what we have said, our columns are open to him. Why did he not write a frank and civil letter, showing our error and giving historic proof of it? Such a letter we should have published of course. Why did he write this poor epistle, full of priestly pride and impudent abuse? The reason is not far to seek. He was possessed by a devil—obsessed by the foul fiend of sectarian bigotry, the same evil spirit that possessed John Calvin and urged him on in deeds of cruelty and blood.

He thinks the world will "soon be brought back to Calvinism," if a storm arises. Faint and few are the signs of such a backward step!

Further reflection satisfies us that we have done right in this matter. Far be it from us to advise so eminent a clergyman, and so courteous a Christian gentleman as Dr. Sunderland, but we may venture to suggest that it is pitiful to see the depth of audacious abuse to which his advisory epistle descends.

The man Byron Sunderland is capable of far better and higher things, but this letter is from the Calvinistic Presbyterian priest.

"To such base uses do we come at last," in defending old dogmatists and persecutors!

## An Incurable Deprived of His Life.

Euthanasia, interpreted according to its general use, "means an easy or desirable mode of death." Samuel D. Williams, of Birmingham, Eng., was one of its most able advocates, and he lays down and defends the following proposition:

"That in all cases of hopeless and painful illness it should be the recognized duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, to administer chloroform, or such other anesthetic, as may be and by supersede chloroform, so as to destroy consciousness, and put the sufferer at once to a quick and painless death; all needful precautions being adopted to prevent any possible abuse of such duty; and means being taken to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, that the remedy was applied at the express wish of the patient."

After describing lingering diseases, which lead to inevitable death, Mr. Williams says: "Why should all this unnecessary suffering be endured? The patient desires to die, his life can no longer be of use to others, and has become an intolerable burden to himself. The medical attendant is at the bedside with all the resources of his knowledge and his skill at hand; he could, were he permitted, bring to his patient immediate and permanent relief. Why is he not allowed to do so, or, rather, why should not his doing so be a recognized and sovereign duty?"—Sir Benjamin Brodie said "that a very moderate amount of pain, if continued for a long time, would make any one heartily tired of life."

It is said that an affectionate Scotchman watching by the bedside of his dying wife, became impatient at the poor woman's anxiety to fully express her last wishes, and civilly requested her to "get on with her dying." The *Saturday Review* says: "They pinched his nose [alluding to an incurable] beneath the clothes, and the poor dear soul went off like a lamb." "Suppose, in fact, the case of a small cottage, when the invalid has become a heavy burden upon his family, instead of support, when the expense of providing medicine and attendance is most seriously felt, and when the sick room is also the only dwelling room, must there not frequently be strong temptation to give him a quiet push or two along the downward path?"

A reference to this subject is suggested by the unfortunate fact that George Waterhouse, a boy fourteen years of age, some six years ago was bitten by a dog in Lansingburgh, N. Y. Very lately the boy exhibited signs of hydrophobia. His condition became alarming, and a physician was called, and administered all the medicines usually used in such cases, but it was deemed advisable to smother him on the night of Feb. 2nd.

In this most lamentable, heart-rending case, we have put into practical effect the peculiar ideas so boldly advocated by a certain class under the caption—"Euthanasia." It has been the favorite plan of many "half-fledged philosophers" to destroy the life, in a "pleasant, humane way," of all incurables, idiots, suffering cripples, or those who through age and decrepitude are unable to support themselves, and hence are a serious burden to their friends, or become a public charge. Here was George Waterhouse, suffering the excruciating torments of that dire disease, hydrophobia, and whose restoration under the circumstances seemed to be an impossibility. His friends and relatives, in order to relieve him of his terrible agonies, murdered him—nothing more, and nothing less! This is a practical illustration of the struggle for existence, "the fittest to survive being those who were not suffering from an attack of hydrophobia." If that right thing to do under the unfortunate circumstances, was to smother Waterhouse, why may not the rule become more general, and systematically deprive all incurables, helpless cripples, and those who are poverty stricken, of the life God has given them?

It may possibly be true that there are many incurables who would be far better off if on the spirit side of life; but it is also true that if humanity adopted rigorous measures whereby incurables should be deprived of their earth existence, the effect would be to destroy all the finer feelings of human nature, and each one would probably have an opportunity to become a murderer.

When people are suffering from the effects of incurable diseases, life then often seems to them more dear and more precious than ever; they cling to it tenaciously, and the humane thing then to do is to systematically make their last moments on earth as pleasant and happy as possible. To smother them, or deprive them of their precious life, has a tendency to brutalize human nature, and reduces it to the level of the instinct of the ferocious, bloodthirsty wolf which, when one of its kind is wounded, assists in killing and eating it. The life of each one is exclusively his own property. In due process of time the infirmities of old age or disease will liberate the spirit from its imprisonment in the physical organization, and that seems to be the device adopted by nature.

Each person now living is liable to become dependent, poverty-stricken, or rendered helpless through the instrumentality of some infirmity. If, under such circumstances, relatives and friends would mete out to one of their number the death penalty, even that very measure they should expect, under certain circumstances, to have extended to themselves. When a person has been attacked by hydrophobia, in the great majority of cases insanity supervenes, and the suffering is by no means so excruciating as it appears to be. The contortions of the body and the weird visions do not, to a great extent, affect the normal consciousness of the patient; there

are spasmodic convulsions, mysterious movements on the part of the suffering one, incoherent ravings, and weird imaginings, but there is probably no more suffering experienced than when a psychological subject is willing to go mad, and experiences all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Then his appearance is terrible, his convulsions and writhing heart-sickening, but his real self is oblivious to all that if the operator so wills.

If the fittest, if known, should survive, regardless of the methods employed to destroy the inferiors, then the destruction of cripples and incurables would be in order; then, indeed, would this world become a charnel house—a place of butchery; and kindly feelings and sympathetic emotions would to a great extent be entirely suppressed. But who should decide who are the fittest? The fittest to survive, in some cases, may be a cripple or an incurable—the fittest in the high and exalted sense of possessing superior knowledge and more humane feelings and tender sympathy, and whose wise counsel would be light to the faltering footsteps of many. Who shall be the judge, the solemn umpire of humanity, to designate who shall be thrust out of existence? Who possesses that keen comprehensive judgment that would enable him to decide with unerring certainty and precision that momentous question? Who can weigh all the feelings, aspirations and capabilities of any mortal? Not one; hence the world must move along as usual, the so-called saint and sinner by the side of the helpless, poverty-stricken incurables, who should be humanely cared for and allowed to die a natural death.

## "The Great Four in Orthodoxy."

Such is the title of an article in the *Interior*, by Russell Cecil, of Nicholasville, Ky.—a clergyman we presume. His "great four" are Paul, Augustine, John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. Without specifying chapter and verse as proof, he calls the apostle "the fountain source of orthodox theology, which some modern wiseacres tell us is dead." No proof is given from the words of St. Augustine, but doubtless his orthodoxy was good enough for the fourth century; we ought to have grown in grace a little since then. Calvin, he says, "in the doctrines of sin and grace, was essentially Augustinian." We know that Calvin taught the total depravity of man, and that divine grace saved but the few orthodox plotters, while the vast majority burned in hell forever. He quotes Beza, the friend and biographer of Calvin, who says: "We have in this man a most beautiful example of a truly Christian life and death." Doubtless the Genevese theologian aimed for a rigid morality, but unless his rigid creed went with it, the rest was as filthy rags and the heretic must flee or die. Servetus was as good a man in daily life as any Calvinist, but Calvin caused him to be burned at the stake. If Beza could call that cruel and awful deed a part of "a truly Christian life," we may well beware of Beza.

Of Jonathan Edwards, the last of his quartette, we are told: "His piety was exceptional, his eloquence phenomenal, his logical skill unrivalled." We know his intellectual power, and would not ignore certain merits of the great theologian of New England a century ago, but we know, too, that he said: "God holds the sinner over hell as you would hold a viper over the fire." We know that he taught the eternal damnation of innocent babes, and told of "sinners in the hands of an angry God." No marvel that atheism follows such conception of Deity. Of what use is "unrivalled logical skill" if it reaches this miserable conclusion?

Mr. Cecil is a strong defender of the old faith, and he has the old way of all bigots; he assumes and asserts without proof, and of this, his closing sentence, is proof. He says: "Orthodoxy is neither dead nor on the wane—Heber Newton and all his ilk to the contrary notwithstanding." He has never caught a glimpse of the better way to judge religious views—that is, to measure them by the light of their day, and to be glad that more light brings clearer views. He could not preach the ghastly sermon of Edwards in his Kentucky pulpit. Our day has out-grown them. The *Interior*, in an editorial word in another corner, shows a manly courage and clear sense which are creditable. It had been charged by some dogmatic Omaha editor with "being ashamed of John Calvin," and replies as follows:

"It is not exactly shame for him, because we are in no wise responsible for what he did, but we do regret the bloodthirsty spirit of that age, and we regret it especially in Calvin, because there is very little apology for a man of his marvelous insight of divine truth, and acquaintance with the spirit of the gospel, when he let a vindictive spirit dominate him even to the extent of desiring to put his opponents to death at the stake. We have before us the 'Letters of John Calvin,' from the original manuscripts, published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. On page 33 of volume II, in letter 154, under date Geneva, 13 February, 1546, we find John Calvin writing to Farel concerning Servetus: 'He takes it upon him to come hither, if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he shall come I shall never permit him to depart alive, provided my authority be of any avail.' Servetus attempted to pass through Geneva, on his way to Italy, six years after the above was written, but was caught at the instigation of Calvin, and burned October 27, 1553. The purpose to kill him was therefore cherished by Calvin for a period of six years. In the same volume, published by our Presbyterian Board of Publication, page 338, letter 232, to Madame de Cancy, John Calvin breathes out a desire to burn to death another victim, name not certainly known, but possibly Jerome Bolsec. Calvin says: 'Knowing partly the man he was, I could have wished that he were rotting in some ditch. . . . And I assure you, Madame, that had he not so soon escaped, I should, by way of discharging my

duty, have done my best to bring him to the stake.' . . . The *Interior* positively declines to whitewash the crimes of any historical character. The Holy Spirit does not do it in describing Jacob, Moses, David, Solomon, Peter, or any other great name, and we will not. If any one chooses to say that because we will not apologize for Calvin, we are not a Calvinist—very well—then we will simply claim to be a Christian. We much prefer to hold up Jesus Christ for the love and homage of men."

Daily doses of Spiritualism, in "quantum say," as the doctors say, would be good for this old school Kentuckian. He would need a thorough course, but how much better he would feel after it had done its work!

## An Inspired Cowboy Astonishes the Musical Critics.

It appears from the New York correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, that the most extraordinary musical event of the last week in that city, has been the sudden descent upon the town of a person calling himself the "cowboy pianist." He is the typical "guy hooter" in appearance. Long, coarse black hair, broad-brimmed slouched hat, and blue shirt with open collar showing his brawny neck. His name is Babel. He is about twenty-three years of age and went to New York to challenge the world of pianists. He calls the instrument a "planner," and is spoken of by his ranchman agent as an "executioner."

Like all the men about Fourteenth Street and Steinway Hall, the *Tribune* correspondent regarded this strange apparition as something of a guy until he heard him play. He went with a small party of musicians and critics to John Pattison's rooms to see the wild Western youth macerate the masters and enjoy the prairie solo. But the cowboy astounded him. In facility, force, brilliancy, and rapidity of execution he confessed that he was amazed. This cowboy does not know one note of music, and declares that he never received a lesson in his life. His antecedents are known. They corroborate his statement. Up to within the last six months he has been upon a ranch on the borders of the Indian Territory. He has all the characteristics of the cowboy, but he fingers like a musician who has given a life to the instrument. He played a sonata of Beethoven, a scrap of Schumann that he had, and then he improvised. A cloth was laid over the keys so that he could not see them, and he played with the same knowledge of the keyboard.

This remarkable character gave the following history of himself:

"On one occasion my father bought an old Chickering piano for twelve bushels of corn from a party of emigrants. I was then about sixteen years old. My father did not know anything about pianos, but he thought it would be handy for mother to iron on. It was put in a corner, and the old woman used to cut our clothes on it, and when she wasn't using it it was covered with old harness and potatoes. When I was twenty-one I started one night to go to a round-up. You know what the boys are out there. We had a ride of sixty miles and we stopped half-way and got drunk. About three o'clock in the morning I started to go to bed. My pony got his foot in a gopher-hole and threw me, for I was pretty full, and broke my arm in two places. They had to take me back and go to Fort Sill, which was sixty miles, for a surgeon. Well, I was laid-up for several months. One day I had a shock. I did not know what it was then, but I know now. It was electricity. It tingled down to the ends of my fingers. I did not know what was the matter with me. I was scared. I got up and I wanted to look in that old 'planner.' I took the harness off and got it open. Then I began to play. I hope I may die here if I know how I did it, but I played it. It made me so glad I howled. The old woman thought I had gone mad. If I ever saw the music of it before I hope I may drop."

The *Tribune* correspondent concludes his report by saying that "this astounding story is corroborated by several people, and, strange as it may be, is not outside the range of psychologic phenomena. The fellow plays as one possessed. He has taken the rooms on Thirteenth Street formerly occupied by Mrs. Langtry, and is arranging to give a concert here, probably at Steinway Hall."

## Questions about Home Circles.

A Michigan subscriber writes us from Alaska, in that State, that they have "a home circle of two or three families, very interesting physical manifestations, and some mental. Our friends purport to come, when called for, and many strangers come and manifest in a contradictory way. Our friends, and others, promise to do things and do not keep their promises." She wishes to know if this is all deception, that is, if "bad people come back to lie and influence others badly." This is discussed in their gatherings and she asks for light.

We can only suggest that their circles be held at regular times, and that none be admitted save the regular members. This makes the spirits here and those from "over there" more at ease, more at home with each other, and more sure of giving true views of things. Let the circle be made up of honest and harmonious persons, Spiritualists and others, full of a devoted wish for the truth, sought fairly, with due judgment, and without either extreme credulity or extreme skepticism.

People from the other world are not infallible or wholly good. Doubtless the ignorant or depraved may come back with something of their old ways and spirit—for we start beyond the change called death where we leave off here, but with higher condition and more to uplift—but there need be no great trouble of this kind if the circle be made up of good and intelligent persons, for like attracts like, and care and patience will send any perturbed spirits away or help to reform and quiet them.

Spirits promise sometimes to try to do certain things, feel sure they can do what they promise, but fail as we do, erring in judgment but not meaning deception. Sometimes they may come with bad intent, or for tricky sport possibly, but a positive resolve for good and true things only on the part of the sitters will conquer such evil or deceptive aims. We must and can learn to be "dispensers of spirits;" that is, to judge between good and bad, or rather low and higher. Hold your circles with high aims and clear resolves for the best things, use your own reason always, and much good will result.

We trust our correspondent will have "the interesting things for the home circle" in our columns, which she hopes to send us.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Charles Dawbarn has been lecturing with great success at Providence, R. I.

J. Frank Baxter's lectures are creating great interest in Washington, D. C.

Judge P. P. Good is the editor of the *Puget Sound Weekly Co-Operator*, at Seattle, W. T. It is gotten up in excellent style.

Many thanks to J. E. Woodhead for a bound volume of *Mind in Nature*. His magazine is doing a most excellent work.

Dr. J. H. Randall lectures Sunday, March 7th, for The Society of United Spiritualists in the Madison Street Theatre at 2:30 P. M.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan occupied the rostrum Sunday, February 28th, at Cataract Hall, Sawyer's Mills, Dover, N. H.

Giles B. Stebbins was one of the principal speakers at the annual meeting of the State Spiritualist Association at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The municipal authorities of Paris have ordered that the name of the Deity be expunged from the children's books issued by the metropolitan school committee.

Societies or individuals desiring the services of J. H. Harter at weddings or funerals, or to lecture on Temperance or Spiritualism, can address him at Auburn, N. Y.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield has of late delivered eight lectures in Fairfield, Me. The people there desire a good test circle medium to visit them. Parties desiring particulars can address E. W. McFadden, Fairfield, Me.

J. H. Randall, President of the United Spiritualists, will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Dr. Randall is an active worker in behalf of Spiritualism. He can be addressed at 431 W. Madison street.

Mrs. L. A. Coffin will return to Boston, March 10th. We are informed that Mrs. C. has given good satisfaction to those who have had sittings with her, and has also given excellent psychometric readings by letter. Her address will be Somerville, Mass. We have her little book on "Psychometry"; price, 10 cents.

At the annual convention of the Michigan Spiritualists' Association held last week at Grand Rapids, the following officers were elected: President, G. B. Stebbins, Detroit; Vice-President, Dr. W. O. Knowles; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, South Haven; Secretary, Mrs. F. E. Spinney, Alma. The next meeting will be held there again.

A lady, whose home is at Minneapolis, Minn., called at our office last Saturday, and gave an account of a most satisfactory sitting she had with Mrs. O. A. Bishop, 79 South Peoria Street. She was a total stranger to Mrs. Bishop, yet her son came, wrote a loving message to her, signing his full name. She got several other excellent tests. She does not want her name mentioned, as the Presbyterian influences with which she is surrounded at home, would not approve of her course in investigating Spiritualism. The truth will eventually make her free.

There has been more than the usual number of revivals of religion in Kansas this winter, and one of them has been among the young Indians in the school at Lawrence. It began in a prayer meeting organized voluntarily by a few of the young men. The interest grew, and soon another prayer meeting was organized by the Cheyennes in the school who could not speak English. This incited the Osages to start a prayer meeting where the services were conducted in their language. Then the young squaws must have their meetings, and now there are four daily prayer meetings, and nearly every pupil attends one, and often more. Over a hundred of the pupils "think" that they have been converted.

Notwithstanding Sunday last was a cold stormy day for people to come out, yet the attendance at the meeting of the Society of United Spiritualists was unexpectedly large. Mrs. S. De Wolf's lecture was plain, practical and earnest, and deeply interested the audience. Judge Holbrook made some pertinent remarks on the wonders and peculiarities of spirit mediumship. Dr. Randall called attention to the fact that the work of mediums and speakers in the interest of Spiritualism is having its effect on the church, and cited as an illustration that Mrs. Lillie and other good speakers in the cause of Spiritualism, have during the past few months occupied the lecture room of Thomas K. Beecher's church in Elmira, N. Y., and that the pastor was present at some of the lectures and commented favorably on them. He also said, "Surely the spirit of toleration grows. If the Spiritualists will concentrate their efforts in bringing out the substantial and indisputable evidence of immortality, and in the moral work for the development of man's higher nature no Protestant church can long remain closed to them with the religious thought that now prevails."



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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

## Out of the Night.

BY REV. H. A. REID.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And over the river of fear,  
We leap, we fly, and touch the sky,  
And feel its music near.  
And nevermore its living tide  
Shall warm, inspiring faith from slumbering hope di-  
vide.

Or mar my vision clear.  
Out of the night, into the light,  
And over the river of fear,  
Where nevermore its shadowy shore  
May seem with many a fright of dark, mysterious  
— No more its phantom forms may glide  
Into my soul, into my side.

To build a terror on where none might yet appear,  
— No more its phantom forms may glide  
Into my soul, into my side.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And through the golden day,  
Follow me, on all, hand and foot,  
To feel the quickening beams of the Sun of Truth  
so bright.

And plant our feet where angels greet  
All up the shining way;  
To learn sweet lessons of love divine,  
To see what virtues "righteous shine."  
To read what hopes are yours, are mine  
And read the rules of heaven in many a golden line,  
All up the shining way;  
Where Life and Love, and Truth their seat  
Of happiness have built complete;  
Where every soul of man may find a welcome  
sweet,  
All up the shining way.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And down the aisle of years,  
Behold the lofty, lifted height  
Of Freedom's pearly temple, imperiled with martyr's  
tears.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And down the aisle of years,  
Behold the lofty, lifted height  
Of Freedom's pearly temple, imperiled with martyr's  
tears.

And blend in joy the mingling whole  
Of many a lovely life, of many a savior soul,  
Of many a martyr's blood, of many a crown of  
That shines, a crown of glory,  
All down the aisle of years.

Out of the night, into the light,  
Along the path of hope,  
I see those pale in angel white,  
Robes of scolding, and of delight,  
Spirits of men, spirits of women, tried and faithful  
found,  
Never more to grieve and grope,  
Through darkling doubt's eclipse of hope,  
Or creed's uncertain sound.

Out of the night, into the light,  
From every land they come,  
Of races red and black, and white,  
Whom God's eternal wisdom, justice, truth and right,  
Have given in heaven a home.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And o'er the silvery road,  
We walk the way of love's delight,  
To where the lamp of burning bright  
Of living truth is God,  
And heavenly vision fills the night.

With fields of glory teeming, beaming all abroad;  
Where spiritual freedom, born of beauteous spiritual  
love,  
With angels hath abode,  
Happy in the realms and spheres above,  
Far up the silvery road.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And into the garden of God,  
Where love-beams every spirit warm,  
Where clouds may never burst in storm.  
Where joy is felt in holiest form,  
But never waltz or rod,  
We come with joy and haste, we leap, we run, we  
flow,  
And leave behind the bitter taste  
Of earth's unhappiness, to waste  
And mingle with the rod;  
For lands of angels, stooping from the skies  
And loved ones gone before, with love-light in their  
eyes,  
Come whispering near the heart, the ear,  
And light the way to happiness and God.

## Honest Mediums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If there is any one thing more than another, that brings disrespect on the cause of Spiritualism and discouragement to candid investigators, it is a want of moral honesty and truthful uprightness in some mediums. While some mediums, and without doubt a very large majority of them, are honest, trustworthy, and always reliable in word and deed, yet it is a lamentable fact too often proved to be questioned, that there are some others who, though having mediumistic powers and readily influenced as such, yet are lacking in moral honesty, and are unreliable and not worthy of trust in word or deed, and consequently invite a class of undeveloped and unreliable investigators that result in discredit to our cause and discouragement to investigators. Admitting this fact it may be asked, "What can be done to remedy the evil?" Well, one thing can be done, to at least modify its effects, and that is, don't encourage such mediums, either in public or private circles; tell them plainly why you cannot, if a person cannot be trusted in word or conduct, when not under spirit influence, then it is neither safe nor honest to trust such mediums. Admitting this fact it may be asked, "What can be done to remedy the evil?" Well, one thing can be done, to at least modify its effects, and that is, don't encourage such mediums, either in public or private circles; tell them plainly why you cannot, if a person cannot be trusted in word or conduct, when not under spirit influence, then it is neither safe nor honest to trust such mediums. Admitting this fact it may be asked, "What can be done to remedy the evil?" Well, one thing can be done, to at least modify its effects, and that is, don't encourage such mediums, either in public or private circles; tell them plainly why you cannot, if a person cannot be trusted in word or conduct, when not under spirit influence, then it is neither safe nor honest to trust such mediums.

## A Curious Experience.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While in Lowell, Mass., Prof. Caldwell was giving a series of mesmerism entertainments, in which I became greatly interested, and not having seen anything of the kind before, I could not believe it possible that one man could have such wonderful power over another. Being determined to test the matter, I asked if he could impart the knowledge to others. Assuming me that he could, I took leave, and to my great surprise I found that I could influence any subjects in a wonderful manner. This knowledge set me to thinking and reasoning thus: If we continue to live after the change called death, a law that holds good now, might then, in other words, if I can control a person's actions under certain conditions, perhaps a spirit can do the same. I placed myself under the conditions said to be required for spirit control; the consequence was I began to feel some power working on me, and coming to California about six months ago, I was controlled to speak, and have been ever since. Although I am convinced of the reality of spirit control, there seems to be a deficiency somewhere, for my control has given me no less than six different names, besides making a number of names, hardly ever telling the same story twice, sometimes seeming to try to do me harm, and at other times to do me good. I have become rather afraid, so much so that I have left off going to circles or meetings, and seem to feel some better, but the control is with me just the same, and speaks more or less every day, when I am alone. I am now very nervous, but I have no power to prevent myself talking at times.

Now, Mr. Editor, if any one here had a similar experience I would like very much to have them communicate the same to the JOURNAL.

Oakland, Cal. W. S. HARKELL.

## Manifestations Through C. H. Brown.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thinking it may be of interest to the readers of your good JOURNAL, I will give some of my experiences in what I have witnessed in the way of spirit manifestations through C. H. Brown, the medium. I have been acquainted with him only since last May. He came to my house, a stranger from Danville, Ill. He was at that time posting advertisements, a cure for the morphia and opium habit. He told me that he was a clairvoyant; that his mediumship in the medium channel, he can safely say that for rappings and describing spirits, he has no equal, and I feel that every lover of truth and every investigator should witness the manifestations produced through his mediumistic powers. We had our first circle or séance the evening of his arrival, an evening long to be remembered. About 6:30 we opened the séance by sitting around an extension table. Mr. B. sang, "Let the good spirits come in." At the conclusion the rappings commenced, which were very loud; could be heard a good distance away. Mr. B. then asked if the spirit present would please communicate. To which a reply was given by Cora, his guide, saying: "Be patient; do not get overly anxious." I wish it understood that instead of calling over the alphabet, that long tedious way, Mr. B. writes by impressing letters and is responded to by the rappings. The medium then turned the light some lower, and said: "There is a gentleman here, giving every characteristic of the man. He is dressed in soldier's clothes, and has a lame arm." I then asked: "When and where did he pass to spirit-life?" He then said: "The spirit's name is Daniel Savage." Then taking the pencil he wrote, being responded to by the raps. He met with an accident and was drowned at such a time and place.

I was personally acquainted with Daniel Savage, and the medium's statement was correct in every particular. He then gave an accurate description and name of my father, Thomas Wentworth, and a brother by the same name. Mr. Brown never gave a description of a spirit without giving the name. We had the pleasure of hearing from many of our relatives, old friends and neighbors, which was to my wife and I very pleasing, knowing that there could be no deception on the medium's part. Such manifestations and intercourse has a tendency to make one feel that the Spirit-world is not far off. Well, may we take to heart the truth and spirit of Bulwer's poem, "There is a Death." I can recommend Mr. Brown with no reluctance whatever, to all gatherings where such plain evidence is needed. His home is in Bangor, Maine, but he can be heard from by writing to me. We have been having an enjoyable time in his circles the past two weeks. We have been believers in the spiritual philosophy for many years; have been constant readers of the JOURNAL for eight or ten years; came to this country, Paulding, in 1855, when it was a howling wilderness. We had the pleasure of witnessing a vast amount of the phenomena, many years ago, through the trance condition of Lucinda Allen and my brother-in-law, Mr. N. Strout, a clairvoyant and trance speaker.

We have had our yearly meetings in this neighborhood annually for the last fourteen years; have had them in my grove or in some other place, and have situated three miles south, and one mile west of Hicksville. I am exceedingly happy to be able to say that our meetings are more largely attended than any other meetings in the vicinity, with such speakers as Mrs. Pearl, A. B. French, Hudson and Emma Tuttle, and Mrs. Hishop. They cannot be other than a success. I can say with no reluctance whatever that Mrs. Pearl has done much for our meetings than any speaker we have had. Mrs. Kline, an editor of Van Wert, Ohio, was with us in our last meeting and did much good.

DANIEL AND MARY ANN WENTWORTH.

Hicksville, O.

## The Course of the Journal Endorsed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been taking the JOURNAL for several years, and think it is doing great good in the cause of spiritual enlightenment. I admire your course in combating the old theories earnestly and strongly, but respectfully. I also heartily approve your course in condemning and exposing mediums that are frauds and deceivers. Mediumistic powers are not confined, it seems, to only those of good moral character, but as Spiritualists, should give consideration to none others. Spiritualism is proof palpable of immortality to all who have investigated its phenomena to such an extent as to become convinced believers in it; and while the numbers of such are constantly increasing, yet many who otherwise would be favorably disposed to investigate its claims, refuse to do so because of the deceptions and frauds of so-called professional mediums. Let us get rid of all the fraudulent sort; at the same time the genuine should be encouraged. The glorious truth demonstrated by Spiritualism, that our friends who have passed over can do return, and that they by no means have lost their love for us, will yet be a belief, "Glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." And it is of the utmost importance that the communications from the spirit world be from good and pure sources. We want therefore to learn wisdom from good and pure spirits, and we must have good and pure mediums.

Continue, Mr. Editor, in your work of dispelling the mists of old theories, which enslave the mind and conscience, and which shut out the heaven-born truth which alone can make the soul free. Continue, also, to oppose and expose all wrong mediums, and to encourage the good. By so doing you will always deserve, as you do now, the thanks of all who believe that truth is of more consequence to the human race than creed or mere profession. Creed and humbug have cursed the world too much, and stand in the way of its progress.

Now allow me to say that your valuable paper has supplemented my own feeble efforts in contributing to the opening of a few minds to the great truth to the reception of newer and grander truths to them than they ever thought of before. It is not a great while in the past since, with one or two others, I stood alone as an advocate of the spiritual philosophy. Now several persons in our midst are not ashamed to be known as Spiritualists; and several more are such as a matter of fact, but on account of their relation to the church or to the public, they prefer to keep the matter quiet. Your valuable paper has done much to bring about this result.

The cause cannot be regarded. It will spread the "spacious earth around."

Marryville, Mo. WILLIAM THOMAS.

## Was It Objective or Subjective?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The New York World of February 8th, published a special dispatch from Harrisburg, Pa., giving news of a strange and mysterious occurrence at Millersburg, Dauphin County. It appears that on Thursday morning there was a joyful crowd in the hotel there, and while they were enjoying, Samuel Keller, entered, who was well known to the hotel and the county as a patient medicine peddler, and was fifty-five years old. Shortly afterwards a discussion on religious subjects arose, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper table about. Keller became very earnest in his talk and finally invited the men to indulge in an imitation of the Lord's supper. They agreed to have it with bread and wine, and accordingly their glasses were filled with beer. They then knelt in mock humility, and with beer in one hand and bread in the other, went around giving a bit and a sup to each. 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Elaborate preparations are being made in St. Louis to receive Archbishop Elder on his return from Rome about March 1st.

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## SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

*Sudden Appearance of a Spirit in the Forest.*  
—The Spirit of a Little Girl.

BY DR. R. P. WRIGHT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Am I a Spiritualist? Well, I am sure I do not know, because I am not certain that I clearly understand just what is meant by the term. Why? Because I have never tried to inform myself on the subject, and, until recently, it has never been my pleasure to hold conversation with those who claim an acquaintance with the Spirit-world. But I do know that there is a land or sphere of spirits, and that sphere is illimitable space—the deep mazarine vault above and all that is beneath us—it is everywhere. This is not the statement of a belief, a something of gossamer form with no materiality by which it may be proved or identified; on the contrary it is the declaration of a fact. Now, if this knowledge had not come to me unsolicited, or without previous thought or study on the subject, perhaps I might have argued that I had been deceived by a vivid imagination, intensified and enlivened by ardent hope and desire; so might the opponents of the theory have argued, and hence might have deprived me—for a time at least—of that which affords me more genuine pleasure than all things else on earth—a knowledge of the spirit land and the inhabitants thereof. But this is a subject I never speak of and this is the second time I have committed anything of the kind to paper.

Just why all men and women cannot or do not come in contact with the departed I cannot say; I am inclined to think they do, but know it not; but here is what I would call attention to: We of America are indeed a free and independent people; we are ever surrounded with personal, liberty and political freedom, in every respect our own masters and guaranteed the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own consciences. Yes, reposing under the shady boughs of the great American tree of liberty, our brows fanned by the gentle zephyrs of republican liberty, the dictates of our own hearts alone map out the course we would pursue, whether relating to temporal or spiritual things. While peacefully working in the lap of this God-given privilege, most of us come to the conclusion that after death we shall still exist in the full possession of all our faculties; but on this subject there is the greatest difference of opinion, though the ultimate conclusions in most instances center at one point. The ministers—and they are legion—continually preach the eternal existence of the spirit of man, of the relation he sustains to his spiritual creator and his spiritual savior, yet they call it worse than idolatry to suppose that there is a possibility of establishing a line of communication between the living and the dead. They enter their churches, bow at the shrine, and offer the most eloquent spiritual sacrifices to the God they would propitiate; yet they will tell you that the departed know no more of earth. They will tell you that God is a spirit and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth, yet mock the Spiritualist. They admit the handwriting on the wall, the scene at the transfiguration, etc., yet say "the days of manifestation have passed!"

If the Bible teaches anything it certainly teaches what I suppose is Spiritualism, and Christ and the Apostles taught it in the most unmistakable terms. But I will not take up time and space for an argument in support of the theory; but I thought it necessary as a preface to the statement of the following

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS:

Five years ago I was in the pine woods district of Louisiana with a party of camp-hunters. One dark, cloudy afternoon, while in quest of game, I suddenly realized that the sombre curtains of night were rapidly unfolding, and that I was—lost. I sat down on an old hickory log to listen for some noise at the camp. I sat for some time but heard nothing. The cold wind just rushing in from the north-west shrieked and howled through the boughs of the majestic yellow pines that raised their lofty heads skyward. I was lost in the depth of a dense forest! Hark! I hear just now low howl of a great grey wolf in the distant bramble jungle. But let him howl, his timidity is a sufficient guarantee that he will do me no harm, even if I must remain all night alone in the dark. Yet there is a deep, undecipherable, sickening dread at my heart. "Ah! Good evening, sir!" I said as I looked up and saw in front of me an old hunter quietly seated on a log not six feet away. But he said not a word. Where did he come from, I thought. Why don't he speak? He looks kindly, there is no harm in those large, liquid brown eyes. I will speak again: "I am lost. I am a member of a party of hunters. We are camping in this vicinity, yet I know not the exact locality." He smiled pleasantly, then said: "Why, my son, get up and go straight to camp. 'Tis not far away!" Then to my utter surprise his form changed to a deep blue shadow, which in turn faded to nothing. Of course I at once recognized the fact that one of my spirit friends had visited me, yet he had not benefited me. "Let's see," I thought. "He said 'get up and go straight to camp.' 'Tis not far away!" Well, I did go. I turned directly to the right, and, having traveled a half-mile, walked up the camp, where the rich flavor of roasting venison perfumed the air. How did the old hunter look? Well, he was quite elderly, I had never seen him before, nor have I seen him since. He was dressed in an ordinary hunter's suit, wearing moccasins and a cap made of the skin of some animal. In his hand he held a very long flint-lock rifle, such as we rarely see now. A leather belt encircled his body, a pocket at either side—one holding a long knife, the other a hatchet.

## WAS IT MY LITTLE SISTER?

Four years ago I was, prospecting for gold in Mexico. At the close of one long summer day, not feeling well, I withdrew from my comrades and sought the hospitality of an elderly Mexican whose thatched hut hung on the southern slope of a mountain overlooking the green valley below, the vineyard and onion patch. He received me with a degree of unusual kindness, and chatted away in his very imperfect English at a lively rate. Night came on, and after partaking of a frugal repast I took a seat on the outside of the hut to enjoy the last cigar in my case. About thirty feet from where I sat stood a beautiful scrubby, widespread live oak, among whose branches the old Mexican's chickens roosted. The moon, nearly full, rode on her pathway in brilliant splendor, and a moonlight night in Mexico is indeed beautiful. While I sat there alone meditating on the great display of natural beauty surrounding me, my attention was suddenly attracted by the noise of the chickens that all at once appeared on the ground, at the foot of the tree, and they seemed lost and greatly surprised. Then it was a little child began crying in the top of the tree. Of course I

was at first astonished, but I soon, almost in an instant, became satisfied that what I heard was the voice of a spirit. The poor child cried most pitifully and began coming down. A short ladder rested against the tree, and until the crying child reached this ladder I saw nothing. Down the ladder it came, and still crying—came running to me with outstretched arms, as though anxious I should take it up; but just as it reached me it vanished and I saw and heard no more of it. When I looked for the chickens they were all quietly resting away among the boughs of their oak as if nothing had happened. I asked my host if he had heard anything, and he answered in the negative. On that very evening, about two hours before I saw the child, my six-year-old sister died in Washington City. Was it her I saw? I have seen the sweet darling often, but she never would say yes or no to an inquiry on this point. Denison, Texas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY W. N. DAVIDSON.

Much truth is couched in the adage, "Once a priest always a priest," and it would be as true to say, "Once a sectarian, always such," so prone is the mind to continue in, or to return to, the old familiar ruts. Hence, it is but natural that there exists among a class of Spiritualists, a distinction very analogous to sectarianism, and that many well meaning persons, upon whom the life inspiring beams of the New Day have fallen, desire still to be called Christian, and to be affiliated with an organization called "the church." Educated and accustomed to follow a leader according to a "plan of salvation," they feel the need of both pastor and exemplar. Like Spiritualists in general, they are intelligent people, of strong convictions; their leaders are men of great mental force, whose opinions upon moral and ethical questions are entitled to much respect, but whose religious ideas are probably colored by early training or hereditary influences. These have labored diligently to show that the name Christ or Christian is of momentous importance to be incorporated with modern Spiritualism.

Dr. Crowell is sure that the Spiritualism of to-day is the same as the Christianity which received its name at Antioch; Dr. Peebles, the whilom "Spiritual Pilgrim," so sure that Christ is the "Corner Stone of Spiritualism," has taken scrip and staff, gone "out of the spiritualistic lecture field," and presumably threaded his way back into orthodoxy, pure and simple; and Prof. Buchanan sums up his sentiments in the statement that the word Christian expresses the perfect ideal of all that is to be admired in life. Again he says: "There never has been, and probably never will be, another such word as Christianity," to which last proposition doubtless there are millions entertaining views quite different from his upon the subject, who will readily assent! These good brethren, as I understand them, all insist that Spiritualism in its "higher aspects" is essentially Christian.

The writer is a plain man, unlearned in the Greek, ignorant of the various shades of meaning which may inhere in the word *Kristos*, and he may be considered obnoxious to the charge of "illiterate iconoclasm;" but to him the term Christian Spiritualism seems very like an invasion of the proper order of words; rather it should appear as though the Christian world should be heard to insist upon projecting into their religion a liberal ingredient of modern Spiritualism. The effort to repair a complete fabric by fastening upon it patches taken from the worn out garments of medieval priests and monks, is a sad anachronism, and more vain than the endeavor to preserve the new wine of to-day in musty bottles delved from the ashes of Pompeii.

Is the profession of the Christian religion such a passport, *per se*, to public confidence, that the name would give greater prestige to Spiritualism? And, particularly, do believers in Spiritualism constitute a sect or denomination in any sense whatever, any more than do ethnologists or geologists?

The proposition that there is any great similarity between modern Spiritualism and the Christianity known to the world's experience, is based on a total misapprehension, or a monstrous perversion of the facts. The name Spiritualism is suggestive not only of all there is of the material universe, but embodies in its meaning the sum of all mental discipline, soul life, eternal advancement in charity and love of soul to soul, and of soul to God. It is the philosophy or philosophies, the science of sciences, the religion of religions. While Christianity reeks with the blood of martyrs, and smells to heaven with the odor of the burning flesh of thousands whose ransomed souls soared upward from the midst of flames kindled by the Calvin and the Torquemadas of Christianity's golden age, modern Spiritualism is redolent of the flowers of sweet charity and affections among men, and of the breath of angels. The history of Christianity is but a panorama twenty centuries long of disputation, heart-burn, tumult and bloody war, at the contemplation of which the heart sickens and the soul cries out with anguish—all done in the name of Jesus Christ!

Of all the actors in the great drama of earth the bloodiest and most implacable has been Christianity.

"But," say the advocates of the Christian prefix for Spiritualism, "these excesses are not properly chargeable to the account of true Christianity; there is a plain distinction between Jesus, the Nazarene, and Christ, the impersonal spirit of righteousness pervading the universe, and of which Jesus was the grand and sinless exemplar. He was filled with this divine afflatus, and we should emulate him in his meekness, his loving spirit and God-like example."

All of this is plausible, but why insist on adopting an adjective to qualify Spiritualism a foreign word meaning, as is alleged, the aggregate of all perfection, while the fact remains that the word whose qualification is desired means all of that in itself? Why attempt to limit an infinite thing by a mere word of uncertain and disputed meaning? Why not allow the term Christian, so suggestive of memories of discord, enmity and carnage, to sink into desuetude, and be laid away among the useless lumber of the past, in the garrets of the ages, never more to become the fruitful parent of disorder? It is wholly immaterial to the question in hand whether or not the Nazarene was all the fancy can paint of goodness, or whether there was, at the root of things in early times, a "true Christianity" or not. It is enough that the great mass of Christians, so-called, have been the foes of the earth's peace and of man's progress, all along the line of march. Names are nothing except as they give color and character to the history of times and peoples. As a rule men are not learned in the lore and the sophisms so familiar to doctors of divinity. They are generally ignorant of the subtle distinction said to exist between Jesus

the man, and Christ the divinity. For the most part they have never heard of it, but have supposed that Jesus and Christ were but names of one and the same individual. Myriads of them have sung and heard sung and been taught at Sunday school of a date—

"When Christ, the mighty maker died."

And no amount of special pleading can now change the impressions of free minds in this respect. When they read of the taking off of Hyppatia, Bruno, and Servetus, they do not indulge in any such intricate speculations, but charge the whole to the account of Christianity; and stronger and stronger grows the desire to hear less of Christ and Christian, and more of human brotherhood; less of the rewards of heaven and more of right for the very right's sake; less of organizing into sects and more of aggregated humanity.

If we wish to refer to the divine spirit so revered by these earnest friends under the cognomen of Christ, we shall be correct in following Emerson and saying, "The Over-soul," or Denton, who named it the "Soul of Things." The term, Supreme Power, includes the thought in its entirety.

Will the calling of Spiritualism Christian, hasten in the least degree the glad time when philosophy shall be freed from superstition, and religion from dogmatism? Would that course aid in building up the cause we have so much at heart, making it mighty to the pulling down of the walls that bigotry has reared between man and his brother man? Would the Christian world any more readily accept Spiritualism as an ally in the conquest of evil? Would the cause itself be strengthened in general estimation, or in fact, by the christening? Verily, nay! On the contrary, nothing more valuable could result than the adding of one more to the ample list of sects whose contentions and bickerings have harassed the world for all these long weary centuries.

Against Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, there is no reason for bias. According to the collated accounts he was a man at least fully up to the level of his contemporaries in ethics and morals, comparing favorably with any of the reformers who had preceded him, and his memory ought not to suffer for the misdeeds of such as committed wrongs in his name. Were he upon the stage of action to-day doubtless he would be found in the van of earth's noble men and women, whose very life consists in going about and doing good to the poor and the suffering, like a Howard or a Nightingale. His discourses would most likely compare well with those of a Beecher or a Collyer; but it is hardly to be supposed that he would aspire to become the head of a sect, or the founder of a church.

What is a Christian? What is Christianity? These questions, propounded to the reverend doctors themselves, would, if responded to at all, receive as many irreconcilable answers as there are sects. There would, however, be great unanimity among them in voting Spiritualism a humbug and delusion, endangering immortal souls, devised by the "great adversary" as a means of populating the waste-places of sheol. The recognized Christianity of the day is a unit in abominating every thing pertaining to it—albeit there are many of its adherents who secretly come to its fountain—while Spiritualism, all-pervading, all-embracing, welcomes all, of whatever name, nation or sentiment, who are earnest in following the light of justice and truth; and there is no conceivable reason why each and all church members should not be known as Spiritualist Christians, if they so desire.

Laverne, Minn.

## BROOKLYN SPIRITUAL DIARY.

Experiences with the Controlling Spirit, Jimmy Hicks.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As promised, I forward you a few extracts from my journal. It was the last séance I witnessed at the residence of my friend, Mr. Nelson, although I attended many through the preceding winter. On the present occasion, accompanied by two intimate friends, we found ourselves punctually on hand at eight o'clock, at Mr. N.'s house. There were eight persons, including the young medium that formed the séance. As on former occasions the room was made suitably dark, all the doors closed and locked, the lamp extinguished, and we sat in whispering silence for a few minutes, each after holding his neighbor's hand, when our silence was broken by the loud, hoarse voice of Jimmy Hicks. He announced his presence by saying, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen."

"Jimmy," remarked a lady, "we thought you had forgotten us."

"Oh! no," he replied, "I had a good deal to do."

"Mrs. Nelson," said Jimmy, addressing Mr. N.'s wife, "would you have any objections against having our séances held up stairs in the parlor this evening?" She answered, "No."

"Mr. B., I perceive you are in good company this evening," said Jimmy, addressing me; "one is a doctor, the other an undertaker. It is best to be on the safe side, you know!" Here he gave a boisterous laugh.

"That's so," I remarked, "let me introduce them. This is Doctor Hays and this Mr. Bryan, the gentleman who did the last office for an old friend, Mr. Witt."

"Well, Mr. Bryan, did you bury his body deep enough, and set it down workmanlike, and all that?" said Jimmy.

"I did that, Jimmy," said Mr. Bryan.

"Ah!" remarked Jimmy, "you will never have that office to do for me. I know where my old bones are buried. They are snug enough in the old churchyard."

I would here remark that Jimmy Hicks in all his familiarity with his visitors, was always respectful in answering their questions, good mannered and kindly, but when opportunity offered he was quite humorous and surprisingly witty, and it was hazardous to try to turn the laugh upon him.

Jimmy, addressing himself to me said at a former séance: "Mr. B., Cliff has broken into your house, and he feels put out. You took no notice of him."

This aroused my memory.

"Was that Cliff the other evening who called me by name three different times in my study?"

"So he says," answered Jimmy.

"Well, I am sorry I did not recognize the voice. I thought it came from some children in the street. Now, Jimmy, if you can send some of your spirits again around to my house, I shall be pleased to hear, feel or see them."

Jimmy signified he would, and no more passed between us individually at this séance. All these events related to some former séance. Incredible as it may seem to ordinary readers and even some Spiritualists, the fact of spirits speaking audibly and conversing rationally with visitors, even this species of manifestation began to lose its novelty with me, after I was satisfied of the fact. But it seems the spirits were determined they would leave no doubt or skeptic-

ism within me; and I must say I looked forward to the meeting of this present séance with great anxiety, as I had something to request. "Jimmy," remarked after I got an opportunity, "I should like to talk with you. At my request you sent your spirits around to my house and they have been there nightly for a week past. I have seen enough of them, and now I request you to withdraw them."

I here gave a statement to the company of what occurred. Every night for a week past I had a different species of manifestation, the first night two large and powerful hands were pressed upon my mouth so hard, indeed, as to be hurtful. I still thought this might be a severe cramp of my lips, and let it go at that. The next night both ears were pulled violently! The next, both my feet were jerked downward! The next night there was a motion as of some one under the bed, making an effort to tumble me out on the floor. This aroused the attention of my wife and she bid me lie still and be quiet. I must say I began to be each succeeding night timid about retiring to bed, not knowing what new startling freak I had to undergo, as the invisibles never repeated the same manifestations. I readily acknowledged to myself the unmistakable truthfulness of the nocturnal spiritualities of these manifestations, but the last was, indeed, a clincher! I was just in that state between wakefulness and sleep, when I was seized by two powerful hands by the throat as if I were being choked or garroted! I was, indeed, so real that for an instant I thought it possible that burglars had broken into our bed chamber, but found on examination the door was still bolted on the inside!

I stated these occurrences to the members of the séance, when Jimmy, with affected sarcasm, broke in, saying: "Mr. B., I should be afraid to sleep in that bed! O Jerusalem!" "Jimmy," I replied, "I am not afraid of your spirits, but I don't like to be startled. At my request you have sent your spirits to visit me at my house, and now you would do me a favor to withdraw them."

He promptly promised to do that, and has so done, as I have not been startled by him since. These are to me remarkable occurrences, and if necessary could be verified by many still living witnesses. The writer would hardly dare forward you these accounts unsustained by evidence. What is still more remarkable of this young married medium, although subsequently in deeply strained circumstances when her wonderful mediumship would have yielded some financial profit, her remarkable gifts had left her for several years. She is still living among us.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Not by Our "Will," but While We Live.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Rev. James Freeman Clarke says many beautiful things. He gives the following: "Mrs. Oliphant, in one of her stories, has described how an old lady, whose only fault was a modest self-indulgence, saw after she had entered the other world how wicked she had been in neglecting to make any provision in her will for one whom she ought to have taken care of; and Mrs. Oliphant tells how the old lady tried to come back and rectify this error, but only succeeded in frightening some persons by her helpless apparition. The story illustrates what a terrible punishment it may be to be suddenly enlightened hereafter to see our sins of omission and commission."

"I am afraid that if persons are to suffer hereafter for not making a just and good disposition of their property by will, there will be a great deal of misery from that cause. Too often a man's testament is just what the name implies—it is his will, not his conscience, not his reason, not his heart, only his will. He says: 'Shall I not do what I will with my own?' He forgets that he must answer for the use of this power, as of all others. He seeks to find some way by which he can still hold his property after death. This feeling produced by all those abuses which the law calls by the expressive word mortmain—the 'dead hand.' The statutes of mortmain were intended to prevent the very abuse which Jesus denounced as practiced by the Pharisees, who allowed persons to alienate their property from their relations by dedicating it to the Temple, and calling it corban—that is, a gift to God. Dying persons were persuaded by priests that their sins would be forgiven if they gave their property to the church and disinherited their heirs. There was at one time danger that a large part of the land in England would go into the possession of the church, and the English law of mortmain declares that land must not be given for such purposes by a deed or will executed by a dying man. He must give his land for charitable objects in his lifetime, or not at all."

"When our friends leave for another world, how often we say, 'Why did I not do differently during all those years when I had them?' Why was I not more considerate of their feelings, more attentive to their needs, more thoughtful of ways in which I could have made them happy? Why was I so cold and selfish, so hard and overbearing, so irritable, so determined to have my own way? Why was I not kinder? Why did I not appreciate more their goodness? Alas! I see it all now, when it is too late. How often I wounded the feelings of that dear friend who was to me so true and faithful, so loving and tender, so conscientious and pure! Too late! Too late! If it were all to do again, how different my conduct would be!"

"If I had thought so soon she would have died. He said, I had been tenderer in my speech, I had a moment lingered at her side. And held her, ere she passed beyond my reach. If I had thought so soon she would have died."

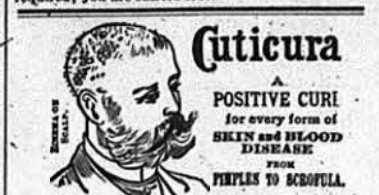
"When we ourselves go away, leaving our work undone, or badly done, will there be needed any greater punishment than to see what good we might have done and did not do, or what lasting evil we have caused which we might have avoided."

There is a beautiful, practical sentiment permeating the above that can not fail to have a beneficial influence. J. O.

Recent excavations at the Acropolis at Athens have resulted in the discovery of six mutilated female statues in marble. These fragments, which are colored and belong to the period before Phidias, cannot fail to be of great importance in the history of art, as no museum in Europe possesses works of this period. The statues are part of those overthrown by the Persians, and buried by the Greeks at the building of the Acropolis in the time of Pericles.

An auxiliary rudder for steering seagoing vessels has been proposed. It consists simply of two discharge pipes, placed one at each side of the vessel's stern as far below the water line as possible, and connected with a steam pump capable of forcing a powerful stream of water through the pipes, which, impinging upon the water in contact with the vessel, forces it to the side opposite that from which the stream issues.

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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

L. O. Draper

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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No. 3.

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE ROSTRUM.

The Fight Between the Objective and Subjective Methods in Philosophy.

A Trance Lecture by Mr. J. Clegg Wright, Given at Newfield, N. J.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

I will take your subject with the humility of a hopeful suitor who ardently desires to win approbation by the sincerity of his address and the dignity of his theme. However ambitious I may be to lead you over domains of thought untrod before by the glittering prospect of new discoveries, the lines of sensation which limit the cognition of the human mind make it absolutely impossible for me to conduct you to those heights and depths of spirit-life which the warm impulses of pardonable curiosity lead you to seek. I must content myself with discharging such a programme as the capacity of my inspiration will allow me to fulfill. To the dizzy eye of interested mortals the happy contemplation and the distant prospects of spirit-life must perplex and amaze the understanding, it lies so far away in the milky way of religious speculation. No solitary object stands out with the clear lines of a personality. Its mountains, rivers, forest, and plains come not into definite outline. The paralyzed mind gazes into the vortex of immortal existence with a deep shudder of wonder without recognizing clearly anything in the zone of its immensity.

However exalted the hope or eager the curiosity it is not for mortal to know what lies before him in the rich capacities of immortality. There are some truths which I can give to you which you may reach with the power of your induction, and there are facts which defy my power to communicate. This you cannot understand to-day. Down from the wise reflections of Thales to the philosophical Herbert Spencer, there have been continuous attempts to correctly define the abstruse nature of perception, and the complicated problems of consciousness. No doubt there exists in the realm of the unseen more truth than that which has been discovered yet by the skill of accurate scientific observation, or brought to our notice by the careful deductions of able logicians. The objects of nature have presented ready and delightful subjects for investigation, of more importance to the daily interests of mankind than the wordy conundrums of metaphysics. For a while everything seemed to be lost in the mystic gulf of metaphysics. Science was neglected; the ordinary operations of nature were too insignificant to be observed; the nervous dreams of philosophy promised richer food in the powers and attributes of God. Subjective speculation with its mighty phantasms and ideal garbure betokened a controlling effect on the mind of society.

The most urgent demands of state routine, the common virtues of industry and commerce, and the observance of those social duties essential to the well being and progress of the state, were despised by the learned as objects of concern too far below the dignity of true philosophy. To the unanswerable problems of the origin of life and its future destiny they claimed the boldest assurance of knowledge, which attained such proportions of correctness that the emptiest speculations and the most childish falsehoods were formulated into authoritative dogmas, to question the truth of which, led to the infliction of social disabilities, or to deny, inevitable death. Subjective philosophy, oriental and the human soul subjects of importance beyond all others. The fertility of fancy peopled the world with invisible beings of every degree of capacity. Each tribe had its

complete set of divinities endowed with all the complicated variety of human passions. The dreams of the poets filled heaven with the love adventures, and the feuds of the gods; and the virtuous lapses of sweet goddesses. The people with the earnestness of a boundless credulity looked upon these voluptuous creations of imagination as the higher and the sublimer realities of celestial nature. The moral deformity and filthiness of human society were the characteristic adornments of gods and angels, scenes of voluptuous pleasure which would have provoked expressions of atrocious infamy from lips accustomed to all the devices of debauchery, were the common and daily scenes in the magnificent palaces of the gods. Philosophy was diseased. Subjective philosophy involved mankind in political, philosophical and religious catastrophes, out of which humanity is slowly and perceptibly emerging. As man left off peopling invisibly with superhuman agencies he saw superior beauty and utility in the graver study of nature. A subjective philosopher in the age of Leo X. would have asked the spirits whether they lay beyond the waters of the Atlantic ocean a continent; but it was the promptings of science which led Columbus to the court of Spain; and the unknown shores of America. The heavens which once excited the creative fancy of poets is the field to which the practical astronomer points his telescope and surveys the squadrons of stars deploying on the measureless planes of space, measuring their size, calculating the magnitude of their orbits, and their period of revolution. Science and not faith will save mankind.

Spirit-life notwithstanding the dreadful errors of philosophy and voluptuous creations of the poets exists. It is as much of a reality as the solar system. It is as objective and real as the dome of the capitol at Washington or a Colorado canyon, and must be studied in the same way by the same methods as any other valuable and interesting natural object. The moment that the intellect of the investigator into its facts becomes excited by the wand of wonder, then the sweet illusions of religion begin to grow like noxious weeds in the mind. Science can give nothing to wonder. Wonder is the ready and anxious maid of superstition. We see with what dreadful effect she has done her work in the darkened room of the spiritual seance. Forms of wax-work have been made to personate the glorious characters of antiquity, as having left their exalted places in heaven and descended to present their graceful forms again to the eager curiosity of vulgar mortals. Zealous exponents of a new science have prostrated themselves before those pieces of stiff paper and tinsel as a Mohammedan prostrates himself before the great Allah. In these flimsy shams they have beheld the prospective glories of the Summer-land.

Men, in the excited dreams of spiritual discovery, have listened with quenchless credulity to the chattering of abnormal ignorance, and shaped with the agility of knowledge the sublime constitution of the Spirit-world, free from every frailty which attacks human nature, embellished by the luxury of every pleasure, supplied with every invention of saintly innocence and enriched by the creations of an imagination never blighted by the gentlest airs of imperfection or enervated by the coarse associations of mortals. Such devotional dreams in which sincere seekers for truth have indulged, may in some instances have tended to the stimulation of habits of virtue and the true culture of life. Such manifestations are not by any means science. But it is the devotional mind sensing the weakness of faith and the urgent necessity of demonstrative facts to prop up a theological structure already presenting cracks and fissures which portend a fall, and which faith anticipates in the tremendous struggle between religion and science. This struggle and deep seated feeling of theologic insecurity is an outcome of a supreme spirit molding the times, and which cannot be said to have by any means done all its work; rather more correctly can it be said that it has only just begun to work. The decay of religious belief is due to several causes. The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries contain a great many influences which contribute to cultivate and bring about this present state of things. In the middle ages we look in vain for the real spirit of rationalism. The church had the full sway and control of the consciences of men. The great Protestant schism had not broken out. Men were contented with the spiritual food presented by the ornate and opulent ceremonies of the Church of Rome, which were adapted to captivate the eye of imagination and feed a credulity that had been trained to see nothing in this life but the hideous malformations of sin; that the enjoyment of this life was certain to be followed by misery in the next, and the only safety lay in a blind submission to the church, an unreserved acceptance of its teachings and a daily suppression of the natural impulses of the soul, to obtain the riches and glory offered by the clergy in a world which was to come. The people stood in hourly awe of the priesthood; its powers were enormously magnified by their superstitions. It was conscious of its supremacy and experienced but little difficulty in enforcing its pretensions. In the supreme arrogance of saintly pride, it affected with unquestioning assurance that it could forgive sins. Kings and Emperors found it to be their interest as well as their policy to fall in with the church and seek by exalted patronage to control that which they could not master.

Philosophy as it had existed and was followed by the ancient nations, was diluted by the corrupted creations of the theologian. The purity of the Roman law, the ancient practice, and the wise statutes of the great Justian, were deformed by the Christians, and the safeguards which the ancients thought so necessary to protect the liberties of the people were swept away. Every thing which stood in the way of the church was destroyed. The profound philosophy of Athens, of Alexandria, and Rome, which flourished under the free and beneficent rule of polytheism, was presented in the garb of the Christian faith. The church conquered every thing. The ideal of beauty was Christianized. The sister arts of music, painting and poetry were enlisted to enhance the charms and depict the horrors of calvary; and the tragic scenes of the early ages of the faith. Genius in its pained plaintive poured out to the pious eyes of the faithful the terrible suffering of the first Christian disciples; the voluntary mutilation of the ascetics; and the eternal seclusion and rigors of monastic life. These scenes excited their faith and warmed their anticipations to behold their future glory and share with the martyrs eternal felicity in company, too, with the church's great founder.

This was the time when the church had a chance to relieve the sufferings of mankind, exalt liberty; and with signal emphasis put the stamp of divine wrath upon tyranny. But never was there a period when there was less liberty; and never was there a time when tyranny met with a milder protest. This terrible development of Christian neglect and ignorance; speculation and mental corruption was due to the onset to accepting a subjective revelation. Had the scientific method been exacted from the followers of the Christian name, the wild excesses of superstition and dogmatism which succeeded upon the conquest they made over the classic forms of older civilizations, would never have happened. History would have presented us with another record, and the face of the Christian world would have had other and perhaps more enduring monuments of human progress. Out of this spiritual and intellectual darkness came light; it was the morning light—feeble, but it was light. It broke out in philosophy; it was the Baconian method. It broke out in religion; it was the morning stars; we owe them a great deal. When they spoke it was to an awakening liberty. She had been sleeping for many long centuries. These two great giants spoke to her and she awoke. A mighty groaning has since that time been heard in every country in Europe.

The Baconian method prepared the way for Locke; upon the heels of Locke came Hume; upon him has arisen the startling philosophy of Herbert Spencer. The cultivation and the marvellous triumphs of science belong to that method. By its demands commerce extended her useful operations. For ages it had been confined to the cities of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Venice, Padua and Florence cultivated the liberal arts and fostered the elegance of civilization when the surrounding states were wrapt in the arms of an advancing barbarism. The opulence and trade of these cities kept alive the spirit of commerce; their ships made annual voyages to distant ports and returned to the harbors from whence they sailed carrying in their hulls the superfluity of distant countries. The merchant preceded to importance the scholar and encouraged maritime discovery. The efforts of the Spaniards, the Dutch and the Portuguese to discover new countries, were the indications of the awakening intellect of man. The voyage of Columbus broke the long night of superstition and destroyed forever the old Bible idea that the earth was a plane. Geography did more than airy dialectics to bring in the era of reform.

Columbus thought and worked upon the objective method. In astronomy Kepler and Copernicus worked upon the same principle; Newton and Harvey made their crowning discoveries by the same method. It has enabled man to meet the severe conditions of nature. It has founded and wonderfully expanded a knowledge of the geological developments of the earth. The eye is enabled to trace in the silent strata the gradual process of cosmic changes and look upon spaces of geological time. In mechanical arts it has done everything. The magic brain of Watt gave the world the steam engine, Stephenson the locomotive, and Fulton the steamboat. By the power of machinery the most delicate fabrics are made which would have appeared miraculous to the ancients. Machinery has outdistanced the magic creations of the gods. The triumphs in the chemical laboratories are not less great than those of machinery, and contribute with equal worth to the happiness of mankind. In short the world has been blessed by the objective method in science, and cursed by the subjective method in philosophy.

From Luther grew up individual judgment in religion. That power of conscious personality broke up the divine unity of the church. It can never be united again. Milk split upon the ground can never be gathered up. This state of religious unity is forever ended. The scientific results of the objective method in philosophy have demonstrated what it can do for the world. The proper study of nature leads to progress. The study of the subjective to nothing but the idle madness of metaphysics. In the early days of modern Spiritualism the philosophy was subjective and decidedly Platonic.

Though Emerson affected to despise Spiritualism he belonged to the older order of Spiritualists. He placed great reliance in the subjective method. He acted strongly upon the thinking age and especially upon those minds which had nothing in common with popular faith. There was one dogma which Emerson had not grown out of, that man was made in the image of God, that man was a spark of the great "Over-soul." This gigantic error came into early Spiritualism and marred its beautiful objective face. Its phenomena began and appealed to the objective sensations; its philosophy plunged into the vexed problems of divinity, as if the problems of God were of any interest to a man of science who recognizes a world under the immutable reign of law. Spiritualism became self-contradictory. It claimed to be scientific, but it was really dogmatic. Its phenomena addressed themselves to sensation, but its philosophy to belief. As might be expected its philosophy became as varied as the hopes and tastes of man. To some the word spirit had a meaning; to others it was one of the graces of poetry. To some, there were seven spheres or degrees of spiritual felicity. The future abode of the soul in these seven spheres would find congeniality and fitness in one of them for any spirit however sublime its capabilities, or gross its characteristics. It can be easily seen that seven spheres were imported into spiritual philosophy from the mystical and strangely gifted Swedenborg. To those who had drunk deep at the Oriental well of philosophy the kingdom of heaven was not a place of seven spheres; but that the kingdom of heaven is within you—some mystical indwelling condition of the soul. There is not a bit of science in this. Upon it has grown noxious weeds of every degree of wickedness and imbecility. Bliss is desirable—harmony is bliss. Men have sought the advice and the benedictions of spirits to absolve them from the bonds of sacred contracts to secure on earth this harmony. These men have been eager to plant upon earth the kingdom of heaven. Men have left their wives and families, wives have left their husbands and offspring to initiate the spiritual kingdom of harmony. What a result! Instead of their finding a kingdom of heaven, they found to their horror a kingdom of hell. There is but one way to be happy. It was indicated by ancient sages. That he who is wise will practice virtue. Virtue and harmony mean the same thing.

The disastrous moral fatalities and gross imbecilities of modern Spiritualism have sprung from the subjective method. The kingdom of heaven is a poetic phrase. It has no true scientific meaning. There is no possibility of a perfect state of happiness in a world of sensation. Individual will and activity. If the next world were a place in which every man followed the promptings of his own aspirations and ideals it would not be a place fit for men and women. There would neither be safety, order nor morality. The problem of individual liberty and responsibility must be as great in spirit-life as it is in earth life, if men pass into the spirit-life in the same mental and moral condition as when they leave this. The strong and selfish will enervate upon the weak. Spirit-life will be but the second edition of this, subject to all the disastrous changes and revolutions known in the painful and transitory affairs of human life. We shall find ourselves in error, if we make a scientific dogma of that which at its best is but a poetical way of stating a common place experience, which has been expressed this way: "that what we see in an object the eye brings to it." Our joy and woe primarily spring from the agreement of our environments with our main and cherished aspirations.

External disappointment is the cause of interior pain. There cannot be in any world a perfect state of happiness at all times and under all circumstances, without life and death being a standing miracle; nor would such a state be at all desirable. The heaven of Pythagoras was an absurdity; that of Jesus an impossibility; and that of the subjective Spiritualists a hash of the distorted visions of Swedenborg. The great ethical of the subjective Spiritualist is intuition or immediate soul sensation. An idea cannot come into the consciousness without a prior sensation of which it is the effect. The mind can form no idea of the likeness of anything it has not seen. Words are labels of our ideas. When I tell you that there are rivers in spirit-life you think of the river you have seen. Of course you will think of the Delaware, or the lovely Hudson; you who only know these great rivers. If you had no other river but the Hudson, you could only approximate the idea of a river in spirit-life. To be a river it must have the parts and qualities of a river. There is no water in spirit-life, therefore there cannot be a river, but there is something which comes as near to it as anything you have in the idea river. The word misleads because it is not correct. It is poetical but not scientific. Hence that which spirits tell you is not scientific, as the sum of human knowledge of nature is science, but it is a poor attempt to tell a blind man what color the lady's bonnet is, sitting in the next pew.

The most recent novelty of the subjective method in the way of speculation is a revival of Buddhism under the euphonious designation of theosophy. Since the time of Sir William Jones Asiatic literature has been much studied by the western world. The gems of oriental literature have been translated into the languages of Europe. The beautiful ideas of the poets who flourished on the fertile slopes of the Himalayan range

and on the banks of the sacred Ganges, form the staple of our newest and choicest poetry. These songs and lyrics of a far back time show the elevation of sentiment, and the spirit of devotion possessed by these primitive peoples. From the gentle flutter of love in the human breast they ascended with agility to the love of the incomprehensible divinity. Its thought is poetry, not science. The philosophy of ancient Greece was poetry and not science. Homeric theogony was nothing but the creation of the poets. It had no foundation in the works of nature. Theosophy is nothing but philosophical poetry. There is no back bone of truth in it. It belongs to the imagination. The elastic capabilities of reason and imagination enable a man to become an ideal world-builder. Fancy can mount from star to star, people space with winged madonnas, and ride the fleet pegasus over the meadows of space.

There is nothing more in the philosophy of Theosophy than in the wonderful dreams of Ovid's muse, or the extraordinary adventures of old Gulliver. The writing of the justly celebrated Augustan poet cannot be called scientific, nor can the satirical story of Swift rank with a scientific work. Man grows poetry before science. Superstition comes before rationalism. Poetry is sentiment; science is utility. The Theosophist is a wonderful compound. As a rule he is dreamy, impracticable, ideal. The details of utility, science, and mathematics are a bore. He can dream a day about the astral plane and the divine spark as if any man ever caught hold of the one or saw the other. He thinks he is dealing with things, substances and refined essences, when he is only dealing with words. That is Theosophy—words, words and nothing but words. His ethics is words too. He talks about brotherhoods, that great impersonality, humanity, benevolence, charity and love. He is too gentle to kill and eat; he seeks the herbs of the field for food. Could he find bread baked from spirit he would live on that. He is sweeping the universe with his little broom to find God and his attributes. He looks for the inner and misses the beauty and power of the outer. Theosophy if triumphant would once more destroy civilization. It would take courage from the human character, and enterprise from endeavor. It would turn the world topsy turvey. Occultism, necromancy and astrology are subjects that the scientific world has got well through with. The witch riding a broom-stick will never again be an object of superstitions fear so long as the school-master is abroad. Occultism has nothing to tell the world unknown to the pages of science; the mysteries of the rosy cross and the cult of ancient masonry are not worth a soap bubble blown from a clay pipe. Theosophy with its divine essences and mudfog belongs to the era of astrology, alchemy and the rusty horse shoe over the door.

Modern Spiritualism to conquer the world will have to enlist the interest and awaken the devotion of the careful man of science. Never was there a subject beset with so many difficulties, surrounded with so many irresistible charms, and which opened so many avenues for the ignorant to grow more superstitious and the wicked to impose upon credulity. A man cannot plunge into the study of astronomy without a knowledge of mathematics. A geologist must know something about fauna and anatomy. It is in the science of Spiritualism alone where we find any man whatever his fitness, at work. He comes without any previous study. The ardent Spiritualist cries, "Come to our seance, pay your dollar, and go away with the evidence that your spirit friends live." It is about on a par with the cry of the captain of the salvation troop, "Come to the fountain of grace and get salvation." The one cry is as absurd as the other. Both are of the order of the showman.

To be convinced that you have met and talked with your friends in spirit is not much. There comes from that no illumination, no power, no added wealth of thought. If that rap were all that was in it, it would never have awakened man from his slumbers. From the lips of chattering ignorance the world can never be enlightened, and the desirable development of psychic truth advanced. Spiritualism will grow from its objective facts. The worth of its scientific facts is just its worth to mankind. Doctrinaires and system builders can do better without facts than with them. Left alone they can furnish all the material and weld it into a unified whole. Spiritualism is the door to immensity. There must be orders of unknowable things in spirit-life. It must have its sets of distinct phenomena. Life there must have its environments peculiarly its own. Rich and glorious beyond all power of description. It is a world having very little in common with this. Man must look with the seriousness of religious expectation for the manifestation of more facts. They can only come with a superior and more able comprehension of the laws of nature. Mediumship is the key to unlock the door, and what is that? We must begin all our work there.

What is mediumship? How much truth do mortals get from the immortals? That must ever be undecided till man shall have mastered the art of full spirit intercourse. When he knows that, then he has a foundation on which he can rely. He will be able to measure the value of spirit phenomena. Mediums must be submitted to scientific tests. There must be no belief about it. It must be known. What the ideal medium ought to aim at should be the expression of facts above their knowledge and outside of their experience. (Continued on Eighth Page.)



# "SWEDENBORG'S INSANITY."

BY PROF. W. H. CHANEY.

New Church Life for February contains an attempted reply to my letter in the JOURNAL concerning the cerebral epilepsy of Swedenborg. As might be expected, the editor simply denies, without offering the least proof beyond his bare assertion, all the proofs which I brought forward. True, he introduces the *Magazine of Knowledge* for 1791; to show that Mr. Brockmer denied certain rumors and reports alleged to have been started by him concerning Swedenborg. This is done on the authority of Beaton, Hindmarsh and two other gentlemen not named.

Of this committee we now know nothing and must therefore judge them as we do all religious partisans. I will refer to a few cases by way of illustration and then we can the better judge as to the reliability of such testimony. But I will first call attention to the fact that this magazine is asserted to have been printed in 1791. I never saw it and so must depend upon the editor's word for the date. Mathesius, who is my authority for Brockmer's statements, certifies, Aug. 27, 1796, at Stora Hallarna, that Brockmer delivered his statements to him "in the house and presence of Mr. Burgman, minister of the German Church, the Savoy, London, while Swedenborg lived." This testimony, five years later, uncontradicted, leads me to think that for years, about that time, there had been charges and denials about Swedenborg's sanity; that a partisan committee made the publication alleging that Brockmer had denied having said the things imputed to him, and that at last Mathesius, to settle the matter, forever, at the house and in the presence of a clergyman, Mr. Burgman, required Brockmer to repeat his narrative. This theory accounts for the solemn certificate which Mathesius appended to it, and which would otherwise appear uncalled for. I think the editor should furnish better proof if he expects to convince any one, even the most credulous.

This sort of proof reminds me of an experience I had in the city of New York twenty years ago. There was a Spiritual Conference there, free to all speakers, when one Sunday an orthodox clergyman took the stand and began a reply to something I had said about the patriotism of Thomas Paine, whom Washington, Jefferson and Franklin held in high esteem. Our preacher flatly contradicted me and asserted that after Paine had written his "Age of Reason" he submitted it to Franklin for his opinion. Franklin carefully examined the manuscript and returned it with the remark that the best use that could be made of it was to commit it to the flames, for if men were so bad with the Bible, what would they be without it? At this point, with the consent of the speaker, as near as I can remember, I asked the following questions, and he replied to them:

"Do you believe that the spirits of persons who have departed this life can return and communicate with the living?"

"No, sir; I know they cannot, and were such a question propounded to me anywhere outside this circle of infidels and lunatics I should treat it as an insult."

"Have you merely heard it as a rumor, or do you know from your own knowledge, that Franklin advised Paine to burn the manuscript of the Age of Reason?"

"I know from history, and consider your question a base insinuation against both my honesty and intelligence."

"Beg your pardon, but pray try and exercise your Christian charity toward an unfortunate lunatic."

"Yes, I do, for I consider the source, as the gentleman said when a jackass kicked him."

"Excuse me if I fail to reply to your keen wit and cutting sarcasm, but I have one more query."

"Ask it, my dear sir, for you remind me of a monkey climbing a pole."

"Will you declare on the honor of a gentleman, as a scholar and as an honest man, that it is historically true that Franklin advised Paine to burn the manuscript of the Age of Reason?"

"I will, ladies and gentlemen, most emphatically, and defy proof to the contrary."

"You carry too many guns for me." I replied, assuming the air of one who has been badly defeated in an argument.

Leaving him to triumph over his apparent victory and continue his insults, I quietly left the hall, and as I did so heard him shout:

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

I returned just as he was leaving the rostrum, with some books under my arm. Dr. Hall, a very able and intelligent Spiritualist, had risen to reply, but seeing me enter the hall, moved that the rules be suspended and the Professor allowed to immediately reply to the clergyman, which passed by a unanimous vote. I took the rostrum and read from Chambers's Encyclopedia, an eminently Christian authority, that Franklin died April 17, 1790, also from the same work that in 1793 Paine was ejected from the National Convention, by Robespierre, who threw him into prison where he was detained for fourteen months, and that during this imprisonment Paine wrote "The Age of Reason." Then I remarked that as our gentle and polite Christian friend knew that spirits do not return, it was evident that the spirit of Franklin never gave Paine the advice alleged, and having been dead more than three years before Paine wrote his great work; I was puzzled to understand how our friend knew so much about it.

With audible smiles, all eyes were turned to the clergyman for an explanation. He was pale with anger as he sprang up and charged Chambers with falsifying history, at the same time starting for the door. Although defeated and badly demoralized, I could not forbear giving him a parting shot by remarking:

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, and our Christian friend is hurrying away with a wicked flee in his ear."

SPECIMENS OF PARTISAN TESTIMONY.

We find the names of men in history who testify that Paris was sacked by a bear on Mt. Ida; that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf; that a favorite horse of Caligula fed upon golden oats; that Apollonius, born 2 B.C., could heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, etc.; that according to Josephus a heifer gave birth to a lamb in the temple before a vast assemblage; the whole army of Constantine swore that they saw in the heavens the figure of the cross bearing the inscription, in letters of fire, "In hoc signo vinces"; and thus I might go on and fill a volume showing that in religion as well as politics partisan testimony is no more to be relied upon than the report of the church committee which Henry Ward Beecher appointed to investigate the "true inwardness" of the Elizabeth Tilton scandal. The committee reported the charges false, and of course they knew more about it than Elizabeth, who confessed that they were true.

TESTIMONY OF THE PURITANS.

I am descended from the Puritans and am

proud that I have outgrown the miserable superstitions taught me in my youth. My ancestors knew that sprinkling was the only true baptism; therefore they tied up and fogged Baptist clergymen for dousing their converts all under the water. They knew that there were witches, because, like the editor under consideration, they believed "in a God and in His Scriptures, and can understand the manifestations of God to His creatures, and the occurrence of representative visions and dreams," which to skeptics appear to be the hallucinations of a madman. Just so, Mr. Editor; belief, and not knowledge, is what is necessary in order to convince a fool that the great maternal ancestor of Jesus Christ was made out of a rib. You can pick the meat out of that while I crack you another.

## TESTIMONY PROVING WITCHCRAFT.

"Suffer not a witch to live," is declared by the God of the editor and "in His Scriptures," which we must believe, and also in "visions and dreams." This establishes the fact to a "believer" that there are witches, and under Cromwell the Puritans proved it far stronger than our editor has proved that Swedenborg was not insane. In the spring of 1645 the spirit of God began to strive against the devil in Essex, England. Several witches at Manningtree were condemned and hanged. The most important witness against one of them, Elizabeth Clark, was "Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, Gent." Hopkins had been appointed to watch with her at the house of a Mr. Edwards, where she was held a prisoner, to keep her from sleeping until she made a confession. On the third night, March 24th, after he had refused to let her call one of her lumps, or familiars, she confessed that six or seven years before she surrendered herself to the devil who came to her in the form of "a proper gentleman, with a laced band." Soon after her confession, a little dog appeared, fat and short in the legs, white, with sandy spots, and when he hindered it from approaching her, vanished. She confessed that it was one of her lumps, named Jarmara. Then another appeared in the form of a greyhound, which she called Vinegar Tom; then another in the form of a polecat. Hopkins made oath to all these and many similar abominations. Nor was he alone the witness to these wonderful manifestations. John Sterne, who also added "gentleman" to his name, corroborated him in every particular, adding that the name of the third lump was Sack-and-sugar.

When needed, such testimony was never lacking to prove any desirable point of doctrine. St. Paul invented a sensational story about his conversion to Christianity, and Constantine, who was the first to establish Sunday as the Christian Sabbath, stole and improved upon Paul's supernatural light. Some of the contemporaries must have accused Paul with "drawing the long bow," for we find him exclaiming: "For if the truth of God hath much more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner."—Rom. iii. 7. This sounds as though Peter, who never agreed with Paul if he could help it, had become jealous of his rival's success in making converts by reciting his little piece about the "voice" and the "light" and twitted Paul with having economized the truth, to which the "chief of sinners" retorts as quoted, scornfully to deny that he had lied about it.

Our editor insinuates that it is want of belief "in God and in His Scriptures" which prevents skeptics from believing in "visions and dreams," as though dreams were inspired by God. And he is right about it. If men like Tyndall, Huxley, Buchner, etc., were only healthy believers in the story that a child could be born without an earthly father; that he could walk on water, still the tempest, raise a putrefying body to life, and himself rise from the dead, these scientific skeptics might easily believe that the wild ravings of Swedenborg were the outpourings of God's Holy Spirit. But the age of superstition, when the most enlightened believed in miracles, witchcraft, special providences, etc., has faded before the glorious light of science which burns up the light of Paul and Constantine until they seem like a tallow dip trying to outshine the electric light.

But admitting that Brockmer made the statement ascribed to him by our editor in 1791, I have just as good proof, that after the matter had been agitated for five years, Brockmer made a contradictory statement. Moreover, I do not know but that the committee which reported for the *Magazine* in 1791 manufactured the whole statement; the same as Chestnut and the clergy have lied about Paine "for the glory of God," declared that Washington prayed at Valley Forge, that Franklin was a Christian, etc. But passing all this by, what has our editor to say about the Diary of Swedenborg which was purchased by the Royal Library at Stockholm, and which was discovered in 1858? Is that a forgery? The editor does not so charge, but tries to evade the issue by saying: "Dr. Maudeley, at second hand, copied from a defrauder of Swedenborg." I have no proof of this beyond the mere assertion of a partisan editor, while on the other hand stands the tacit endorsement of hundreds of colleges and thousands of impartial physicians, unquestioned for a dozen years. Even an emphatical denial by the editor, unsustained by proof, would not convince me that for more than a quarter of a century the Royal Library at Stockholm has treasured a forgery. It is my opinion that the editor knows the Diary to be genuine, but being too honest to deny it, tries to dodge, like a wily politician in Congress. No, the Diary is genuine, and none but a fool or madman could make such entries as these:

"On the 20th I intended going to the Lord's Supper in the Swedish church, but just before, I had fallen into many corrupt thoughts, and my body is in continuous rebellion. Nevertheless I could not refrain from going after women. . . . In the morning I had horrid thoughts, that the Evil One had got hold of me, yet with the confidence that he was outside of me and would let me go. Then I fell into the most damnable thoughts, the worst that could be."

Verily, nastiness and nonsense like this should be "wiped away," instead of being praised about as "the manifestation of God to His creatures and the occurrence of representative visions and dreams," as our editor seems to think. When the reader realizes to what absurdities an intelligent editor may be led to subscribe, under the influence of blind zeal and partisan faith, in an age of intelligence, he need not wonder that two hundred years ago Matthew Hopkins and John Sterne swore away the life of a poor old woman, all for the glory of God and vindication of His inspired volume, that there were witches on earth.

Like the clergyman in New York, who was so witty and sarcastic upon me, the editor says: "We are not of those who believe that it can be proved to an owl that the sun shines." The other fellow, insinuated that I was a jackass, and this one that I am an owl. Next, some devoted follower of Jesus will call me a polecat, proving that Christians are

noted for their logic, their delicacy and their refinement. They never try to say smart things, or resort to blackguardism—O, no, I guess not!

It seems from what the editor says that in 1793 Mathesius published in the *Arminian Magazine* the narrative of Brockmer, and because in 1791 Beaton, Hindmarsh and two others not named, published that Brockmer denied the stories attributed to him, that the editor scorns to notice the publication of 1796, to which I referred, and on which I rely because five years later, one Jafel made "an exhaustive examination of the whole subject," and decided that the Brockmer narrative is not true, and therefore that Swedenborg was not insane, which he published in a work of three volumes, entitled *Documents Concerning Swedenborg*. Now suppose this same Jafel should publish three volumes entitled "Documents Concerning Adam and Eve," in which he should declare that he had "made an exhaustive examination of the whole subject," and was well satisfied that Eve was made of one of Adam's ribs, such testimony would never convince any one capable of reasoning. Jafel could not possibly know the facts only by the hearsay transmitted through three generations, and we all know how utterly valueless such testimony has always proved. Yet on this testimony, and his artful attempt to dodge the issue regarding the genuineness of the Diary, he reminds me of my promise to "apologize for my mistake" if proved to have been wrong. I repeat that promise, but must assure the editor that his assertions and denials are not proof, yet these are the beginning and end of his logic.

I declare that Mormonism was founded on the Book of Mormon, which was originally written by Spaulding as a romance, and that God never inspired any portion of it, adding that if it can be proved to the contrary I will apologize for my mistake. In reply to this, some Mormon publishes three volumes entitled *Documents Concerning Joe Smith*, setting forth that he had made an "exhaustive examination of the whole subject," and certified that the tables, or plates, containing the text of the Book of Mormon were genuine and found as asserted by Joe Smith, and that the Spaulding story was false. Would any one expect me to apologize and admit that I had been mistaken? Yes, every Mormon living would think the proof conclusive and would call me a "jackass" or an "owl" for not believing that "God manifested in visions and dreams" to Joe Smith. And so in this case; every one who believes that the ravings of Swedenborg are divine inspiration will also believe the case proved against me.

But the number of such persons is not great, and thanks to the increasing intelligence of the age, the number is annually decreasing. The editor seems to be aware of the fact that he cannot make out a logical case and therefore must rely upon credulity instead of reason, for he says in the commencement: "We are not of those who believe that it can be proved to an owl that the sun shines. Those believing with us in a God and His Scriptures can understand with us," etc. Just so. If I could only believe that man was made of dust and woman of a rib; that a serpent talked; that a "righteous Lot" got drunk and became the father of children by his daughters; that Moses turned a rod into a serpent, bred frogs by the million and turned dust into lice; that David, an adulterer and murderer, was a good man, I might easily believe that the "froth" of Swedenborg's body was the afflatus [wind] of divine inspiration. But while I retain my reason I might as soon be expected to believe in witchcraft and hopdism as such nastiness and nonsense.

Portland, Oregon.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Remedies Received Inspirationally for Various Diseases.

BY DR. R. P. WRIGHT.

Until recently I was totally ignorant regarding the interesting investigation now going on relative to the phenomena and science of Spiritualism; and it had never occurred to my mind that the phenomena was strictly in accord with natural laws; that Spiritualists were simply a school of philosophers delving into the great mountains of chaos piled high by ignorance and superstition; and again, I had never been made to understand how much my own personal actions had been governed by the potent force of spiritual strength.

In the treatment of the sick, I now remember, I had often been baffled by the subtle and unobtrusive course of the disease threatening to terminate the existence of my patient on earth; when all hope would vanish and medical science promise no further aid, a remedy would emblazon itself on the tablets of my understanding, never seen in the text books nor known in my own practice; yet its exhibition would give instantaneous and the most wonderful results. I will give one instance of this kind, at the same time calling the attention of the medical readers of the JOURNAL.

A lady forty-four years of age, was taken very suddenly ill. Convulsions were present with the very first attack. One physician after another had been called in until four had attended her. I knew them well; they were scientific men. On the tenth day of her illness I was called. The gentleman who came for me, quite a distance, in an intelligent manner told me all about the case, and from his account I thought it impossible to relieve her suffering during her last hours of earth existence. My own impressions were strengthened by the fact that the other physicians had given up the case. But the gentleman urged me to go. When I reached the bedside I thought I never beheld a more pitiable sight. There lay the poor, emaciated woman (with the evidences of approaching dissolution clearly painted on every feature), surrounded by her weeping children who had good reason to believe that every breath would be her last. Her extremities were cold above the elbows and knees—cold as death, and moistened with a thick, clammy perspiration. She could not move herself in bed, and would writhe in convulsions every half hour or less time. Her pulse was rapid, irregular and barely perceptible, and she suffered with acute prae-cordial pains that had been continuous ever since the attack. After a thorough examination, and after learning what I could from members of the family concerning the previous history of my patient, I entertained not the slightest hope of saving her. I ordered a hot mustard bath. Into this I had her plunged (to a distance above the hips) and commanded that she should remain thirty minutes. Owing to her great exhaustion I knew that the chances were she would expire in the bath.

Believing that the attack was brought on by uterine trouble, I began the exhibition of cimefuga—alone. Two hours passed and no return of convulsions—prae-cordial pain gone, patient warm and very hopeful. At the expiration of five days she went horseback riding! Now, why this treatment! The bath was all right, but why the exhibition of the cimefuga alone in that case? I confess I don't know, nor did I at the time; it was strictly empirical practice, so to speak. While I have great confidence in the use of cimefuga in the treatment of uterine troubles, I could not have expected wonderful results by its use as stated. Of course I was careful in the diet ordered for my patient.

Again, I was once called to see a young man who had been bitten by a very large rattlesnake. I reached him about six hours after he had been bitten. I found him suffering all the agonies of severe poisoning. The fangs had pierced his foot at the instep, but his leg was swollen to his body and was as black as night. I could see no hope for him. I did not believe the poison could be counteracted until the system could throw it off; but I began treating the case in the regular way. Six hours passed and my patient grew worse. He was now blind and death seemed inevitable. Suddenly it occurred to me that the poison of a snake was an acid! In a moment longer I was giving Bromide of pot. and the tincture of iodine. I should have given iodide of pot., but I didn't have it. Result: In two hours thereafter my patient grew perfectly quiet and recovered his sight, and never suffered any more pain. Next morning he sat at the table for breakfast. Why this treatment? Up to that time I don't think I knew the chemical properties of the poison of a snake; in fact I am sure I did not. But not long after that occurrence I saw a statement by a New York physician in reference to a chemical analysis of the snake's poison; that it was acid, and hence he gave it as his opinion that iodide of pot. would be a proper treatment. I will state, however, that I know of no treatment for serpent and insect bites equal to the above.

I treated a boy bitten by a dog which had every symptom of hydrophobia. Other animals bitten by it went "mad." I saw the boy thirty days after he was bitten. Owing to the time which had elapsed I thought cauterization useless, and knowing nothing better to give for hydrophobia (and he certainly had strong symptoms of it) I gave iodide of pot. Result: Boy recovered. Now, did the boy have hydrophobia? If so, is iodide of pot. a reliable remedy? I will not take the responsibility to answer either question affirmatively. I will say, however, I believe the boy had hydrophobia.

I believe that every honest physician will agree with me that he has often treated cases where life was in evident peril, when he could not for the life of him, satisfy himself as to the real cause of the trouble, hence his treatment empirical. In all such cases I have been the most successful, and I now attribute it to the guidance of some kind spirit skilled in medical lore, who directed my actions. I should be pleased to have some modern investigator take this fact, for fact I believe it is. I know that spirits have often given me information in person, which I find to be true; I know further that they have imparted statements untruthful.

From what I know of my own personal knowledge, I think there is just as much inequality of intelligence, honesty and integrity in the spirit land as in this visible world. I believe that there is progression beyond the grave just as there is here. And this theory seems to harmonize with all the laws of nature with which I am acquainted.

Denison, Texas.

## The Triumphs of Mind over Brain.

BY C. A. JOHNSON.

One of the most interesting classes of facts disproving the assumption that size and weight of the human brain confer mental power is found in the lives of those whose greatest intellectual achievements have followed the diminution of the alleged organ of thought.

According to Quain, Tiedmann, Calderwood and other anatomists the maximum size of the human brain is reached not later than the eighth year, but the weight goes on increasing till about twenty years of age, and thereafter, says Calderwood, "by slower stages till about forty years of age. Beyond this period, according to observations made on a pretty wide scale, there seems to be a slow diminution, which may be stated at about 1oz. in 10 years. Thus in very advanced years the brain is considerably lighter than in middle life." [The Relations of Mind and Brain, by Henry Calderwood, p. 13.] From tables constructed by Broca (see Anthropology, by Dr. P. Topinard, p. 121, London, 1878) with materials furnished by Wagner, it appears that after the age of 60 men lose from 5 to 7 per cent. of the maximum weight of their brains, and yet this loss, so far from diminishing the intellectual forces has, with authors, proved a decided gain. In many literary men, as the physical functions of life have declined, the mind has displayed greater strength and clearness. The so-called "organ of thought" may decrease, and the body become enfeebled with advancing years, but the spirit is thereby enabled, under normal conditions, to wield the weapons of mentality with greater dexterity. Well might Victor Hugo, in one of his latest works, exclaim, "I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? For half-a-century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me."

Voltaire died in his 84th year. His interest in public transactions in his latest years was keener than ever. According to Parton, his biographer, a meeting of the "Academy of Sciences," in Paris, a few weeks before he passed away, he produced in his own handwriting a scheme of a dictionary, which was adopted, and "such as has been followed in all the great works of that nature since executed in Europe and America."

Talleyrand "preserved all the facilities of his great mind until the close of his life." He died in his 84th year.

Sir Isaac Newton died in his 85th year, having retained "his usual cheerfulness and his faculties entire till within two days of his death."

Michael Angelo maintained the vigor and alacrity of his mental faculties to the close of his long life—88 years.

Cato, according to Fronde, did not begin to learn the Greek language until he was 84. Theophrastus was about 87 years of age when he died, regretting that he was being hurried away as he was beginning to discover the solution of problems.

Galileo's telescopic discoveries were made in the autumn of his life, and even when blindness touched his tired eyes he continued his scientific correspondence with unbroken interest and undiminished logical acumen. "Franklin died at 84, and 'his pen,' says his biographer, 'was never more actively, nor more effectively employed than during the last two years of his life.'"

Prescott, the American historian, produced his masterpiece in his "History of the reign of Philip the Second," the third volume of which appeared a few weeks before his death. He died at the age of 63.

Lamartine at the age of 60 retired from politics, and became one of the most industrious authors in France.

Kant gave to the world the second and most valuable part of his great philosophical system: "The Critique of Pure Reason," when he was 64.

Goethe was about 83 when he passed away, having completed the second part of his famous dramatic poem "Faust," the previous year. One of his biographers states that no scene in the great drama is more impressive than that with which it closes.

Chaucer, the father of English poetry, composed the works upon which his fame rests after he was 60.

Longfellow published his most important work, a translation of the "Divina Comedia" when 64 years of age.

Tennyson is 76, and his volume just issued under the title of "Tiresias and other poems," shows that his intellect is still vigorous and clear. This last production is declared by the press to rank with his best works.

Carlyle did not publish the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" before he had reached the age of 63.

Hallam produced the first part of his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe" at 65.

Sterne composed his most original work, "The Sentimental Journey," when he was seriously ill. He did not commence it until two years before his death, which happened at the age of 55.

Evalina, the celebrated traveler of Turkey, settled down at 62, and wrote a narrative of his travels in four volumes.

William Paley published his great work on "Natural Theology" when he was 59.

Erasmus died at 70, and in spite of disease he maintained the powers of his mind to the last.

Pallas, the naturalist, passed away at 70, being engaged at his death on a valuable work on the animals of European and Asiatic Russia.

Campanella composed his best work between the age of 52 and 71.

Dr. Johnson's best work is, according to Macaulay, "The Lives of the Poets." He commenced to write these volumes at the mature age of 68.

Swift's principal work is "Gulliver's Travels," which he published at 59.

Defoe was 58 when his well-known work, "Robinson Crusoe," appeared.

Cervantes was more than 58 when he issued the first part of "Don Quixote."

The work for which Alexander von Humboldt is distinguished was not commenced until he was 76.

Darwin did not publish his "Descent of Man," until he was 62.

The greatest of all Lord Bacon's works, the "Novum Organum," was not given to the world before he was 59.

"Paradise Lost" appeared when Milton was 59, and he is said to have been more than 64 when he commenced to compose it.

Thomas Hood only lived 47 years, and composed his two best works on his death-bed. "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Song of the Shirt."

From the foregoing evidence it appears clear that the mind expands as the brain becomes less. The soul, in relinquishing its hold on the physical structure acquires greater power in the realm of mind; whilst the physical vision in old age becomes dimmed, the mental perception enjoys greater lucidity.

## Spiritualism Known to the Indians of the Ohio Valley a Hundred Years Ago.

About 1783, Jonathan Alder, then about eight years old, was captured by a wandering band of Indians, in Virginia, and conducted across the Ohio river to the home of the tribe which was then on the north bank of the great Miami river, and now in Logan County, Ohio. So said Jonathan Alder in his journal which Henry Howe quotes in his history of Ohio. Jonathan Alder stayed with the Indians until the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, when he and all the other white prisoners of the Indians were surrendered, according to the conditions of that treaty.

Alder was, when surrendered, about twenty-four years old, and had been married according to the Indian forms, for some years, and had a family by his Indian wife. But he said they did not live well together, and after the treaty parted, and his wife and Indian family moved West with her tribe.

During the time he lived with the tribe, and after he was married to his Indian wife, he was taken into their confidence and became as one of their principal men, was consulted as a chief and attended all their councils. I am indebted to the late Henry Alder, the son of Jonathan Alder, for what I am going to relate. Jonathan Alder never learned to read or write, and Henry Alder, his son, became his amanuensis, and wrote at his dictation his journal. Henry Alder I knew well and learned many things about his father's captivity and life among the Indians which have never been published. His journal was never published entire, and was separated, mutilated, and finally lost.

As he related: after he had gained the confidence of his tribe, at certain times the select men would go aside into some deep and dark glen of a moonless night, join hands in a circle and sing, and that their spirit friends would come and sing with them in audible voice.

Henry Alder tried, he said, to remonstrate with his father against writing such stuff in his journal, as no one would believe it, but he ordered him peremptorily to write it, as it was the truth, whether anyone believed it or not. Thus we see that Spiritualism was known and practiced among the Indians in the Ohio valley nearly a hundred years ago.

Henry Alder was a scholar and held many important trusts from the people of Madison County, Ohio, as surveyor, commissioner, etc.

—T. T. IN Golden Gate.

A Canadian recently wrote to President Cleveland asking how much it would cost to take out a license to sell washing machines.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 13, 1886.

## Spiritual Quickening Needed.

Complaints come from our orthodox churches of a lack of vital warmth and a decrease of the zeal of former days. The Moody revivals seem to leave small traces compared to the great stir and show while they are going on. The old spells fail to bring the old charm. Their power is strong still, but it is waning. The old beliefs, once so sacred and strong, grow less sacred, and are too weak to stir souls as in days gone by. The more intelligent of the clergy see this, and they also see and feel that nothing comes up to fill this aching void. Not ready to put the old dogmas away, and to trust the soul, fearful of the reign of law which modern science teaches, and which seems to them to lead to atheism and materialism, they are in a spiritual interregnum, the old passing away and no new order in sight. Their position is embarrassing and enervating. Firm ground lies before them, on the high table land of Spiritualism, but it is hidden from their sight by the dense fog of prejudice. So they go on, using the remnant of their old methods in weakly abundant platitudes about Jesus in hymns and prayers, and in repetitions of his name which fail to lift those who use them up toward the level of his beautiful earthly life.

An exchange brings a report of a paper read in Boston before a meeting of ministers by Ex-President W. E. Merriman of Somerville, Mass., from which we quote:

He stated that he had a great, plain inquiry to demand to suggest, rather than any elaborate essay to read. He wished to put some spiritual questions, especially in view of the spiritual condition and inefficiency of the churches. "Few conversions, feeble conversions, many lapsed church members, spiritual apathy, decline in prayer. So, too, we lack of conscience on church censures. Are there not reasons for alarm? We know that the historic work of Christ is not sufficient or adequate to salvation. The incarnation alone cannot make a new birth. It was Pentecost that brought the converts to the church. Objective Christianity was never better preached and presented than now. But in spiritual effects the modern Church is weak. We need miracles, the miracles of the Spirit, not the external and outer, as simply external signs, but the internal and substantial, as internal tokens and evidences of the Spirit's presence.

Yes, we need the greater works which Christ promised, "the greater works than these," the works of the Spirit. This spiritual quickening is the only thing our churches now need. There is intelligence enough, money enough, all the appliances and appointments of the Church are manifold and abundant. The spiritual fire is the great desideratum; a striking up is needed of the whole fabric of the Church.

The hearts of the twenty ministers circled around the reader were deeply moved, their faces kindled, their eyes lighted up. Evidently they felt the need of which he spoke, and gained a brief hope from his earnest enthusiasm. His word on the "lack of conscience on church covenant" is timely, for it is well known that there is wide latitude given those who would join orthodox churches, and they can easily subscribe to creeds which they have small faith in. This undermines conscience, of course. As to the Pentecost, if men moved by spiritual beings, speak in many tongues to-day, as they do sometimes, [this is ignored as the skeptical Sadducees ignored the Pentecostal gift of tongues. The "greater works" of our day, the works of the spirits of ascended immortals once on earth, if but recognized and welcomed, would help to kindle "the spiritual fire" which is held as "the great desideratum" of our time.

Rigid dogmas, binding men to the "rag and tatters" of outworn opinions, must be put aside, and Spiritualism—the real presence of the departed, and the rational study of man's inner life and infinite relations—must take their place to gain this "spiritual quickening our churches now need."

The census of 1880 set down the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in this country at over 17,000,000. Of these engaged in manufactures earned wages in round numbers, of \$400 a year.

## The Funerals of Profligates.

Some time ago there was a fearful, heart-rending tragedy that occurred in this city, in what is often designated as "a den of vice." It is supposed that the man first shot the object of his amorous passions, and then deliberately committed suicide. The Chicago Tribune alluded to his funeral services as follows:

"The funeral services of the late Charles A. Clowes were held yesterday afternoon at three o'clock at the residence of his uncle, T. M. Fulton, Fifty-fourth Street and Jefferson Avenue, Hyde Park. Quite a large assemblage of the friends of the family, including a number from Chicago, was present. The floral decorations were elaborate and handsome. The Episcopal form of service was used, the Rev. Charles H. Bixby of St. Paul's, Kenwood, officiating. A quartet choir rendered a number of hymns and the choral part of the service. The casket and floral decorations were photographed after the service."

This unfortunate man, who was undoubtedly in the most comprehensive sense of the word—fast!—had many distinguished and intimate friends, who tenderly treated his remains to an elaborate funeral, a prominent minister of the gospel officiating, and a quartet choir rendering the services exceedingly interesting by their charming singing, while friends, relatives, and curiosity-seekers paid strict attention thereto.

It being in accordance with the decrees of custom and fashion to have funerals over the worthless material casket from which the spirit has been liberated, why should not the remains of this dissolute character be entitied to one? To ruthlessly consign his body, which was equivalent to its weight in dust and ashes, to the grave to become the food of rapacious worms, without the enchanting influence of beautiful bouquets, a popular ministerial functionary, an excellent choir, and a long funeral train, would have been unfashionable, and by many considered as barbarous. Many eminent divines scornfully and obstinately refuse to officiate at the funerals of gamblers, courtesans or the average theatrical performer, and in so doing they are saving, they conscientiously think, what would otherwise have been a useless expenditure of their valuable breath and time. But there frequently happens in such unfortunate cases, to be a "little church 'round the corner," surcharged with divine goodness, whose presiding minister possesses a magnanimous heart and angelic impulses, and whose comprehensive judgment and keen discernment enable him to see some saving quality in every human soul, however degraded; and whenever an opportunity is given him to officiate at the funeral of a licentious character, he benignly responds thereto with alacrity, and his genial, heavenly presence, calm and encouraging words, and reverential bearing, has a potent influence on those who hear him. Those ministers in the "little churches 'round the corner" almost invariably possess a philanthropic turn of mind, and believe that pre-natal influences, early environments and associations, so shape the general tendency of the plastic mind towards good or bad, that there is certainly much to excuse in the waywardness of the sinful and licentious, and they finally anticipate, in the course of God's providence, a restoration of the better part of their nature to full supremacy, when a new life, beautiful, exalted and divine, will open up grandly before them.

Though Mr. Clowes had cruelly murdered his mistress, a co-partner in crime and vice, and therewith committed suicide, in what is regarded as a "den of vice," yet he was tenderly and lovingly consigned to the grave with all the exercises and paraphernalia of a fashionable funeral. While it did not in the least change his status as a fun-loving, sportive spirit, nor elevate him in spirit-life, nor dissipate the deleterious effects of his manifold sins and misdemeanors, nor render his future progress easier, it demonstrated to his spiritual perception conclusively that, however licentious the earth-life of a person, and however much misery he may have deliberately caused, he has still ardent sympathizing friends, who contemplate his waywardness in a philosophical light, regarding him as a creature of perverse circumstances and malign influences. In so much as that, the funeral obsequies of Mr. Clowes, though his remains were still foul with the pestilential filth of a house of prostitution, had a most excellent effect. Far better it is that sympathizing friends calmly and thoughtfully cluster around the remains of those licentious in life, for the serious contemplation of the unfortunate scene, and careful meditation on the misfortunes of mispent time, than to thrust the body hurriedly into a grave, actuated by coarse and ungenerous thoughts, and accompanied by rude acts. While, then, the status of the spirit is not changed in the least by funeral obsequies, if rightly conducted, without ostentatious display, and with a lecture or sermon that benignly conveys an important lesson, they can not fail to have a most beneficial effect on the living. But when a funeral is conducted after a stereotyped fashion, the forced words of the minister cold, cheerless and without hope, then it becomes a ridiculous farce, a nuisance and a sham. Fashion, however, has a controlling influence in funerals as well as at a reception at the White House in Washington. The Philadelphia Times contains an elaborate statement giving explicit details with reference to the proper dress to wear on funeral occasions, and also while mourning for relatives and friends:

"A very handsome home dress is made of chamois, with crumpe trimmings and flappings of dead black crumpe beads. The collar and cuffs are finished down the center with dull jet buttons and on either side crumpe trimmings are outlined by rose-leaf beads. The collar and cuffs are of crumpe, also finished with beads.

"Among dress goods is the princetia cloth, a very fine, light Henrietta, very cool and attractive, which can be made up in the most artistic styles for day or evening."

Then there is a convent cloth, which has a mottled surface and looks well when arranged in broad plaits for skirts; and this, like the Princetia cloth, can be trimmed with crumpe, while the Imperial twill and royal serge have diagonal cord, which gives them a crumpe-like effect, hence the costumes made of either stuff will not require extra trimmings. The feather cloth is a fine armor with a silky surface, while pany cloth has a soft twill, and still another of these unchangeable black goods is the gypsy cloth, a fine, soft elastine, cool, but firm in texture, which drapes most gracefully and is much used for children or young girls after crumpe has been left off.

"A most becoming, less-gown for a young widow who is not beyond comfort is made of black velvet. It is cut in princess form and has the back breadth gathered in full prominent plaits. Double rows of mounted black satin, commencing from each side of the breadth, carried round the hips, meeting in front and then going up to the throat and down to the feet, create a graceful cascade finish. The sleeves have wide sleeves of lace, made full, with arm-bands which fit the arms and allow the fullness to fall over."

"A very tasteful novelty for trimming half-mourning dresses is white lace beaded with black jet, arranged into a slightly gathered tablier or else in flounces, superposed over a foundation of either white or mauve silk. A similar trimming is arranged upon bodices by way of berthe or fichu."

"For a young widow a bonnet is made of crumpe, finished with a plait made of folds of the crumpe cut on the cross; soft crown formed of folds of crumpe. The veil is of grenadine, with a deep hem of crumpe; the strings are of crumpe, with a narrow plaiting of the crumpe from the bonnet to a bow under the chin."

"A traveling mourning bonnet is of chamois, trimmed with folds. Under the deep brim at the front a wide plaiting is placed, which is graduated to small plaits at the side. The strings are of Ottoman ribbon."

The one who mourns in accordance with relentless fashion, besides accomplishing no good, wasting valuable time and precious means, may set down that portion of life as in a great measure counting for absolutely nothing. Sincere grief and exalted love for the deceased should find expression in accordance with the divine decrees of Nature (which always directs aright), instead of being controlled by the hand of remorseless fashion. Funerals that are dignified in exercises, the lecture or sermon instructive, and the dresses plain and in harmony with the sombre occasion, may be instrumental in doing great good, but when conducted otherwise they may be regarded as a nuisance and pestiferous evil.

## Curious Manifestations in a Mine.

A correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Galena, Ill., gives an account of some startling manifestations which occurred lately, among the miners of Rice township. It appears from the account given that the strange occurrences that are the talk in the said neighborhood, have taken place in an old mine under the shadow of Pilot Knob, well known as the highest point of land in that part of the West. There is a tradition that early in the twenties two miners were murdered and robbed while camping on the summit of the Knob, and that the bodies were subsequently thrown into a deserted shaft near by, where their skeletons were discovered many years afterward; that the ghosts of the slain men have been seen from time to time flitting nocturnally about the locality, and are said to inhabit the mine where the bones of the dead were discovered. This latter belief is so strong, that for years this shaft, which is said to lead to the most prolific diggings in the vicinity of Pilot Knob, has been totally neglected and abandoned to its ghostly inhabitants. Recently, however, a party of the more incredulous miners of the locality determined upon exploring the diggings with a view of working them and prospecting for ore. Descending the shaft, which is not far from a hundred feet in depth, they took an east and west drift, going in the latter direction a considerable distance, when they came to an opening or cave of larger dimensions. "On entering the opening," said the party from whom these facts were obtained, "we found ourselves in an immense vaulted apartment, the sides and top of which were lined, apparently, with glistening cubes of mineral. Hardly had our exclamation of wonder been uttered in unison when every light in the party was suddenly extinguished by what seemed to be a strong current of air from some unknown quarter, and we found ourselves in impenetrable darkness. Instantaneously upon the putting out of the candles the most horrid and unearthly sounds ever listened to began to resound throughout the cave, echoing and re-echoing from side to side and end to end in a most frightful manner. The sounds resembled more than anything else, apparently, the demoniacal laughter which one hears emanating from an asylum for lunatics, and courageous as I have always imagined myself as being, must admit that fear, or horror, at least, overcame me for a moment, and with difficulty I kept myself from sinking to the floor of the cave from absolute weakness. My companions, too—old and sturdy miners—were overpowered with fright, and for full thirty seconds we all stood speechless, the wild, uncouth noises mingling with the rapid throbbing of our hearts, which could be plainly heard. At last, having in a measure regained my self-composure, I took a match from my vest pocket and relighted my candle, when the strange sounds ceased at once. We made a rapid break for the mouth of the shaft, glad to leave the ghostly cave behind us, with its treasure of mineral and supernatural inhabitants. We took turns in being drawn up the shaft, myself being last, and not until I reached the light of day did I breathe free again. I never believed in ghosts, or the so-called spiritual manifestations of which I have heard and read, but since my personal experience in the deserted mine at Pilot Knob, my faith in them has undergone a decided change, and I must acknowledge myself a convert to the supernatural theory."

The *Pell Mail Gazette* announces the decease, Feb. 8th, of M. Aksakoff, whom it characterizes as "the greatest Fanalyst of our time." He died at Moscow.

## Balderdash.

Sam Jones, the Southern Evangelist, is trying ardently to get up a revival among the hardened sinners of this city. His sermons are published in full by the *Tribune*, and for comprehensive balderdash and tomfoolery, they excel anything that ever emanated from the pulpit. Here is a specimen of his rantings on

## CHRIST AND GOD.

"In Jesus Christ." We stop then and ask the question: "Who is Christ? What is Christ?" This world has been anxious to know, and yet frequently that anxiety has been smothered and subdued till men have been reticent even under the most anxious state of mind. Who is Christ? What is Christ? There was a time when this world knew but little. There was a time when all humanity groped in gloom and darkness. There was a time when this world's anxiety reached the point where they cried out and said: "Who art Thou—the Great Maker of this universe? Tell us something of Thyself." And in this anxiety and darkness God Himself looked down upon His children and answered: "I am." They caught up the words and repeated them. "I am; I am." There is some light. There is an existence. There is a being. He has spoken to us. By-and-by this old world groped on in darkness and doubt, and they lifted their eager faces to heaven, and opened their ears, and cried out: "Tell us again. Speak. Who art Thou?" And a voice answered back, "I am that I am." And they said, "There is a little more light. We have a little more light thrown on the great being of the universe." And yet in darkness the world groped on until one day I see a multitude gathered yonder, and I hear one say to another: "Hush! some one is going to speak." And he began. He said, "I am," and the world said "Listen. We have heard that before. Three thousand years ago from that darkness that enveloped the great being we heard that expression 'I am.' Listen, we will get light now." And he said, "I am the way." Ah, here is light. Thank God, a lost world of men, groping in the wilderness, here is a highway, here is a thoroughfare, here is a route to a better world. Listen. He is going to speak again. "I am the truth." O ye lost men that have been in search of truth so long, listen, here is truth embodied, here is truth that will enlighten, here is the truth that will make you free, here is the truth that will make you and meet for the Master's use in time and eternity. O, speak Thou who canst give us the truth! Listen, He speaks again. "I am the life." O ye dying millions; ye perishing men, here is life everlasting. Listen, He speaks again. "I am the door." O ye homeless wanderers, door means home and hospitality and welcome, come in and live. Listen, He speaks again. "I am the bread." O ye hungry men, here is bread which, if a man eat, he shall hunger no more forever. Listen, He speaks again. "I am the water." O ye famishing souls, come and drink and never be dry again. Listen, He speaks again. "I am the vine, ye are the branches; if ye abide in me ye shall bear much fruit." Blessed be God, here is the way; here is the truth; here is the life; here is the home, and hospitality, and welcome; here is bread; here is water; here is all we need. When they pressed Christ on one occasion and told Him, "Master, bid these people go away; they have been out there forty-eight hours without bread and without something to eat; bid them go away and feed themselves here, they faint here," do you recollect what Jesus said? "They need not depart. Thank God, a man need not go away from Christ to get anything in time or in eternity. In His presence, at His feet, blessed be God, there is all I need temporarily, spiritually and eternally. 'They need not depart.'"

"Sister, sit at the Master's feet and your wants shall always be relieved. Sit at the Master's feet, brother, and you shall have all you want—all you need in time and in eternity. Who is Christ? He is my brother; He is the maker, the upholder, the creator of the universe. O Christ, Thou who didst fill the bowels of the earth with the purest gold and spread out the riches broadcast on acres of land; Thou who dost cause all things to work together for good to me, how art thou toward me?"

Each of our daily papers contains from one to six columns of such contemptible nonsense from Sam Jones. No practical business man, no sensible church members, and nobody else will read regularly such unmeaning rantings.

## Mysterious Piece of Mechanism.

It appears from the *New York Tribune* that J. A. Long, of Akron, Ohio, has been experimenting with a peculiar instrument similar in character to Planchette, and with which the little manufacturing city in which he lives is bewildered. Its introduction there is something he does not know about, but he has a large family of children, and as the mysterious pieces of mechanism made them all so nervous that they could hardly sleep at night he does know where one particular machine went to. He smashed it up for kindling wood. "The affair," said Mr. Long, "consists of a rectangular board, which may be of any size, but was usually about two feet by eighteen inches, on which were placed all the letters of the alphabet. A little table with three legs on small rollers goes on top of this board. Two persons sit down with their finger tips on this table. One of them asks a question to which an answer is desired. Then they wait the action of the little table, to which their fingers are glued, as it were. It is certainly curious how that table will fly around at times. As the legs point out different letters on the board sentences are formed, which constitute the answer of the question propounded. You would not believe it, unless you should operate it yourself, what wonderful and strikingly pertinent answers are made. The whole town has been filled with the machines, but I smashed the one at my house."

Among the passengers by the British Princess, at the port of Philadelphia, lately, was a distinguished Brahmin woman, Pandita Ramabai, from Poona, India, who comes here to witness the graduation as doctor of medicine of her kinswoman, Mrs. Joshee, at the woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Both events mark the progress of woman's education in India.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

R. A. Reid, of Denver, relates some startling incidents this week.

Dr. J. H. Randall will lecture at Ottumwa, Iowa, the first and second Sundays of April. Mrs. J. A. Shepard will lecture next Sunday at 2 P. M., at the Madison St. Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Simpson, of Hope, Dakota, are in the city, where they will remain for a few days.

We shall publish next week an interesting article from the pen of Dr. J. F. Babcock, of Bangor, Me.

Mrs. E. A. Dole has returned to her residence, 106 Walnut St. We hear good reports from her labors wherever she goes.

A few days ago, Judge P. P. Good of Seattle, W. T., passed to spirit life. He was a prominent Spiritualist.

A. B. French has been lecturing with great success at Haverhill, Mass. "His lectures," says W. W. Currier, "gave unbounded satisfaction."

Lyman C. Howe will lecture at Yorkshire, N. Y., March 21st. He will return to Elmira, and lecture there again on the 28th. Mr. Howe's lectures have created great interest in the house at Elmira.

Capt. H. H. Brown gave an address entitled, "Evolution and its Lesson of Immortality," before the Liberal League of Pittsburgh, Pa., February 28th. He spoke at North Collins, N. Y., March 7th. His address is Meadville, Pa.

Mrs. Maud Lord has taken parlors at 1742 Washington street, Boston, for a few months, where she will hold sances on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7:30; on other evenings she will attend to special engagements in and out of the city.

*Mind in Nature*, published at 171 W. Washington St., this city, by E. A. Woodhead continues to improve. This magazine occupies a niche peculiarly its own, and it should be well sustained. The articles it contains will interest any thoughtful mind. Terms, \$1 per year.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is on a Southern trip, and spoke at Louisville, Ky., January 31st; at Evansville, Ind., February 6th and 7th; at Union City, Tenn., Feb. 13th and 14th; at Houston, Tex., Feb. 21st; at Galveston, Tex., Feb. 28th, March 2nd and 5th; at which meetings much interest was manifested and appreciation expressed. Address him for engagements at his home, box 423, Scranton, Pa.

After the autopsy of the brain of John McCullough, the actor, by Dr. Hugo Engel, which, it was held, justified his treatment of the patient, there was considerable counter criticism. To meet this, Dr. Engel sent a portion of the brain to one of the most distinguished pathologists of Leipzig for analysis, and he has just received an exhaustive report, closing with these words: "I fully concur with your views of the case." It was held by Dr. Engel that McCullough was suffering from blood poisoning.

Mrs. Dusenberre of Honesdale, Pa., who was spending the winter in Florida, with her son, who owns an orange grove there, and who took with her another son about twenty-six years old, who has been deaf and dumb for some time, was murdered by the latter in an insane moment. The lady had a strange foreboding before she left home that her trip to Florida would be fatal. She said to a friend just before starting: "It seems like facing my execution."

The remains of Daniel Hindley were incinerated at the Mount Olivet Crematory, at Fresh Pond, February 18th. The widow was present with a number of other relatives. Undertaker S. Merritt Hook, of New York City, was in charge of the cremation. The body was brought from New York and arrived at the crematory at about one o'clock. Hindley was a clerk in New York City, and was thirty-three years of age. Mr. Hindley was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and the first one of that belief cremated in the country.

Lyman C. Howe writes: There is a medium in Horse Heads, N. Y., who has been, and I think still is, a member of the Presbyterian church. She has very crude ideas of her own experiences, but makes some striking hits that surprise her friends. She pointed out a place where she saw something grand and awful, a terrible cloud and flame that reached as far as she could see, and asked, "What does it mean?" About a week after this, in the locality she pointed out, there was a terrific explosion of oil tanks, that shook the earth for miles around. Again she pointed out in a certain direction, toward a railroad crossing to the S. W., and said, "There is to be something awful there soon." It seemed to her like murder and suicide. A few days later, and Daniel Bennet and wife drove on the railroad track in the locality she had pointed out, and the express train struck them, killing him instantly, and his wife died in a few hours. As he had expressed a wish that "God would kill him," and suggested getting under the cars as a good way to go, some have thought it was intentional with him, while his wife was the victim. Again she said: "There is going to be a sudden death of a prominent citizen," pointing in the direction of Elmira, down Main street, "and a very large funeral." A few days later she said: "What is the matter with Peter Howell? [he lived on Main street, in the direction named.] There is something awful going to happen to him." In a few days more Peter Howell, who had charge of building the State Reformatory in Elmira, (whose residence was on Main street, in Horse Heads, where she first indicated the great



funeral of a prominent business man), fell from the elevator, about forty feet, and was instantly killed. She has told other things as correctly as these, yet she does not know how to interpret her visions without help.

Charles H. Smith was arrested at Warrenburg, Pa. He pretended to have been specially ordained by God to form a new secret order from which was to grow a new and only true religion. Accordingly he began establishing the order of the "Star of Heaven." He would grant a charter to any six persons who applied for it, provided each paid into the common fund \$25. Then he had prophetic visions in which great avenues of wealth were opened up to him. On the basis of these visions he induced his dupes to mortgage their farms to the order. Smith was financial agent of all the lodges; that is how he came to feather his nest so well.

Parson W. W. Downs of Boston, has again got himself into trouble. H. R. Dillenback, a member of the Post reporter for force, was in the Parker House on business for his paper, and he was talking to the clerk when Parson Downs entered. Downs called the reporter aside and requested him to give him some information which he had in his possession. The reporter replied in a very gentlemanly manner that the information which he had was gotten professionally, and that therefore it would be impossible for him to oblige Mr. Downs. The latter became thoroughly excited at the answer of the newspaperman, and said that if the information was not forthcoming in five minutes, he would "punch the head off the low reporter." The reporter turned quickly around, and in so doing received a blow full in the face. He clinched with the Parson, and, as he is quite an athletic young fellow, he would have got the best of it had not several men separated them.

Rev. A. L. Hatch, Congregational minister, of 59 Liberty Street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the New York World: "You know he (Mr. Edison) is a medium, and his great invention of quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and, passing into that condition, seized some paper lying before him and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely-written notes. Then, waking up and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper, which he had not read through before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."

The semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association will be held March 30th and 31st, at Davenport, Iowa. We are informed that an effort will be made to eliminate therefrom certain objectionable elements which have heretofore exercised a controlling influence in its affairs. See advertisement in another column.

#### Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

#### General News.

King Thebaud is an expert poker player.—There are 1,300 school teachers in Chicago.—Dom Pedro is to found a big fine arts academy at Rio.—"The Odd Volume" is the name of a literary club in London.—Mrs. Langtry will soon give a private theatrical performance before Queen Victoria.—Baron Rothschild has surprised Londoners by parading on the blue ribbon of total abstinence.—The price asked by Professor Nicolle for the lately discovered picture by Raphael is \$100,000.—Bishop Burgess, of Quincy, Ill., while traveling in Vermont the other day had his pocket picked of \$115.—Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the late Vice-President, has been chosen director in a Montana mining company.—Eight statues of women, painted in colors that are astonishingly clear, have just been dug up at the Acropolis at Athens.—Dr. D. W. Bliss, who attended President Garfield, is again reported to be in seriously failing health, so that he has been obliged to give up work.—Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of General Grant, is lecturing in Massachusetts under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.—Mme. Adam is about to begin another series of the political, literary, and artistic receptions which used to be such features of society in Paris.—Fitz John Porter is 64 years of age.—The Hancock memorial fund at present amounts to \$39,000.—The American Catholics are to establish a university at Washington.—General Tombes' estate in Georgia has been assessed at \$60,000.—Brigadier General Oliver O. Howard is in his 57th year. He is the senior officer of his grade.—Dr. Landell, the English missionary, in a single recent year distributed no less than 56,000 Bibles among the exiles in Siberia.—A Pennsylvania geologist declares that the oil fields of that State have passed their meridian, and that the supply of natural gas is limited.—Now comes the Minneapolis Tribune with an account of the cure of an inordinate appetite for tobacco in all its forms through the application.—In New York City during the past year 75,422 persons were arrested, 53,983 were held for trial or summarily convicted, and of this number 38,432 were males and 17,251 were females.—Rockford, Ill., claims to send out three hundred commercial travelers on the road.

#### The Society of United Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Society of United Spiritualists on Sunday last held a very interesting and harmonious meeting in the Madison Street Theatre. The congregational singing led by Mrs. Cole and the choir was exceptionally good.

Dr. J. H. Randall gave a short lecture on "The Mission of Spiritualism," in which he brought out the idea that the spiritual philosophy was doing all that was being done of a practical nature to prevent the growth of materialistic skepticism in relation to God and man's spiritual being. Religions of the past and science have prescribed a fixed state for man. Theology ties man to fixed ordination and predestination, and the materialist's science of our age makes him the subject and slave of immovable environments and does not allow him any existence beyond this life. Theology insists that man by nature is a sinner, though a few from the beginning of the human family were destined to be angels. Theology and materialism both insist on governing man as a being on the brute plane. Institutional and national wars have ever been waged on this plane. It is the mission of Spiritualism to change this by arousing man's higher nature; to make him feel God within him; and God is devotion to goodness, a recognition of the new law that Jesus gave, "Love ye one another," and the one in harmony with that presented by Spiritualism. "Let no man call God his Father who calls not man his brother." The world of humanity is growing toward it, and arbitration guided by the inner light of wisdom and love will eventually settle the disagreements that have heretofore led to exhibitions of brute force and the higher nature of man will reign with God on earth and in the realms of immortality.

Mr. Blair and Mrs. S. T. De Wolf made some excellent and pointed remarks in line with the thought of the lecture.

The President called attention to how the Society had been so successful as to get so pleasant, neat, comfortable and artistically finished place to meet in, stating that he had been restrained from giving the public the fact of the matter heretofore, but that he now felt the time had come when one person who had been the philanthropist and generous soul commissioned by God or goodness and the angels to do a deed, for the prosperity and growth of Spiritualism in Chicago, and that person was Mrs. Emma Jones, a member of the Society, a thorough and devoted worker for Spiritualism, and one of its Trustees.

At this statement Mrs. Jones arose and said: "Mr. President, I desire that the meetings in this place hereafter be free for the people to come and hear Spiritualism and worship God in harmony with the spirit of truth, and there shall be no collections."

The gift to the society of such a place to meet for six months should be fully understood to be appreciated. She leased the place for Sunday afternoons for six months and paid the rent, \$300, in advance. The society desired to reimburse her at least one-half the sum, and have taken collections for that purpose, and to meet other incidental expenses, but she is so pleased with the growth of the society that she refuses anything back, and makes the whole a gift to the people, for which there is not a member of the society, but must feel grateful.

It certainly can have no other effect on the President, for he is freed from the responsibility of raising a fixed sum from the audience every Sunday, and now the friends of the society should stand by and aid him, for he is a willing and a hard worker and needs material assistance; and as they are free from any other burden in connection with the meeting, they can easily smooth his path some; there is no doubt he will inaugurate a policy that will bring the best mediums in the country before the people of Chicago. March 8th.

#### Michigan Spiritualists Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The fourth annual meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists was held at Grand Rapids the three last days in February. Opening at a small hall it changed on Saturday to the larger and pleasant hall of the W. C. T. U., which was rented for the occasion, and was filled from Saturday afternoon to Sunday night, through five sessions of some two hours each. Few came from the distant parts of the State, but those from the city and towns near made up the attentive and interested audience. Mrs. Woodruff, J. P. Whiting and Mrs. Pearsall spoke. Mrs. Drake read poems, lively confidences were held. Dr. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, brought some remarkable landscape pictures, which he is painting without artistic training, save from the celestial intelligences, as he feels, and on the adjournment Sunday night there was a general expression of satisfaction with the character and influence of the meeting.

Saturday afternoon officers were chosen for the coming year. Mr. Whiting declined serving again as President, on account of poor health, and the choice was as follows: President, Dr. W. O. Knowles, Detroit; Vice-President, Dr. G. B. Stebbins, Grand Rapids; Secretary, Mrs. F. A. Spinney, Alpena; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, South Haven. In place of that part of the board of trustees whose terms expire, Mrs. Sarah Graves and Samuel Marvin of Grand Rapids were chosen, and one other whose name I have lost but will report some time.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted: Resolved.—That this Association, deciding to hold no camp meeting in the summer, recommend to our friends attend and help to sustain the camp meeting at Orion Lake and the Sturgis yearly meeting in June, and the Vicksburg camp meeting and the grove meeting at Paw Paw or some point in the western part of the State later in the season. Resolved.—That we earnestly approve the efforts for the ending of intemperance and the reign of wise self-control by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and kindred associations, that though methods may differ, all are animated by the same spirit; and we especially commend the idea of Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U., of organized effort for home education in moral and personal purity, self-government, chastity and the laws of heredity.

Resolved.—That we do not believe in the right of society to punish criminals in revengeful spirit, but hold that the safety of society and the reform of the criminal should be the aim and object of legal enactments; and that therefore we do not believe in capital punishment, a practice coming to us from barbaric ages and from the reign of Moslem despotism, and not of practical benefit in decreasing crime.

A Tennessee court has closed a term in which six murderers escaped conviction, by sending a hungry woman to prison for two years for stealing a quart of buttermilk.

#### The Brooklyn Spiritual Phenomena Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have formed in the city of Brooklyn a society under the name of "Brooklyn Spiritual Phenomena Society," holding services on Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M. at Irving Hall, Gates Ave., and Irving Place. The hall seats 600 people. We have been in existence as a society but a few weeks, and our success has been beyond even our greatest expectations. It is a common occurrence with us to turn away from 200 to 300 people on Sunday evening; and still the interest in our meetings grows greater and greater as each Sunday rolls around. We have for our medium Mr. John Slater, a young man of 24 years of age, who comes from Philadelphia. He has only been in Brooklyn a few months, but in that short time has created a genuine sensation here and in the vicinity, people coming from all parts to hear him give tests and communications from spirit land. He gives from 150 to 300 names, tests and incidents, at each service, with such rapidity and clearness that the people sit in perfect wonderment and astonishment at each fact is given and recognized, and all doubt as to the truth of what he speaks (the truth of the immortality of the soul and of spirit communion) is completely dissipated from their minds, and the most skeptical go away convinced and return again to the hall with a dozen or two of their friends whom they have brought to hear and see as they have heard and seen. The secular press have even taken up his work and publish now and then some of the tests he has given. We invite the most skeptical to our meetings to test this great truth for themselves, for our work is among those who are on the outside of Spiritualism. We have also for sale in our hall the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the Banner of Light, and considering the short time we have had them, they go very well. L. RECKLESS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the miscellaneous articles purchased for the use of United States Senators, and by them charged to the republic, are baronial envelopes, the English quarterly magazines, the American magazines, including several published especially for children, common sense ink, pencils, magic pencils, whistles, silver ink, porcelain tooth-picks, anti-nervous pen-holders, pearl glove-hooks, card-plates, and cards, cork-erasers, sugar spoons, Apollonius water-granulated sugar, ginger ale, lemons, lemon-squeezers, dippers, tumblers, "one punch-bowl for lemonade," saits of tartar, spirits of ammonia, castor oil, cologne, soft soap, and repairs to a tricycle.

Senator Logan raised a laugh the other day by beginning an after-dinner speech with: "Ministers' texts are often mere pretexts, and toasts are only intended to fire a fellow off."

An American living in Kobe, Japan, has engaged thirty very skilful Japanese ivory carvers to introduce the art into this country.

#### CALIFORNIA.

A new line to Southern California, finished Dec. 1, '85, has been opened in direct connection with the famous Santa Fe Route to the Pacific coast. This new line saves at least one day over the old methods of reaching this celebrated country, and gives the intending tourist direct access to the San Gabriel Valley; San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Pasadena, Sierra Madre Villa, LOS ANGELES and SAN DIEGO, or six days points to San Francisco. This route is now offering to thousands of travelers the shortest, cleanest, and most picturesque means of escape from cold, of benefit to the health, or of prospecting for a permanent residence. Persons who contemplate a visit to this region should remember that the new route has no changes from the Missouri river to destination; that it is eight hundred miles, shorter than some of the older routes; that its fares were always as low as the lowest, and that as long as the present war of rates continues, it offers rates to Southern California and San Francisco that are cheaper than staying at home. For particulars, apply personally or by letter to CHAS. H. WOOD, 54 Clark St., Chicago.

In another column will be found an advertisement of a book entitled "Practical Poultry Raising," by Fanny Field. The following are some of the good things to be found in this book. The entire work is sold and sent post paid for 25 cents. See advertisement.

A 60 acre poultry-farm that clears \$1,500 a year. A mechanic's wife clears \$300 annually on broilers. Artificial raising of chicks. Cost of raising adult fowls per annum. Cost of keeping chicks from shell to age of 6 months. Clover heads. Capons—what are they? Capons—why don't farmers raise them? Caponizing. Charcoal, value of. Cause of death of young turkeys. Capital required to start the business. Drink. Effective remedy for lice. Fun in the poultry-house. Food for chicks. Fowls in confinement pay best. Gapes. Green food. Give the girls a chance. How Fanny Field kept 100 Light Brahmas. How Fanny Field raised 840 chickens. How Fanny Field cleared \$4,400 on each fowl. How to manage 2,000 fowls to make them pay. How to feed and care for young turkeys. How to raise green food. How to feed fowls in winter. How to give fowls exercise. How many to keep in a flock. Hatching-houses. How many chicks to keep in a brooder. How the blacksmith's wife kept fowls. How to keep eggs. Incubators, when to start. Keeping poultry on a village lot. Lime gravel and charcoal. On one acre can be cleared \$100 to \$150 by keeping poultry. Plant a house. Preserving eggs for winter. Spring management. Shade during the hot summer months. Spring chickens the most profitable. Size of poultry-house. To farmers' wives, farmers' sons and daughters. Turkey raising. Ventilation. What breeds pay best. Warming the house for eggs. When broilers should be hatched. Why so many fail in raising broilers. What brooders are best. Mailed to any address on receipt of price, 25 cts., by Dr. Ambrose, Publisher, 92 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.

#### A FEW WORDS OF SOBERNESS.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers with this issue, an advertisement of that new and justly celebrated remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. And by way of an introduction, we merely have to say, that it is not one of those quick medicines that is heralded before the public under some secret caption, but possesses a plain and familiar name, which indicate the simple ingredients that make the medicine.

The Sweet Gum of the Southern swamps, contains a stimulating expectorant principle which loosens the phlegm, and relieves the early morning cough in the consumptive, and aids the child to overcome sudden and dangerous attacks of Croup. This combined with the tea made from the Mullein stalks of the old field, which contains a mucilaginous healing principle, now drawing the attention of the leading physicians of the world, as being superior to that mucous dose "Cod Liver Oil," and combined as they are in "Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein." It presents the finest known remedy yet offered for Lung and Bronchial troubles, and so pleasant in its nature, that any child is pleased to take it.

So well secured is the proprietor of this celebrated remedy of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, of its therapeutic effects, that he makes a statement to this effect: that if any of our readers cannot find this medicine in their drug store, where they should first inquire for it, he will upon the receipt of \$1.00 pay express charges for one of the large size bottles to any part of the United States. This is done at a loss, but his experience has been that where a family once introduces it into their household they will never under any circumstances suffer themselves to be without it again.

We cheerfully commend it to all suffering, and if every home in this land would keep on hand a bottle of it, many hours of pain and anxiety might be relieved by a simple dose. For sale by all our druggists for 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

#### Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.

ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE FOR CHILDREN. A LADY physician at the Child's Hospital, at Albany, N. Y., says: "We have been using Scott's Emulsion with great success, nearly all of our patients are suffering from bone diseases and our physicians find it very beneficial."

A VIOLENT COUGH, CONTINUED through the winter often brings Consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the Cough yields and the danger disappears. 25c, 50c, and \$1.

Pink's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

#### Business Notices.

HUNSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. At friends' residences. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 5 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

MR. CHARLES DAWHORN will lecture for the Southern Extension of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 25th to April 4th. Mr. Dawhorne would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such Societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 463 West 23rd St., New York City.

#### Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

Church of New Spiritual Dispensation, 416 Adelphi St., near Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 10 P. M. Ladies Aid Society meets every Thursday at 10 P. M.

John Jeffrey, President; S. B. Nichols, Vice-President; W. J. Lansing, Secretary; A. U. Klipp, Treasurer. The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds weekly conferences on Sunday evenings at Fraternity House, corner Bedford Ave. and South Second St. Alpha Lyceum meets in same place Sunday afternoons.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. at Miller's Arcadium Hall, 1st Avenue.

FRANK W. JONES, Conductor. Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, Mrs. T. B. Spier, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. H. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Barker, Secretary; F. H. Maynard, Treasurer.

#### The Society of United Spiritualists.

The Society of United Spiritualists, Chicago, meets each Sunday at 7 P. M. at the Madison Street Theatre. The services will consist of a lecture, test, address, and singing.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold meetings at Fraternity Hall, corner Broadway and the Supreme Court House, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie L. Briggs will conduct. H. J. MOHN, Pres.

#### Passed to Spirit-File.

Passed to spirit-life at Woodward, Dallas Co., Iowa, Feb. 17th, 1886, E. K. Roberts, aged 58 years, 11 months and 3 days.

Mr. Roberts had been in declining health several months, though not confined to his room but a few weeks previous to his death. His mind remained clear and apparently unimpaired until he became so weakly that he was unable to move freely with his family in regard to the change which he was fully convinced was soon to take place; and he passed on to meet this life in the calm assurance that the life on the other side was one of increasing knowledge, peace, and joy forever.

He had been a minister of the Christian church about fifteen years, when he became the subject of a broken heart and a brighter hope, which are beautifully expressed in his own words.

"After considering the thought that the loved ones who have passed on our side, whose spirits have been in sympathy with our own still live, and that we shall from the family reunion on the high table of immortal life."

He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and the tender love of a devoted husband and father remain in constant remembrance to his family. The services so kindly performed by neighbors and friends at the funeral and burial, attested their regard for the deceased and their sympathy for the afflicted family. Funeral services were held on the 17th, conducted by the writer. L. M. H.

IT IS AS MUCH ONE'S DUTY TO PRESERVE Health, AS TO CURE DISEASE. Those who have used Warner's SAFE Yeast Remedies, know what their merits are. Warner's Safe Yeast is an article of DOMESTIC NECESSITY. It is equally meritorious, Health Preserving and safe. It is put up in attractive form, sells for 10c. a box, 10c. a box. If your Grocer does not keep it, order it by mail.

Warner's Safe Yeast Co., Rochester, N. Y.

ARE YOU POOR? If so we can help you. We have an honest article for sale for female to handle, which places everybody. Sister Rose writes as follows: "Send me five grains. The demand is great, and they are needed from all directions. My friends and neighbors are handling it and praise it very much. We have lady agents who begin with one dollar's worth that are new orders for \$2 to \$10 a week per cent. We are Special Agents and protect our agents. Circulars free, and to convince agents that we have a great thing for them we will send a sample for 2 red stamps, or one dozen for 25 cents in stamps. We deliver goods free to agents."

Address: ROSE JELLY COMPANY, New Milford, Frederick County, Maryland.

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State and Washington-sts.  
**Carpets.**  
New Designs.  
In and Arriving.  
English Makes.  
Patterns private for the world. The only house west carrying a complete line of these goods representing all prominent manufacturers.

**American Makes.**  
Patterns private for the United States. Standard qualities predominating.  
**Notice.**  
Many consumers are under the impression that Carpets under the various brands of Axminsters, Wiltons, Moquettes, Velvets and Brussels are alike in quality; taking advantage of this, inferior goods have been made and sold to consumers as standard make. We desire to announce that our stock is largely made up of the best qualities. We also carry full assortment of the lower grades, which will be sold in every instance for what they are.

**EUREKA SILK CO., Chicago, Ill.**  
A full assortment of above as well as the celebrated Eureka Knitting Silks, Flannels, and Wash Colors. For sale by all leading druggists.  
**FREE** To introduce, best five year Warranty and Account Book. Address H. CHILL, Syracuse, N. Y.  
**HELP** WANTED. \$50 A WEEK and expense and valuable outfit and particulars free. J. F. HILL & CO., Augusta, Maine.  
**CATARRH,** Druggists and Nervous Debility cured by Prof. W. Falgout, 210 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WANTED** An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75. per Month and Expenses. Carrying outfit and Particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.  
**ADIES WANTED,** to work for us at our own homes. \$7 to \$10 per week can be easily made; no canvassing, traveling and steady employment. Particulars and sample of the work sent for stamp. Address HOME MFG. CO., P.O. Box 1916, Boston, Mass.  
**\$250 A MONTH.** Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY CRONSON, Detroit, Mich.  
**AGENTS FOR THE CHILD'S BIBLE.** Introduction by Dr. J. H. Vincent. The best selling book in this country. (LANSKILL & CO., (77-79), 222 Broadway, N. Y.; 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.)

**SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.**  
The Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association will meet at Davenport, Iowa, on March 30th and 31st, 1886, as voted at the Annual Camp Meeting at Clinton, Iowa, August, 1885, for the purpose of transacting such business as may lawfully come before it.  
S. A. DANFORTH, President of the M. V. S. A.

**Wisconsin Spiritualists.**  
The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its 25th Anniversary Meeting (and anniversary of Modern Spiritualism) in Musical Society Hall, No. 251 Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1886. Speakers engaged for the occasion: Mrs. L. A. Fernald, of Michigan; Mrs. S. E. Warner, Bishop and John L. Potter, of Wisconsin. Test Mediums: Dr. Jockey of Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. A. B. Beveridge of White Water, Wis.; besides four local mediums will be present. The Misses CURA and Vining and Phillips will furnish the vocal music. Pay full fare on all railroads to and from Milwaukee. Board at first class boarding houses, at \$1.00 per day. We hope to see all interested in Spiritualism present. The meeting will be called to order at ten o'clock A. M., Friday, the 26th.  
W. M. LOCKWOOD, Pres. JOHN CHALLONER, Treas. Miss L. M. SPENCER, Vice-Pres. Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec. Omaha, Wis., March 5, 1886.

**BUSINESS AND MEDICAL PSYCHOMETRY**  
MRS. FANNIE M. BROWN, 509 W. 60th St., New York City.  
Five business questions answered for 10 cents. Ten questions or a full business letter, \$1.00. Medical questions and advice (from look of patient's hair) \$1.00.

**KANSAS CITY JOURNAL.**  
Best paper for general reading published in the south-west. Republican in politics, moral in tone, entertaining in news-giving, readable in everything. Daily (8 pages) and Sunday (16 pages), \$10. Sunday alone, \$2. Tri-Weekly (8 pages), \$4. Weekly (5 pages, 4 columns), \$1 per year. Aggregate circulation of these editions offers advertisers superior advantages. JOURNAL CO., Publishers.

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**ELOCUTION.**  
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H. M. DICKSON, Principal.  
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9th Year—OVER 200 GRADUATES.  
Pupils prepared for Dramatic Readers, Teachers, etc. Memorizing and all details of speech successfully treated. Send for Circular.

**DIVERSIDE**  
T. J. Dodge, Magnetic Healer. \$5000 treated at his office. Magnetic, Spiritual, Hygienic, and Scientific. Mineral Spring, Arkansas. Ill. Physician and Surgeon. Mrs. Curran, Able physician. Magnetic paper. Davenport, Iowa. Write us.



## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

## The Good Night Kiss.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the children all gather around me,  
To bid me "good night," and be kissed;  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace,  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of childhood too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart may remember  
When I wake to the pulse of the past,  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin;  
While the glory of God was about me  
And the glory of gladness within.

I ask not a life for the dear ones  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun.  
I would pray God to guard them from evil  
But my prayer would bound back to myself;  
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banded the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God.  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
When I shut them from breaking a rule,  
My frown is a sudden confusion,  
My love is the law of the school.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild;  
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunbeams are in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
Oh! those transcripts from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To travel its threshold no more;  
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door.  
I shall miss the "good night" and the kisses,  
And the crush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at noon and at even,  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended  
And death says "The school is dismissed,"  
May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night and be kissed.

## Spiritual Regeneration Needed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If spiritual regeneration is needed anywhere on this earth it is in Ireland. Another country can not be found that is so abjectly under the heel of tyranny as Ireland. The facts have been sent widely forth in regard to the misery that is arising chiefly from landlordism, and there should be kept constantly before the people. I transcribe the following:

Landlordism in Ireland is the remains of the system of tenure introduced by the English at the time of the invasion. It has been perpetuated by the confiscations of Elizabeth, the plantations of James, and the bequests of Cromwell, and has been fostered and protected to the present day by every English monarch of whatever house, and by every government of whatever party.

The present landowner, or as they style themselves, "landlords," in Ireland are in part the descendants of military adventurers or the offspring of the courtiers. The remainder belong to the moneyed middle class in England; but to whatever class they belong, they are invariably prompted by greed and exact from the poor tenant exorbitant, and even impossible rents.

A few figures will tell more eloquently than words the story of landlord greed in Ireland. There are in round numbers 20,000,000 acres of land in Ireland. Of these 9,500,000 acres, or nearly half, belong to 380 individuals. Two-thirds of the soil of Ireland belong to 744 individuals. These lords of the soil take the Irish producers on no just basis of commercial exchange, but levy their imposts in proportion to their own wants, and they are almost insatiable. They are mostly absentee, and carry away to other lands the rents of their Irish estates. It has been computed by the government statisticians that during the past thirty years the absentee landlord has drained from Ireland the enormous sum of £600,000,000 English, or \$3,000,000,000 American money. The result of this drain on the energy and the industry of the people has been to produce perpetual distress, recurrent famine, everlasting famine, chronic discontent, and occasional but terrible reprisals by the people.

Only about 2,500 acres, or one-eighth the entire soil of Ireland, is under cultivation. Two million acres are locked up as parks and pastures, where the greedy, grasping grazer from England fattens his herds. There are 5,000,000 acres of waste land, the greater part of which can be reclaimed. Yet the whining knaves who claim the soil, or the canting hypocrites who govern the people, prefer to sign the warrant that has become a chronic and discontent that will not be appeased, and, instead of reclaiming the bog and valuating the parks, recommend the emigrant ships or the work-house.

In 1882 there were in Ireland 156,000 mud cabins, with only one room each, generally without a window or chimney, and in these dismal, dreary and degraded dwellings there were 2,280,000 families, or one-fifth of the entire population. This wretched existence, even, would not be allowed the people. The Cromwellian cry, "To Connaught or to hell," has been changed into "To the workhouse or to the emigrant ship." Eviction, that terrible engine of oppression, has been used to squeeze out the blood, the energy and the life of the people. Eviction in Ireland, according to the government reports, and they were not likely to exaggerate, are as follows:

Evicted in	Families	Persons
1880.....	2,100	10,657
1881.....	3,415	17,541
1882.....	4,242	20,470

In the quarter ending June 30, 1885, no less than 1,326 families, numbering 6,507 persons were evicted, or at the rate of 26,023 persons per annum.

And this while the landlords, those parasites on the body politic, live on their victims, whom they torture, beat, and starve, like the weeds in the graveyard, or the noxious vapors of death. Thirty-one times, from the year 1870 to 1880, did earnest and honest men try to ameliorate the condition of the starving Irish peasant by introducing measures into the English Parliament; and thirty-one times they were defeated in their endeavors by the English and Scotch members. Fifty-three times during the last fifty years of the century, the English and Scotch members of the House of Commons, that they might the more effectively, vampire-like, drain the victim's life-blood, and fifty-three times did the English Parliament grant it almost unanimously. The people asked for bread, and they gave them a stone; they complained of injustice, and they were whipped with scorpions.

It is doubtful whether a spiritual regeneration will take place in Ireland until the suffering people there are relieved from the oppression of heartless landlords. Let the suffering people there bear in mind, that landlordism is one of the evils of earth, and is unknown in spirit-life. They, however, are now in spiritual darkness, bound down by the fetters of the church, and many years will undoubtedly pass before they emerge from their present unfortunate condition.

Recent London fogs are said to have been pinkish, but from what cause or probable cause is not stated.

## Spiritualistic Experiences.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I received at one time a copy of Dr. Lewis' monthly with marks calling attention to some spiritualistic experiences related by "D. L." himself, in conjunction with a somewhat entertaining narrative of his first trip westward, seeking his fortune. The story, however, is so familiar to me that I need not repeat it. I have, however, been struck by the fact that many with which we are familiar; neither is there anything new in the awkward efforts made to convince himself that he does not believe in spiritual communion between the present and the after-life. It is not the first time we have known theories advanced to explain away such communion, which were far more difficult to rationalize than the communion itself. His position or arguments have often been advanced before and as often have they been proved insufficient. Do you think it will be entertaining to the JOURNAL readers, should I attempt relating some of the facts, with a few comments on his offered explanation? Let me try:

D. L. relates that on this first setting out, he made the acquaintance of a certain Dr. Alexander Burrill, who afterwards became Professor in Medical College at Cleveland. Some years after, when our scribe was practicing in Buffalo, this same Dr. Burrill came down from Cleveland to pay him a visit. The visit being ended, he bade "good-by" about seven o'clock in the evening, to take the steamer "G. P. Griffith," which was to sail for Cleveland about eight o'clock. About nine o'clock Prof. Burrill unexpectedly returned to his friend D. L.'s office and made the following statement:

"I received, after I got into my state room on the steamer, a (mental) telegram from a distant friend, to the effect that the steamer would be lost to-night, with all on board." He went on further to explain: "In Cleveland I have a lady patient who is extremely nervous and neurasthenic. I discovered by accident that putting my hand upon her head relieved her neuralgia. A still more wonderful discovery soon made: that she could communicate the fact of her suffering to me through miles of distance and that I could also relieve her at a distance. It seemed to me that I projected a certain influence from my brain into her brain. Of course, this is speculation; but it is not speculation that I could thus relieve her. I have done it scores of times." When I asked him to show me his method, he said he would show me some packages in his state room this evening, he said to me, through the two hundred miles, just as plainly as if standing by my side. "Don't go on this steamer to-night; it will be lost with all on board."

"The next day brought the dreadful announcement that the 'G. P. Griffith' had been lost with more than two hundred human beings, men, women and children."

"D. L." says a page or so further on: "This prophecy, which was certainly given me the night before the frightful disaster, is not difficult to explain, and without appealing to the supernatural (meaning, I presume, Spiritualism). Better, Doctor, have said not impossible; for it is, I think, rather 'difficult' to this explain it."

You last better not include all Spiritualists when you say on their side, there is I think a world of faith on very slight evidence. There are close reasoning Spiritualists (and I am one of them) who will claim that you have, in the case just narrated, neither investigated the facts bearing upon it as closely, nor reasoned from them as cautiously as you might have done. Let me see. Your explanation claims as not difficult as to be easily stated. Prof. Burrill, being a deponent man, "may" possibly have been suddenly attacked with fear, "since when a man gets to telegraphing without wires he is more than likely to be the victim of many fancies." This means that you deny the fact stated by your friend, that he heard the words above mentioned, "as plainly as if she had been standing by my side."

Well to deny the facts is quite an easy way—quite a common way for the opponents of Spiritualism to argue; but do you consider it satisfactory? If you did not believe the facts, why tell the story? Why did you not communicate with the "nervous" lady and inquire if she telegraphed the Professor such a message? Here was a chance to make a strong point in the investigation. If the "habit of presumption is a very common" on undertaking long voyages, as you assert, I wonder it did not occur to ascertain if the Professor had a like presumption when he left Cleveland for Buffalo. Did not the "neurasthenic" lady know just as well as the down journey that Prof. Burrill's "life had become important to her and could she not then have telegraphed to him her anxiety?" as it appears she did on the upward journey? If "presumptions" are thus common, is it not a wonder that some "victim of many fancies" does not, on every steamship trip, leave the state room he has engaged and go ashore to save his life?

Can you not perceive now, Doctor, how careless you have been in not perfecting the chain of evidence your story seems to need? And also that it appears quite other besides the "Spiritualists" who yield "a world of faith" to very weak theories and methods of explaining away some very hard facts? If you, Doctor D. L. (since you deny it) will bring us satisfactory evidence that Prof. Burrill is a veracious gentleman in his sober senses, that did really hear those words of warning so plainly as he says; or that he and his lady patient really communicated with each other (mentally) at a distance; and if that lady (likewise shown to be sound-minded and honest) will testify either that she did, or did not, send the Professor a prophetic message such as he states—and (begging your pardon, Doctor) if you will bring reliable parties to testify as to your own entire clearness of mind (which heretofore we have been inclined to believe) some of the close-thinking Spiritualists will then be able to write to you out a much more natural, simple and logical method whereby the same may be rationalized, without straining so hard not to see the truth.

It seems as if you were troubled with the same kind of "reaching" in the experiments with the Fox girls. You appeared to swallow and keep open on your stomach much more kindly than the truth. This is a very serious complaint; but we have not room now—neither do we believe the proper crisis has arrived for administering the remedy; but upon one thing you may rely: the true Spiritualist will never (as you seem to fear) ask you to swallow the "supernatural."

We must, however, commend you in having the sense to notice that the efforts to attribute "to the devil or to ignorant men," a large portion of the phenomenon, "must ever remain beneath contempt."

You also "know many of them" (Spiritualists) "whose lives are of the best." Thank you! "The bitterness of Christians towards Spiritualists is queer," you remark; but we think otherwise. Organized Christianity is built upon an irrational doctrine, that of the incarnation of God in a standard precedent, and practice of Jesus of Nazareth.

Spiritualism will beget a democracy of religion—a rationality in the philosophy of life, that will sap the foundation of this priestcraft and dogmatism. Therefore, though the Jewish Bible as well as the history of the human race throughout, is full of samples of intercourse between the two conditions of being, the theistic Christians feel toward this intercourse an instinctive dislike.

Hockessin, Del. J. G. J.

## Ophthalmia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is, perhaps, no country in the temperate zone in which there are more sufferers from ophthalmia, partial or complete paralysis of the optic nerves, strabismus, purulent ophthalmia, ophthalmoplegia, and other diseases of the eye, eye-lids and retina, than in the United States, and I cannot help supposing that the evils are aggravated by straining the sight in the effort to read badly printed newspapers and periodicals. Many papers are struck off with ink so pale, and on type so old or dirty, that it is injurious even to good eyes to attempt to read them; they may be filled with excellent matter from the literary point of view, but the characters are frequently so pale and blurred as to be positively unreadable.

I cannot remember to have noticed an observation in any of the letters from subscribers to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which directed attention to the fact that the ink is so clean-cut and legible that it is absolutely a pleasure to peruse it. I have often thought of this, although I have never mentioned it before in writing. One of the JOURNAL's subscribers recently told me that he regarded that feature of the JOURNAL as one of its main attractions. One can sit and read it hour after hour, without inconvenience or the slightest injury to that most delicate and susceptible of all our organs, the eye. This safety is combined with profit and pleasure.

The importance of this matter will be apparent when it is considered that its officers are not con-

fined to the discernment of external objects, but that the blood is electrified, digestion assisted, the absorbents stimulated, the brain vivified and the general health affected by the eye; and I may add that those who have suffered from sore eyes as I and members of my family have, will know how to appreciate this excellent quality in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. For its good paper, clear type, black ink and excellent mechanical execution, the JOURNAL is a model worthy of imitation, particularly in this country where ophthalmia is so prevalent.

"The speaking eye" tells the initiated in language unmistakable, the condition of the physical heart, as well as the state of the affections and mood of the mind; it is the glass wherein we discern our neighbor's character, and it is the telegraphic instrument which registers both thought and condition; and when the language of the eye is better understood (as it will be when the world becomes less gross, through closer association with the moral world) it will be infinitely more valuable in assisting our personal conduct. Until that time comes, let us take good care of it and learn how to value and protect from abuse our best friend, the human eye divine.

Sturgis, Mich. THOS. HARDING.

## The Transition of Mrs. Mary E. Currier Wallingford.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Mary E. Currier, wife of Walter Wallingford, the poet of whom we have heard so much, passed from the JOURNAL last week, for many years in her early life one of the finest mediums for musical phenomena that has ever been in this country, some account of which I will endeavor to give the readers of the JOURNAL in the near future.

In the early part of last fall, Mrs. Wallingford contracted a severe cold which was not controlled and she had severe run of bronchial pneumonia, culminating in quick consumption, and after some five months of intense suffering she passed peacefully, calmly and triumphantly into spirit-life at 1:15 P. M., February 19, 1886. During all those long months of pains and suffering, not one word of complaint escaped her lips; and when she felt that the days were nearly all numbered for her in earthly life, she turned to the attending physician and said: "Well, Doctor, I suppose you have done and are now doing, all that can be done for my recovery. My answer came calmly: 'Yes, Mary, I have.'"

"Well, Doctor," she said, "I am not afraid to die. I know where I am going. The majority of my loved ones are over there. The rest will soon come and join us."

From that hour the real fruits of Spiritualism, in which she had lived all her life, made itself manifest. She attended to everything in details for the changing of life here for the life to come, as calmly and quietly as though she was but going a short journey to see dear friends. Her last earthly duties were performed as she called for her father, mother, and other household, to come to the bedside, and as we all stood there awaiting the moment of her departure, she said: "I am about to go to the Spirit-world." Regretful emotions could not follow. She continued: "Do not weep. You said you would not." She seemed to try to look at all of us. She said: "My eyesight is failing; I cannot see. I am going, good-by, all of you." Then the body fell asleep without a struggle, while the spirit took its flight to join those loved ones gone before.

The funeral occurred at her late home in Maplewood, Malden, Mass., Tuesday, the 23rd instant, at 11 o'clock A. M., and were attended by a large circle of relatives and friends from Haverhill and Boston. The remains were placed in a white casket and one of the largest floral offerings ever witnessed in that city. Among the contributions were: From her parents, a pillow of white carnation pinks, with the words: "Our Daughter" in purple violets; from the husband, a beautiful piece representing the "Gates of Ajar"; from Miss Anna F. Flanagan, a crescent star and bar combined, with the word "Mary" in purple violets; from Mrs. Chase and family, the name that she wished to be placed with hers; from a devoted daughter, a wreath from ex-Alderman Clark and family, a bouquet; from Mr. and Mrs. E. Fuller, a bunch of French roses; Mr. C. T. Small, bunch of white roses; Mrs. Sophia Ames, a wreath; Mrs. R. M. Gale, a wreath; Haverhill friends, lyre with broken cord; W. A. McCallister and family, basket of flowers; Benjamin Tarbox, star; Frank Tarbox, bouquet of the sick bed with white roses; Rev. Mr. Severance, pastor of the Maplewood Baptist Church, invocation and fraternal expressions of friendship, followed by Rev. Mr. Bruce, editor of *The Myrtle*, a Universalist paper, and a very intimate friend and companion of the deceased. Words of consolation were offered by her life-long friend, (letting her special request) Rev. James H. Morrison, of Lancaster, Mass. Mr. Morrison said that the deceased had been a true and loving friend, whom he was proud to call sister. Nothing had ever taken place in their social relations to mar a life of the sweetest remembrance. She had told him that it might possibly be hard for him to recall her early life history and speak of it to the gathered friends, but said she: "James, you know my life history and strength will be given you." He said that it was his good fortune to officiate at the marriage nuptials, and join their hands for a life time together, and it was also his good fortune to be present at her bedside in her last moments and see her pass peacefully, calmly and in perfect triumph over all that could in any sense be called death, and in the arms of her husband she had so faithfully loved. He said that she went out of this life in the full faith that she should be reunited to the loved ones gone before, and should have the power to again be with and communicate to the relatives and friends left in earth-life. Her religion was growth, not conversion; deeds, not creeds. Mr. Morrison closed his remarks by reading the following lines by Edwin Arnold, entitled

## THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"She is dead," they said to him, "come away, Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay." They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair; With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell; And over her bosom they crossed her hands— "Come away," they said; "God understands." But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, He lit his lamp and took the key And turned it. Alone again—he and she. Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath, Is there no voice, no language of death?" "See, now I listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?" "O perfect dead! O dead most dear! I hold the breath of my soul to hear."

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet. 'I would tell you darling, if I were dead, And 'were your hot tears upon my brow shed. 'You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes Which of all deaths was the chief surprise?'"

Who will believe what he heard her say, With a sweet, soft voice in the dead old way? The utmost wonder is this: I hear, And see you, and love you, and kiss you dear.

And am your angel, who was your bride, And know that though 'dead,' I have never died.

At the tomb Mr. Morrison read the burial service and pronounced the benediction. It seems to the writer that a beautiful lesson was made manifest in the life of Mrs. Wallingford, in the fact that she had so lived in the every day walk of her life, that she had and did command the love and respect of all who were privileged to become acquainted with her; to the end that at the final service over her remains there could and did come together in perfect accord and join hands in those last rites: a Calvin Baptist clergyman, a Universalist clergyman and a radical Unitarian clergyman, all speaking words of praise for her beautiful life and imploring all to emulate her example. Does not the signs of the times indicate a larger and broader charity, a slight crumbling of those old thick creeds walls? O blessed Spiritualism, more steadily forward until the whole lump is leavened.

Haverhill, Mass.

A new theory of the formation of coal has been propounded by Messrs. Barton, who considers it to have been produced by the sinking of floating islands like those which now occur on the Upper Nile. The turf of which these islands is chiefly composed becomes fossilized at the bottom of the water.

## Supernatural and Surprising Statements by an Invisible.

A well known manufacturer who has long been established in business in this city related yesterday to a *Plain Dealer* reporter the following singular stories of his experiences in investigating into what he commonly called spiritual manifestations: Having seen in your paper lately several articles in regard to the medium, Charles Foster, I wish to add my experience with him in this city some six or seven years ago. I wanted information on matters of which I was ignorant. Accordingly questions were put in writing by two friends, inclosed in envelopes and sealed. With these I called on Mr. Foster, and with two other gentlemen, strangers to each other, had a sitting. He gave each of us six small pieces of paper on which to write the names of departed spirits. I filled out mine with the names of five departed and one living. These papers were folded as nearly alike as possible and the eighteen pieces were thoroughly mixed. So nearly alike were they that I could not select the one I had written on. He placed them on a table, but not at all placed them to his forehead and announced the names. Two that I had written and about the same number for the others. The names given were correct, and of persons whom, I think, were never out of the state of Connecticut, who died when over 80 years old and who had been

## DEAD ABOUT TWENTY YEARS

I was satisfied on this point, for it might be called mind reading. Not satisfied beyond this I said to Mr. Foster that I had some names in an envelope not known to me that I would like him to announce. He replied that this would be an extra test and he should demand an extra price, naming \$10. I offered to give him the \$10 if he should give the names correctly, but in case he did not he should not demand the money. He looked at me for what seemed a full minute and then said: "You will please leave the room." I inquired how much I should pay him for the information already received, and he replied, "Nothing." I said that I did not stop at all investigations, especially for information of persons, spirits or matters of which I was totally ignorant. Subsequent experience has convinced me that information can be obtained of which each and all of the persons present are entirely ignorant.

## THE STRONGEST CASE IN MY EXPERIENCE

requires a short preface. For some fifteen years prior to 1877 a gentleman and his wife, whom we will call Mr. and Mrs. C., lived in Cleveland. His occupation brought him in contact with, and he was well known and respected by, most of the business men in the city. His wife had also a large circle of acquaintance. In 1877 or 1878, being about 60 years old, they decided to return to their former home in Massachusetts to spend their last days in quiet and ease.

While residents of Cleveland I had often met Mr. and Mrs. C., not only socially and friendly, but in religious interests. Furthermore, we all were from New England, and often had long conversations in regard to our New England home, our personal experiences, etc. During this long acquaintance and these free conversations Mrs. C. had often referred to her childhood history, which in substance was that she never had a brother or sister, was left an orphan when young, was brought up and cared for by her grandmother until married. Mr. C. died about two years after leaving Cleveland. Mrs. C. is still living.

## NOW FOR THE MYSTERIOUS.

About one year after the death of Mr. C. I was one of a circle of six friends—one of whom was a medium. We were listening to such communications as purported to come from spirits when Mr. C. came in, announced his name and left a communication which he desired sent to his wife. Then another name was announced which was unknown to each and all in the circle, and gave the history of his life, which in short was: "I was a brother of Mr. C. and he was left an orphan when young. When old enough I was put on a ship before the mast, and being obliged to mix with the other sailors, became dissipated, a drunkard and finally deranged. Was then put into a lunatic asylum and there remained until my spirit left the mortal body about four years ago. My sister (Mrs. C.) disowned me. This was

## A STARTLING STATEMENT.

especially that he was a brother to Mrs. C. and disowned by her. Now we had no other evidence that this statement was true. But I knew an old lady in Cleveland who was from the same eastern city as Mr. C. and who, I thought, could give me some light on this matter. I called to see her. She said she knew Mrs. C. well, knew her when a child, and thought Mrs. C. did have a brother, but having left her former home in 1833 had forgotten, at least, was not positive, as regards the brother, "but," she says, "I have a sister living up at the old home who will know all about it." (This lady consented to write a letter to her sister as I dictated, and I simply asked if she ever knew a boy or man named "C.") If so, was he still living, where, his occupation, etc? If dead, when did he die, where, of what disease, and did he ever have any brother or sister, and if so what did she know of them, especially as to whether dead or living and their present location or residence? In due time

## AN ANSWER WAS RECEIVED

corroborating this history of Mrs. C.'s brother as given by this medium. I have a letter in my possession and there are in this city four witnesses to this communication and all well acquainted with Mrs. C. and with her early history as related by her. This case is in evidence that you can be told what you do not know, and for this reason I have been somewhat particular in stating the circumstance. It is clearly not mind reading nor clairvoyance. What the force is I will not undertake to say, but respectfully submit it to thinkers.—Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

## A Heaven-Ordained Movement.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If any movement for promoting morality and virtue was ever heaven-ordained, the one designated as the "White Cross" movement must have been. It was one year Feb. 14, says the *New York Sun*, that Rector B. F. De Costa announced in the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, of that city, that the White Cross Society had been established in New York, with a membership of young men pledged to labor for the extinction of the social evil, to protect women from insult and harm, to rebuke indecent language, and to maintain that the law of chastity is equally binding on men and women. Feb. 14th, in the same church, the White Cross Society took root in the university of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. The new tracts, teaching the importance of personal purity, have now been issued by the New York branch. It has been found, the report says, that to-day the drink habit is the fatal feeder of sexual vice.

The report further says that the President of the White Cross Society in America was told by a champion in London, familiar with the facts, that the shocking revelations last summer of nauseous social vices in London did not reveal one-tenth of the truth. But the White Cross Society felt renewed hope in its crusade from the fact that frightful as the extent of wickedness was, it had already been much abated. Only a little while ago, the report said Dr. De Costa received a letter from Miss Ellice Hopkins, the head of the White Cross movement in London, in which she says:

"Already young girls below sixteen have disappeared from our miserable streets, and in ten years time, I believe we shall have delivered our land of her worst plague." The National Women's Temperance Union of Philadelphia recently established a department for the promotion of social purity, patterned after the White Cross Society. The women of the union have organized to save fallen women by women's aid. In Illinois, Miss Frances E. Willard has established in Chicago the Victoria League, an auxiliary of the White Cross, which especially seeks to labor among mothers and daughters with the view of exhibiting the effects of sexual vice, teaching a true psychology, and advocating the general establishment of a White Cross code of morals in female society.

The movement has spread among American colleges. The students of Lee University, in Virginia, formed a White Cross Society the moment they heard that one had been established in New York. The Society for the Prevention of State Regulation of

Vices is co-operating with the White Cross Society in fighting the social evil and toleration of it.

The formation of this society can not result otherwise than in great good to the world at large. Spiritualists should join the Society, because as a class they have the cleanest records in the world, and are the most instrumental of course, as a body in doing the greatest good.

REPORTER.

New York City.

## A HAUNTED HOLLOW.

An Old-Time Butler County (Penn.) Mystery Not Yet Fathomed.

(Oil City Derrick.)

The *Petrolia Record* says that fresh reports are coming in hourly in regard to ghostly appearances between Renfrew and Bleiboda, on the line of the P. and W. This locality is undoubtedly haunted, and it is useless to sneer it down. The apparition is just as much a reality as the eyesight that sees it. It is of no recent origin. Forty years ago hunters became so terrified and unnerved they could not be spotted. Sometimes they saw the form of an old man, and then again that of an old woman. Those who have seen it say it appears with the utmost suddenness, which absolutely paralyzes the beholders with terror. It rises from the road-bed, walks or glides along before its terrified victims, and then as suddenly disappears as it appeared, without making the least sound. Some, however, say that just before it disappears from view, strange weird music is heard and flashes of light are seen, accompanied by the sound of sledge blows upon a heavy piece of timber. There is an old tradition which is thought to account for the unearthly phenomenon. In the early days of Butler county a man is said to have murdered his wife and buried her in what is known as the Cranberry Swamp, which the railroad crosses at that point. Many who have seen the apparition are among our most reliable citizens and are unbelievers in things supernatural. It is beyond their comprehension. Almost nightly, between twelve and one o'clock, parties visit the scene of his ghastly appearance and come away more than satisfied with the evidence of their own eyes. Several workmen, rather than endure the terror inspired by these midnight mysterious manifestations from the Spirit-world, have thrown up their jobs and sought a more congenial location. We have been informed by a brakeman running on the P. and W. that freight trains running with light freight and on down grade have pulled through the place by using every pound of steam, and that as soon as past the engine would leap forward as if released by some immense load. All are confounded. None offer satisfactory solution of the strange and mysterious visitations. A few hoot at the idea, but we notice they are not eager to accept the large sums of money that have been offered to personally test the matter. The ghost is not in the least partial, but discloses himself or herself, as the case may be, to any one between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, A. M.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Ristori is writing her memoir.

Photography is the fashionable craze in Russia. The Emperor started it.

The Czarcowitz wishes to marry the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro.

A chemist has discovered an extract from coal tar 230 times sweeter than sugar.

Dead horses are quoted in London now at 15 shillings. Last year they were worth £2 or £2 10s.

All except fourteen reputable New York wholesale firms have signed a cast-iron pledge not to handle oleomargarine.

The young woman belonging to a society connected with St. Peter's Church in Oshkosh have publicly promised not to dance round dances any more.

It usually is a goose, but this time it is a turkey gobbler that has been dug out of a snow bank, where he had been buried for thirty-eight days. This was in Bryant, Kan., and the turkey is doing well.

An Indiana juror got tired the other night while the jury was out trying to reach a verdict in a Grant county case. So he crawled out of a window, went home, and was comfortably in bed when the Sheriff found him.

The French *Revue Botanique* announces a sure agent for the destruction of the mildew (*Peronospora viticola*), which is the chief scourge of vineyards over large areas in the United States. The agent is sulphate of copper.

A balky horse in Philadelphia the other day was proof against all ordinary methods of persuasion, until a little man smoking a big pipe came along. Just as soon as the man had emptied the burning tobacco and hot ash from his pipe into the horse's ears, the horse went tearing up the street as if he never intended to stop again.

The *Utica Observer* a few days ago received a returned letter that was sent out from its office over ten years ago. It was directed to "G. C. Gilbert, Esq., care of United States Consul, Lima, Peru," and where it has been all these years even the many United States and Peruvian postage stamps with which the envelope is decorated fall to tell.

A particular friend in Yokohama wrote to his correspondent in Plymouth: "Please to omit the word 'Esquire' at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Jenkins Johnson, Esq." By the way, the correspondent must make a reply direct in accordance with



The Chateau of Chenevrou, France, is now the home of M. Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grevy, and the bath-room still remains one of the features of the interior. The walls are covered with small beveled mirrors, scarcely larger than a span. Between these panels runs a slender line of gold, and at the intersections hang metal drops like tears, and just low enough to be reflected in the glass. The effect is most simple and brilliant, and the panels are so small that the purposes of a mirror are skillfully frustrated. The bath is of solid silver, with the water issuing from swan's heads, which, with a mirror behind, produces the illusion of swans on the surface of the water. All the other appointments are in keeping with this magnificent, even to an ante-room, where repose can be found with cigars after the bath.

The popularity of special Calendars has been fully established, and we have received from Fowler & Wells Co., New York, something entirely new, in the form of a Phenological Calendar. It consists of a Pictorial, Symbolical, Phenological Head, lithographed in colors, on heavy card-board, which is cut out in the shape of a head and face. A key to the Phenological faculties and a full Calendar for the year are conveniently attached to it. For the purpose of introducing the subject, the Calendar is sold at the low price of 10 cents, an amount merely intended to cover the cost of publishing, which may be ordered direct from the publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

Emilio Castelar is probably the most brilliant orator now living. A full-page portrait of him forms the frontispiece of the March Century, with articles by William Jackson Armstrong and Alvey A. Adee, of the State Department, Washington. The latter was a member of the American Legation in Spain at the time of Castelar's political ascendancy. The present situation in Spain makes these papers especially timely.

# WHAT

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES AND WHY.

### CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS, BACK ACHE.

### INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER OR URINARY ORGANS.

Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel, Stone, Dropsy, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Impotency or General Debility, Bright's Disease.

**WHY?** Because it is the only remedy known that has power to expel the uric acid and urea, of which there are some 500 grains secreted each day as the result of muscular action, and sufficient if retained in the blood, to kill six men. It is the direct cause of all the above diseases, as well as of Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Insanity and Death.

This great specific relieves the kidneys of too much blood, frees them from all irritants, restores them to healthy action by its certain and soothing power.

**IT CURES ALSO** Jaundice, Enlargement of the Liver, Abscess and Catarrh of the Bile Ducts, Biliousness, Headache, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Langor, Debility, Constipation, Gall Stones, and every unpleasant symptom which results from liver complaint.

**WHY?** Because it has a specific and positive action on the liver as well as on the kidneys, increasing the secretion and flow of bile, regulates the elaborating function, removes unhealthy formations, and, in a word, restores it to natural activity, without which health is an impossibility.

**IT CURES ALSO** Female Complaints, Leucorrhoea, Displacement, Enlargement, Ovarian Pain, Painful Menstruation, makes Pregnancy safe, prevents Convolutions and Child-Bed Fever and aids nature by restoring functional activity.

**WHY?** All these troubles, as is well known by every physician, arise from congestion and impaired kidney action, causing stagnation of the blood vessels and breaking down, and this is the beginning and the direct cause of all the ailments from which women suffer, and must as surely follow as night does the day.

**WHY** Warner's Safe Cure is acknowledged by thousands of our best medical men to be the only true blood purifier, because it acts upon scientific principles, striking at the very root of the disorder by its action on the kidneys and liver. For, if these organs were kept in health all the morbid waste matter so deadly poisonous if retained in the body, is passed out. On the contrary, if they are deranged, the acids are taken up by the blood, decomposing it and carrying death to the most remote part of the body.

**WHY** 93 per cent. of all diseases which afflict humanity, arise from impaired kidneys, is shown by medical authorities. Warner's Safe Cure, by its direct action, positively restores them to health and full working capacity, nature curing all the above diseases herself when the cause is removed, and we guarantee that Warner's Safe Cure is a positive preventive if taken in time.

As you value health take it to avoid sickness, as it will at all times and under all circumstances keep all the vital functions up to par.

We also Guarantee a Cure and beneficial effect for each of the foregoing diseases, also that every case of Liver and Kidney trouble can be cured where degeneration has not taken place, and even then benefit will surely be derived. In every instance it has established its claim.

**AS A BLOOD PURIFIER**, particularly in the Spring, it is unequalled, for you cannot have pure blood when the kidneys or liver are out of order.

**Look to your condition at once. Do not postpone treatment for a day, or an hour. The doctors cannot compare records with you. Give yourself thorough constitutional treatment with Warner's Safe Cure, and there are yet many years of life and health assured you!**

There is a Philadelphia club called "The Gourmands," and it is said to be richly named. Last annual dinner was eaten on Thursday night, and was supposed to be served in the "Greek style." Everything was served, whole and as natural as possible. Goldfish were passed around alive in glass globes, and soon after served with their scales on. A young wild boar, cooked but life-like, adorned the centre of the table. Several "poisons," looking very life-like in their furry pelts, stood around until devoured. One of the novelties was a pie of baked blackbirds.

**"What is Woman's Worth?"** asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 505 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The extinction of the deer in northern Michigan, one of the few remaining strongholds, will soon be accomplished. Many thousands of carcasses are being shipped from that region this winter, as heretofore, but they bring higher prices, and are procured with increasing difficulty.

**Hemorrhages Promptly Relieved.** The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" explains itself:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12, 1884. "Gentlemen:—The writer, who is a tenor singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desert from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Troches' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published."

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price 25 cents.

An exhibition of live fish, and all apparatus of fish catching and fish culture, will be made in Chicago in April under the charge of the American Fisheries Society.

## Scrofulous

Humors are caused by a vitiated condition of the blood which carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates the blood, and eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded. —W. F. Flower, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

For years my daughter was troubled with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was

### Cured

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results. —Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third St., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous humors on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disappeared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength. —Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

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sarsaparilla, furnish convincing evidence of its wonderful medicinal powers. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Affections

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest the use of a powerful blood purifier. For this purpose Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always proved itself unequalled.

I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally. —Lucia Case, 390 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

I was severely troubled, for a number of years, with an affection of the Stomach, and with Weak and Sore Eyes—the result of inherited Scrofula.

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a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my eyes and stomach have ceased to trouble me, and my health has been restored. —E. C. Richmond, East Saugus, Mass.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my Liver and Kidneys, and with severe pains in my back. Until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla I obtained no relief. This medicine has helped me wonderfully. I attribute my improvement entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gratefully recommend it to all who are troubled as I have been. —Mrs. Olla Nichols, 8 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

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## THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDIES.



(Continued from First Page.)  
ence. They should be interested in the enfoldment of truth for its own sake. Professional mediums will never convince the world of the truth of Spiritualism. It makes no progress; it hides rather than reveals truth. It is mercenary, and in many instances it is dependent and pauperized. Notwithstanding the defects of mediums and their methods the truth of a Spirit-world is made manifest through them. Indeed, what the cause is, they have made it. And we see the cause is hopeless until we have demonstrated again and again our fact, and conquered the indifference of educated men. When science is enthused with spiritual knowledge, and the intercourse between the minds of the two worlds common, the most brilliant accomplishments of civilization will become possible. The superior refinement and exalted wisdom of souls so long in spirit-life, will uplift the moral standing of man, purify earth life and ennoble its aspirations. Men who walk side by side with angels must be good and worthy. Men who have adorned the ages with the lustre of superior virtue, will not return to wage the tongue of mortal impregnation, and in whose soul the allurements of vice have added attractions. To such, grand spirits will not venture near. The nearer man can keep to the rigid line of virtue, which is not by any means the ethics set up by the arbitrary power of theology, he will secure the enjoyment of those external relations of life and that internal peace which passeth all understanding. The objective method in the careful study of Spiritualism alone can stand to the soul that solid ground on which to stand and which cannot be shaken in the trying moments of physical dissolution. The subjective method will inflate the soul with dreams and fancies more unreal than the hallucinations of children. Science gives safety and peace, belief insecurity and disappointment.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### SPIRIT ARTISTS AT WORK.

Painting without the Application of Visible Colors—Materializations—The Double.

One of the old-timers of Denver and Colorado is Judge C., a quiet, unostentatious, unassuming gentleman a little past the meridian of life, but one who is still full of business and up to his eyes in different sorts of enterprises. He is, withal, deeply versed in spiritual experience of a personal character, and is not, I am happy to say, made a crank thereby; but he takes a common sense view of things, and has never allowed the *ism* to run away with his intelligence, or to interfere with his business affairs. To such as seek information he is ready to impart knowledge, but he does not set himself up as an oracle or stand at the street corners to proclaim his views or to retail what he has witnessed.

A few nights ago I took a friend to visit him, and unbeknown to the Judge I purpose relating here a little of what he told us, some of which I had heard before. The principal object of my visit was to have the Judge show my friend some thirty or forty pictures that he had obtained under circumstances as astonishing as they were remarkable, through a medium in New York, with whom he became acquainted in 1880. Mrs. De B. was a powerful physical medium of whom he had heard, and as he was desirous of investigation he called upon her several times and observed with much interest the different phases of her mediumship, and at length it came to him as an impression that through her he could get pictures. The medium was willing to have the experiment tried, and the Judge resolved to make the attempt.

#### PICTURES MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARING ON CARDS.

The mode of procedure was as follows: Previous to the hour appointed for a seance with the medium Judge C. would go to a book store and purchase one or two cards such as are used by artists for miniature paintings, and as he could have no object in deceiving himself he took good care that they should not only be without spot or blemish, but that there should be no suspicion of a chemical preparation about them. Supplied with these he repaired to the apartments of Mrs. De B. A table would be placed in the middle of the room and there was an utter absence of paint, brushes, oils, crayons or other material whatsoever about the premises for the production of paintings or drawings. The medium in no case touched the cards, but they were set up reclining upon some object on the table by the Judge himself. The two would then sit at some distance from the table for a few minutes looking intently upon the card, when quick as a flash of lightning a picture would appear upon it, sometimes in oil paints, at others as crayon work, and then again in peculiar styles of coloring which experts have been unable to classify after careful study. On several occasions the Judge held a blank card above his head in presence of the medium instead of standing it on the table, and the pictures were produced just the same.

#### PORTRAITS OF LADY MONTAGUE AND VANDYKE.

The pictures were placed before us for our inspection. I had seen them some years before and exhausted my stock of exclamation points in wonder and admiration, and so I gave way to my friend, who is not only an uncompromising Spiritualist but a theosophical adept as well—he has traveled extensively and seen many wonderful things. Before calling on the Judge he thought he knew how it was all done, but on witnessing the result he could only say "most remarkable," "the most astounding exhibition I ever saw!" The most striking picture was that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a character who lived over a century ago and who has represented herself as being the Judge's guardian spirit, and who months previous had told him that at sometime she would present him with her likeness. It is a miniature painting in oil colors—thirteen different colors being used, I believe. This picture came, as I have before said, instantaneously, and the colors were moist when first observed, and had to be left to dry. It represents a lady of handsome features, dressed in the old style, and the work is certainly artistic and would require many hours or perhaps days to paint one like it. The coloring is rich and the expression life-like. Another striking miniature oil painting is that of Vandyke, the supposed spirit artist; also a life-like likeness of Judge C.'s wife who died under very distressing circumstances several years ago in this city. The pictures are too numerous to particularize, but they are all works of art and are highly prized by the Judge. I cannot forbear mentioning, however, one lovely piece, representing two bright spirits hand-in-hand that seem floating on the air. The spirit-wife of Judge C. had previously

told him that she would try to have produced a picture of "as we come to you." The two faces are those of the spirit wife and Lady Mary Montague.

#### A FINE PAINTING PRODUCED ON AN OLD PASTEBOARD.

On one occasion the Judge was at the medium's rooms, and had come unprepared with cards for pictures. Desirous of having a sitting, he cast about for the necessary material. The medium's little girl was then playing about the room and had in her possession a pasteboard box that had come from some dry-goods store, in which she kept her doll dresses, etc. The Judge coveted the box and offered the child fifty cents for it, and a trade was effected. He then removed the sides and ends of the box, leaving only the bottom part which presented a white, smooth surface, and this he sat upon on the table. After sitting as usual for some minutes, a very fine painting came in a twinkling, which if possible is prized above all the rest. On the reverse is the unmistakable trade-mark of the dry-goods firm from which the box proceeded, and which gives the picture unusual value as you may well suppose. But the crowning picture—the climax of all the rest, is the branch of a tree containing golden apples. As all the paintings and etchings had been produced without the visible presence of any pigments or material of any sort whatsoever save the card, paper or other blank surfaces on which the delineations were received, a question arose as to whether the invisible intelligences could not produce any kind of material—gold, for example—if they chose. On submitting the question to the controlling spirit it was answered in the affirmative, and that an attempt would be made to produce gold in a picture. The experiment was tried; a beautiful pearl grey background appearing first and a lovely branch laden with golden apples immediately afterward. The Judge has had a little of the gold chemically tested, and it is found to be genuine.

#### A PICTURE VANISHES.

It may be said in this connection that the Judge obtained one other beautiful picture under the same conditions, which he prized very highly. It was one having bands of gold in it, and he took it home and locked it up safely in one of his drawers. In a day or so afterward, when he went for it he found only a blank card—the picture had vanished! On repairing to the medium, and before he had informed her of his misfortune, the control informed him that while they could materialize gold, they could also dematerialize it. And this explained the mysterious disappearance. It is well that the Judge does not show these pictures to everyone; for he would be set down as a lunatic; but I would not more think of doubting his word on that point than I would upon any other, and his word and character are alike without reproach. Is it not a little singular that Mrs. De B. has never been able to get these pictures for any one except the Judge? The presence of the two seems to be a necessary condition.

#### MATERIALIZATIONS.

From spirit pictures the conversation turned to materialization, in which Judge C. is a firm believer. He is strong in his conviction of the genuine article—in fact, he says he knows it to be a demonstrated fact; but he also believes in personation—the medium being unconscious of it—and he also frankly affirms that fraud abounds among many of the mediums, and that each separate seance must stand or fall on its own merits. He relates a circumstance that occurred at a seance of a well-known materializing medium of this city a few years ago, which is, in brief, as follows: He had observed the resemblance, oftentimes, of the alleged spirit to the medium, and had been making it a matter of study and investigation. He went, on the evening in question, in a mood of serious thoughtfulness that amounted almost to skepticism, and after the seance had commenced, the spirit that usually attends him came and said to him: "We see what is in your mind—your doubt and perplexity. This evening we shall endeavor to show you a truly independent materialization, and then a case in which the person of the medium is used." Presently the same form came, took the Judge by the arm, led him to the cabinet, threw aside the curtain and showed the medium, sitting in her chair in a deep trance. He felt of her from head to foot, examining carefully the cords with which her hands were bound, and at the same time he had hold of the spirit form. "This," she whispered, "is an independent materialization," and disappeared. Almost instantly a form appeared again; the Judge was led into the cabinet and told to feel of the medium, but he found no medium there, but he did find the medium's clothing entire and resting upon the chair. Not a button, hook or eye had been disturbed, but she had been removed bodily from her clothing. Her stockings, shoes and everything were in place, and even the cord that bound her wrists was lying on the lap of the dress—every article of dress had simply been vacated as they stood. In some instances, what is supposed to be materialization the Judge thinks to be the double of the medium. And this led him to relate a remarkable case of the double that he once witnessed in New York.

#### A MARVELOUS MANIFESTATION.

He had been attending materializing seances at Astoria, some six miles from the city, and at the residence of Mr. Hatch. On a particular occasion Mr. and Mrs. De B. were invited to attend, and he was to accompany them. At the proper time Judge C. called for the parties named and was informed that their child was very sick and they did not dare to leave her—that he would be obliged to proceed without them, and must present their regrets to Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. Mrs. De B. was very much disappointed at not being able to go, and the Judge wended his way alone to the place of appointment, which is a fine residence on the banks of the Hudson, and is reached by two different routes, viz.: either by steamer up the Hudson or by street cars across the city, Fulton ferry, street cars again with quite a distance to walk at the end of transportation. He had not been long at the house of Mr. Hatch, when on going to the door and looking out, who should he see but Mrs. De B. coming up the walk alone, toward the entrance. It was a summer evening and daylight still lingered, so he was not mistaken in the person, though he was very much surprised to see her. He informed Mrs. Hatch of her coming, who went to the door to receive her. She had her hands full of flowers as she entered, and strewn them carelessly on the table she remarked, "I brought these for you, Mr. Hatch," and proceeded to salute each one present in the usual manner. The Judge, who had only a few minutes before presented her regrets to the hostess, was so much surprised and nonplussed at seeing her there so soon and unaccompanied, said: "Why, Mrs. De B., how did you get here; did you come by the boat?"

She replied, "I had no money."

It may be well to state that the lady is a large fleshy woman, weighing, perhaps, over 200 pounds, and while no one present doubted that it was Mrs. De B., there was something peculiar about her that very much puzzled the Judge, for she was seemingly reticent and her face did not appear quite as full as usual. She asked Mrs. Hatch for a drink of water, he says, "and Mrs. Hatch says she drank." On returning to the parlor she inquired what time it was, and the Judge taking out his watch, said it was half-past seven. "Then I must be going," she said, and arose to depart. This was remonstrated against by the host and hostess, for the seance had not yet taken place, and they were in the habit of entertaining their guests who came from a distance over night. But Mrs. De B. insisted on going, and the Judge said: "Well, if you are determined to go I will accompany you to the ferry," and taking his hat, followed her to the door. She slipped out and down the walk very nimbly, he thought, for a lady so heavy, in fact she got away from him and he had to run to overtake her, which he did at the gate. Passing through this she turned and said to him in a whisper:

"Go back, go back, I can go without you!" and immediately disappeared. He returned to the house, told his story to the guests and the conclusion was reached that they had been entertaining Mrs. De B.'s double. The Judge says he did not sleep much that night from pondering over the mysterious occurrence. After breakfast the next morning he left for New York, and on his arrival in the city he went at once to the home of Mrs. De B., who, after the first salutations were over, asked:

"Well, what kind of a time did you have at Mr. Hatch's last night?"

"Very good, and how did you enjoy yourself the little time you were there?"

"Me there? Why, I wasn't there! you know better than that!"

"Then I want to ask you a question," said the Judge. "Where were you last evening from six to half-past seven?"

She stopped to think a moment and then said:

"Why, at about five o'clock I went to see the physician and got a recipe for our child, and then went to the drug store to have it filled. From there I proceeded to the market and purchased supplies for Sunday. I then came home and found the washerwoman waiting for me. I paid her off and put away the clean clothes she had brought. It was then about half-past six, I should judge, and feeling very much fatigued I went up stairs and lay down upon the lounge and fell asleep."

"Yes," said Mr. De B., who was present, "I went to your room once or twice early in the evening and found you sound asleep."

The Judge then told his story, but Mrs. De B. had no recollection of having been in Astoria that night, not even in the double.

#### SPIRITUAL VISITANTS.

It is no unusual thing for Judge C. to have spiritual visitants in the quiet and privacy of his own apartments, but in such cases he is the only witness, and there is no one to corroborate his statements. A few years ago, however, he saw the spirit of his wife under circumstances so remarkable as to leave no doubt as to his own sanity. He tells a story about as follows: "During the lifetime of Mrs. C. I was frequently called away on business to the East, remaining absent some length of time. Mr. R. of this city, a cousin of hers, who always has a plenty of good lively teams, as soon as he would hear of my return to Denver he would come to my house and take us out to ride. Some time after Mrs. C.'s death I had returned from the East after a long absence, and Mr. R. came to call on me. We sat together for a while, talking over matters, not forgetting to mention the departed wife and cousin. On arising to go Mr. R. invited me to ride out with him. His buggy was standing at the door and we got in and drove off. It was a bright, sunny day and between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and just as we were nearing the corner of Arapahoe and 20th streets, I saw my wife as plainly as I ever saw her in the world. She was standing on the curbstone in the act of stepping down to cross over the street, and she was looking toward us with a glad, joyous expression such as she always used to have on my return from a journey. Before I had time to speak Mr. R. exclaimed: 'My God, there is cousin Lou!' On turning his horse, short, to pass by the curbstone, I looked away for a second, fearing we might upset, and on turning my eyes again toward the vision, it had disappeared. Had I seen it alone I might possibly have regarded it as an optical illusion, but Mr. R. saw it at the same time. He was not a Spiritualist then, but he has been one ever since." R. A. REYN.

Denver, Feb. 28, 1886.

#### Interesting Experiences in Investigating Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"All is not gold that glitters." What we want are facts to establish any given proposition, and by comparing different individual experiences, much truth may be gleaned in relation to any subject under consideration for elucidation.

Spiritualism is doubtless the most important subject ever presented to the human mind. It comprehends everything that affects the destiny of man, whether in mortal or spiritual life; besides it is a vast subject, coming within the domain of natural laws, and spirit control over material things. In many aspects it is incomprehensible, for the field to be explored is great; but enough has been demonstrated to establish beyond equivocation the fact of immortality, with a meagre statement, as far as human senses can appreciate and understand, of the homes and employments of those of our friends who have passed the valley and shadow of death. It is an indisputable fact to millions that our dear loved friends who have gone on before, do often return to earth when the conditions are made right (just as the necessary conditions are requisite for the photographer to obtain the picture or the chemist to obtain good results in his laboratory), by which they can manifest. Early education and habit has more to do with moulding people's minds and actions than we are disposed to give credit at first glance. There are a very limited number of people, who have attained to adult age, who can say they have been free to think and act independent of early training, habit, or the rules which govern fashionable society. Most people never give a passing thought in relation to any subject beyond the ones they were reared in. The lady of fashionable society will cheerfully submit to the most arbitrary rules in order to maintain her position in society. They may be members of the leading churches. The preachers may dilate eloquently on the importance of living spiritual lives, still the devotion to fashion is controlled by the material side of life. But no one can acceptably worship God and mammon at the

same time. Materialistic influences have captured the churches. Money is power, and leads to valing, show, and imposing ceremonies, the glare and glitter of which is in harmony with the material mind, but condemned by the Christ spirit.

The orthodox churches hold to the doctrine of an endless hell, of material fire and brimstone. The two most flagrant sins, pride and hypocrisy, were severely denounced by the Master. The revelations made to mankind through modern Spiritualism upsets the orthodox theory of an everlasting hell, and in lieu thereof everlasting universal progression is substituted; that the universal father is not angry and vindictive, as old theology would have us believe; that as unfolding endless progression is the rule prescribed, it comes within the domain of natural law, and is universal in its operation to all the human family; therefore, it is the spirit or mind of man which makes the conditions, for heaven is within each breast, and is not a fixed locality. Each individual in the fleshly form erects his or her own home in the life beyond. It is a state of the spiritual mind. With some there will be hell enough as it has to be endured. Take the class, the proud and hypocritical, who have built to these dispositions. On entering spiritual existence, they will be clothed in rags and tatters, and feel humiliated. There are no compulsory laws governing in spirit-life, for each spirit naturally gravitates to the congenial society it delighted in when in the primary department. The spiritual conception has become quickened and more acute. While any cannot enter the higher conditions, until they prepare for the same, still they may view their splendor at a distance, until they arouse within themselves an earnest desire to be there; then they will begin to realize their own true conditions and the cause interposing a free egress to higher attainments, which after being atoned for, they may continue to advance onward, with perceptions to lead and guide.

In conversation with a cultured Episcopal lady on this subject, I asked if she would like to accompany me to a place where she might possibly meet with her spirit husband. "No! indeed," she replied. "I laid my husband away in the cemetery to rest. I have no desire to disturb his repose. There let him remain until the resurrection day." She gave a material view of the case, in laying more stress on a worthless lump of clay than on the immortal part of her husband, which is all there is, or ever will be to any individual. Her church had failed to add another creed to show the status of the spirit between the time of her interment of the body, and the general resurrection they are looking forward to, as she had been educated to believe in.

That grand old philosopher, Socrates, who lived five hundred years before Jesus, and who was controlled by his guardian spirit, possessed clearer views on the philosophy of life and after death, than most Christians do, notwithstanding he was overshadowed by Grecian idolatry and atheism. When ordered to drink the fatal hemlock, he regarded the body with utter indifference; but viewing his immortal part, he said, "Catch me if you can!" Socrates reasoned and argued from nature up to nature's God.

Fifteen years ago, on a visit to Louisville, Ky., when that renowned medium, Mrs. Hollis, was in full vigor and in the prime of her mediumship for independent slate-writing and spirit voices, as well as for spirit materializations, a widow lady friend, who was in deep mourning for her husband, and who was finely educated, and who circulated in the very best society, and a member of a leading church, had never seen any spirit manifestations. She was in great distress of mind over some family matters. I informed her that if she would, with another lady friend, go with me to Mrs. Hollis, she might be brought into communication with Mr. H., the spirit of her husband, possibly, and who might assist her in her troubles. Mrs. H. consented. Just before reaching the medium's residence, she requested me to introduce her as Mrs. Smith, for the reason, as she stated, she did not wish her lady friends to find out that she had been to see a "fortune teller." After sitting around the table for some time without results, Mrs. Hollis presented to me a very strange appearance, and gave us all a penetrating look in the eyes, and remarked that it was no use to try any longer; there is something wrong somewhere, and I don't know what it is. But I insisted that we try again; she consenting, we soon heard writing going on, when the following message was found written:

"MY DEAR.—The next time you come here to hold communication with me, don't sail under false colors.—SMITH."

After that we held a seance for materialization. It was satisfactory to all present. The manifestations were powerful. Mrs. H.'s husband and father appeared, very natural, too, for I knew both when living in the flesh. Mrs. H. said she identified both to her entire satisfaction, and went away comforted and pleased. In a few weeks, however, after meeting her friends, she went back upon the whole thing, and declared the medium to have been a humbug and a fraud; but Mrs. H. did no worse than Peter did when he denied his Lord and Master.

Many an honest and genuine medium has been grossly misrepresented and slandered by sending out false reports, coming from sources like this lady, who was the slave to fashionable life and too timid to stand up for the truth. To those who have enjoyed Mrs. Hollis's seances, and heard the voices of the spirits, Nolan and Ski, where did the humbug and fraud come from in this instance? The law of compensation will square all things, however, sooner or later.

Two years ago, Mrs. Maude E. Lord held two or three seances in my house. There were twenty persons in the circle. About forty spirits put in an appearance, with many others present anxious to do so, but were crowded out. Among the spirits manifesting were four who reported to the medium that they had entered spirit existence by committing suicide. Their haggard appearance shocked the medium. These spirits had kindred friends present, with whom they desired to communicate. The medium designated the persons in the circle, whom each spirit represented, although they were all strangers to her, but they all disowned having had relatives in their families who had committed suicide. Mrs. Lord remarked to those parties interested, "There is no use to deny it, because I can see the spirits; they give me their names and circumstances of their passing away," repeating them, all confessed the truth of her statement. These unfortunate and unhappy spirits were brought there to be aided in a start towards progress, to advance upward out of their darkened conditions. At first their friends were ashamed to acknowledge them or receive them—such is the false pride of mortals; but Jesus after his crucifixion was not too proud to visit that class of unhappy spirits in the prison of darkness, and direct them to higher conditions of angelic light. It is not an

unusual thing for orthodox priests and ministers to assail Spiritualism from the pulpit, as the works of the devil. I wish we had a little more of the same kind of devil work the following incident relates: An acquaintance of mine, a Catholic, who for years drank to excess, which had impaired his intellect, and he was becoming a moral and physical wreck. A spirit came near to him, calling him by his given name several times, when my friend asked, "Who are you?" When the spirit announced its name, which was a peculiar one, my friend became agitated and interested. The spirit remarked, calling his friend by name: "I have been following you for years, seeking the opportunity to say to you that you are of such a nervous and impulsive temperament, it will not do for you to drink intoxicating liquors. Will you promise me you will never drink again strong drink?" My friend said: "Yes, I promise." Afterwards he informed me the spirit was a room mate with him at college, when and where he passed away eighteen years previously. The warmest attachment existed between them.

I am well aware that there are those who are opposed to dark circles, but I have received some of the best evidences of the grand truth of spiritual enlightenment in dark circles. Light seances, whether spiritual, church or society, are sometimes abused and imposed upon; dark spiritual seances not any more so. The want of space prevents me from presenting the conditions necessary, and the advantages to both spirit and mortals, in dark circles.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

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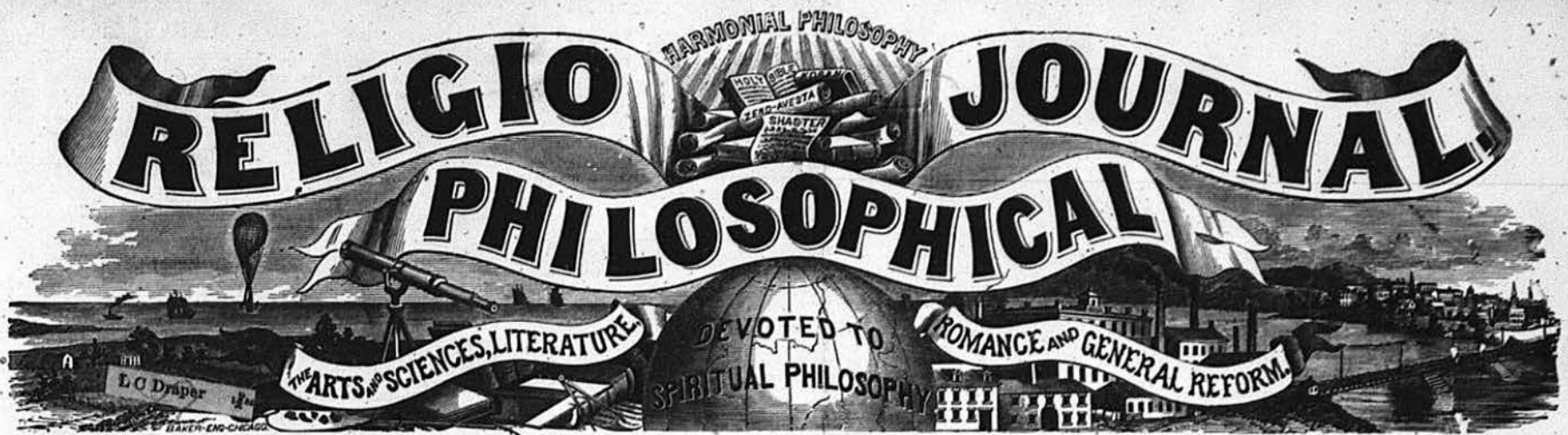
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 20, 1886.

No. 4

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

### SPIRITUALISM—SLADE.

#### THE WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF SLADE.

The Crucial Tests by Prof. Johann Carl Friedrich Zollner and Others.

General Indorsement—Slade in Leipzig—Seeming Impossibilities—Tearing Asunder a Screen—The Passage of Matter Through Matter—Disappearance and Reappearance of a Material Body—A Table Disappears—Materialization of a Hand—Sprinkled with Water—Impression of Feet Inside of a State—Four Knives Tied in an Endless Cord—The Conjurer Belittled.

BY DR. J. FREDERICK BABCOCK.

The unfortunate charges—I was about to write occurrences, but I am not as yet prepared to admit so much in view of the facts which are involved within the subject-matter of this paper—against the genuineness of the mediumship of Henry Slade which have been made in Weston, W. Va., and circulated broadcast among the secular press of the country, seem to merit—nay demand—very careful consideration in the minds of those who love the truth, and hate, despise and condemn the fraud which is, alas, so frequently encountered by those who are conscientiously endeavoring to investigate the claims of Spiritualism in an impartial manner, the basic or fundamental one of which may be said to be that, under proper conditions, the so-called dead possess the ability to come back to us on this sphere, and make their power manifest by the production of widely varying phenomena, which, occurring in the presence of a peculiarly endowed physical, mental or spiritual condition of the operator, justifies us in designating such a person as a "medium."

#### GENERAL ENDORSEMENT OF SLADE.

Now, if there is any one person whom the cause of Spiritualism has heretofore endorsed as possessing genuine mediumistic power—endorsed as a medium, through whom the spirits of the dead effected absolutely genuine phenomena—endorsed after such investigation and under such test conditions, as was wholly worthy of such a cause, then that person is Henry Slade, and in view of the charges recently made of this man's utter worthlessness as a medium, of asserted deliberate fraud in his methods, I would ask: Has this great cause been heretofore deceived in its approval of him? If so, or even if it were possible that it could be so, under the circumstances, then Spiritualism has received a most cruel, a most pitiful wound, the pain of which will be felt as a burden of sorrow in every individual heart which loves—nay, worships at the shrine of the possibilities, which Spiritualism tenders so freely to all who love their dead.

In that which I shall further have to say, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make no reference whatever to the individual Slade, or in connection with what his status as a medium may be at the present moment, since an endorsement should only be held responsible as applying to the specific acts which it has previously approved. I propose in this article to deal solely with the medium Slade, as he has been in the past, leaving the present and future to care for itself; that past which Spiritualism has heretofore sanctioned through the investigations of its most worthy, most competent, and most eminent investigators.

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER.

For the purposes of this paper I shall se-

lect from many such investigators of the genuineness of Slade's mediumship the methods and conclusions of but one; the one who was, perhaps, in all respects the most perfectly prepared and fitted by a life-long scientific training for his task. I allude to Johann Carl Friedrich Zollner—the great German savant, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences, etc., etc., who says of himself in connection with his investigation of Slade: "The precautionary measures which I have taken on these occasions were such that, for my understanding, every possibility of deception or subjective illusion was excluded. I do not, however, assert that these measures will be regarded as sufficient by the understanding of other men. I am, therefore, quite ready and willing to receive instruction and enlightenment as to better precautions than those adopted by me, provided that my advisers have given other proofs of an intellectual competence superior to my own, to induce me to defer to them and to recognize them as judges of facts of observation which they have not seen, but now learned for the first time from my description."

My purpose in this article is to reproduce something of the results, and the methods used by Prof. Zollner in his examination into the genuineness of Slade's mediumship as it then existed, thereby adding to the determination whether our cause has been in error, or has anything whatever to retract in connection with its acquiescences as to the genuineness of Slade's claims as a medium; nay, more: whether it would be anything whatever to retract even though Slade were to condemn himself on to-morrow as a freshly developed fraud and impostor of the most pronounced and dangerous character.

#### HENRY SLADE IN LEIPZIG.

After many vicissitudes en route, including an arrest in London upon the charge of fraud, Henry Slade, the American medium, arrived in Leipzig on the afternoon of the 15th of November, 1877. He was unaccompanied by any of his party, all of whom he had left in Berlin. It is not essential to describe how Prof. Zollner, then a skeptic, became interested in the medium now under discussion; suffice it to say that in the interests of science he determined to probe the matter of the genuineness of Slade's asserted mediumship to the bottom, and with such an object in view, in order that he might enjoy every possible facility, and possess all the opportunities that he could desire in his intended investigation, Slade was given, and accepted an invitation to make Zollner's house his home during the period of the experiments, covering many days. From that time on, until the termination of the inquiry, Slade was practically isolated from all communication with the outer world. Alone he went to Zollner's house to undergo a series of tests, the severity of which no other professed medium had ever before encountered, nor perhaps since, and alone he remained to the end.

But before proceeding with my quotations I may as well say here that, in order to give my investigation all the features of a properly conducted scientific inquiry, Prof. Zollner induced the following gentlemen among his friends and colleagues of the University to assist him in his contemplated experiments: William Edward Weber, Professor of Physics at Leipzig, of whom it is said "no scientific reputation stands higher in Germany than that of Weber; Prof. Scheibner, of Leipzig, a well known and highly distinguished mathematician; Gustave Theodore Fechner, eminent as a natural philosopher, Professor at Leipzig, and the author of many scientific works; together with several other eminent persons; who were invited from time to time to further assist their endeavors, all of whom unite in the assertion that Slade was practically isolated from all communication with the outer world. Alone he went to Zollner's house to undergo a series of tests, the severity of which no other professed medium had ever before encountered, nor perhaps since, and alone he remained to the end.

As a matter of explanation I will here say that I may not, at all times, employ the exact language used by Prof. Zollner in relation to the intentions and designs of the parties in connection with the tests and experiments they undertook in the presence of Slade. For the sake of brevity I shall occasionally make use of my own language, though rendering it substantially the same, but as to the results which were actually accomplished, I use Prof. Zollner's own language verbatim et literatim.

#### SEEMING IMPOSSIBILITIES.

For a time comparatively minor matters—though sufficiently startling in themselves—in connection with phenomena, occupied the investigators' attention in their sittings with their medium, but becoming emboldened by their success in these, Prof. Zollner determined to suggest the accomplishment of seeming physical impossibilities, and it is to this sort of manifestations that I shall call the readers' attention. As a first question I will reproduce his and his friends' sitting with Slade wherein their experiments were connected with some wholly unlooked for and unanticipated phenomena. With these preliminary remarks I will now permit Prof. Zollner to speak for himself through his English translator, Charles Carleton Massey, Barrister at Law, London, England:

MOVEMENTS OF THE BED AND TEARING ASUNDER A SCREEN.

"Upon the next evening—Friday, Nov. 13, 1877—I placed a card table, with four chairs,

in a room which Slade had not yet entered. After Fechner, Prof. Braune, Slade and myself were seated, and had placed our interlinked hands upon the table, there were raps on the table. Two hours previously I had bought a slate and marked it; on this the writing began in the usual manner. My pocket knife, which I had lent to Slade to cut off a fragment of pencil, was laid upon the slate, and while Slade was placing the slates partially under the leaf of the table, the knife was suddenly projected to the height of one foot, and then thrown down upon the table, but, to our extreme surprise, was open. The experiment was several times repeated with like result, and for proof that the knife was not projected by any movement of the slate, Slade laid at the same time as the knife a bit of slate pencil on the slate, and to fix its position made a small cross on the place. Immediately after the knife had been projected, Slade showed us the slate, on which the bit of pencil remained unmoved near the mark. The double slate after being well cleaned and a piece of pencil placed in it, was then held by Slade over the head of Prof. Braune. The scratching was soon heard and when the slate was opened, a long piece of writing was found on it. While all this was going on, a bed which stood in the room behind a screen suddenly moved about two feet from the wall, pushing the screen outward. Slade was more than four feet distant from the bed, had his back turned toward it, and his legs crossed, always visible, and toward the side away from the bed. I then returned the bed to its original place. A second sitting took place immediately with Prof. Weber, Scheibner and myself. While experiments similar to those first described were being successfully made, a violent crack was suddenly heard, as in the discharging of a large battery of Leyden jars. On turning with some alarm in the direction of the sound, the before-mentioned screen fell apart in two pieces. The strong wooden screws, half an inch thick, were torn from above and below, without any visible contact of Slade with the screen. The parts broken were at least five feet removed from Slade, who had his back to the screen, but even if he had intended to tear it down by a cleverly devised sidewise motion, it would have been necessary to fasten it on the opposite side. As it was, the screen stood quite unattached, and the grain of the wood being parallel to the axis of the cylindrical wooden fastenings, the wrenching asunder could only be accomplished by a force acting longitudinally to the part in question. We were all astonished at this unexpected and violent manifestation of mechanical force, and asked Slade what it all meant; but he only shrugged his shoulders, saying that such phenomena occasionally, though somewhat rarely, occurred in his presence. As he spoke, he replaced, while still standing, a piece of slate pencil on the polished surface of the table, laid over it a slate purchased and just cleaned by myself, and pressed the five spread fingers of his right hand on the upper surface of the slate, while his left hand rested on the centre of the table. Writing began on the inner surface of the slate, and when Slade turned it up the following sentence was written in English. 'It was not our intention to do harm; forgive what has happened.'

In connection with the rendering of this screen, and in order to prove conclusively that it was an impossibility for Slade to have accomplished it by his own strength, a scientific computation was made later on, which demonstrated that the amount, or strength of a pull necessary to accomplish the result of rending this wood longitudinally was 198 cwts. Further computations were made as to the strength of a man whose immense power earned for him the title of a "Hercules," of which Zollner says:

"Comparing the above with the force 198 cwts., requisite for the rending of my bed screen, it will be seen that the strength of the Hercules referred to would have to be multiplied by nearly ten—applied in a favorable position—to produce the physical manifestation which took place in Slade's presence without contact."

#### THE PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

Upon page 96, Prof. Zollner writes:

"In order to exclude as far as possible the dependence of, to us inexplicable, phenomena upon human testimony, I desired to advise experiments such that the permanent effect, as final result, should be completely unexplainable according to the conceptions we have hitherto entertained upon the laws of nature. With this object I had arranged the following experiment."

1. Two wooden rings, one of oak, the other of alderwood, were turned each from one piece. The outer diameter of the rings was 105 millimeters, the inner 74 millimeters. Could these two rings be interlinked, without solution of continuity, the test would be additionally convincing by close microscopic examination of the unbroken continuity of the fibre. Two different kinds of wood being chosen, the possibility of cutting both rings from the same piece is likewise excluded. Two such interlinked rings would consequently in themselves represent a 'miracle,' that is, a phenomenon which our conceptions heretofore of physical and organic processes would be absolutely incompetent to explain."

Prof. Zollner also provided for this experiment an endless band of dried gut with the desire to obtain a true knot tied in the band, so that if he succeeded a "close microscopic examination would also reveal whether the connection of the parts of this strip" (or band) "had been severed or not." As the re-

sult of this preparation: "On the 9th of May, at 7 o'clock in the evening, I was alone with Slade in our usual sitting room. A fresh wind having blown all the afternoon, the sky was remarkably clear and the room, which has a westerly aspect, was brilliantly lighted by the setting sun. The two wooden rings, and the before mentioned entire bladder band, were strung on to a piece of catgut one millimetre in thickness and 1.05 metre in length. The two ends of the catgut were tied together by myself in a knot, and then secured by myself with my own seal. When Slade and I were seated at the table in the usual manner I placed my two hands over the upper end of the sealed catgut. [The accompanying photograph here shows the hands resting upon the table covering the knotted and sealed end of the catgut, the loop of which is hanging down between the sitters' legs toward the floor; suspended by the loop of gut are the wooden rings of separate woods, and the endless band of bladder.] After a few moments had elapsed and Slade had asserted, as usual during physical manifestations, that he saw lights, a slight smell of burning was apparent in the room—it seemed to come from under the table, and somewhat recalled the smell of sulphuric acid. Shortly afterwards we heard a rattling sound at the small round table opposite, as of pieces of wood knocking together. When I asked if we should close the sitting, the rattling was repeated three times consecutively. We then left our seats, in order that we might ascertain the cause of the rattling at the round table. To our great astonishment we found the two wooden rings which about six minutes previously were strung on the catgut, in complete preservation, encircling the leg of the small table. [This table had but a few moments before been brought into the room by the Professor, and as shown in an accompanying photograph was a common small round top center table made of birch wood. It will be remembered that the wood of the rings was oak and alderwood. The top of this table rested upon a fancifully turned and carved standard, two or three inches in diameter, which in turn rested upon three branching legs; they supporting the whole. The rings were found encircling the standard between the top of the table and its widely branching legs, thus demonstrating a passage of matter through matter, since no human agency could place the rings, in their position, as found, without removing either the table top or its legs, which under the precautions observed was absolutely impossible. This table and rings are still in existence, and upon several occasions has served as the objective point in the pilgrimage of various noted persons, among them the Reverend Joseph Cook.] The catgut was tied in two loose knots, through which knots the endless bladder band was hanging uninjured. Immediately after this sitting, astonished and highly delighted at such a wealth of permanent results, I called my friend and his wife into the sitting room. Slade fell into one of his usual trances and informed us that the invisible beings surrounding him had endeavored, according to my wish, to tie some knots in the endless band, but had been obliged to abandon their intention as the band was in danger of 'melting' during the operation under the great increase of temperature, and that we should perceive this by the whiteness of a spot on the band. Having taken the band into my own hands immediately after the sitting, and held it up to the moment of Slade's communication, I felt great interest in noting the correctness of this assertion. There was, in fact, a white spot as indicated, and when we took another piece, of exactly the same material, and held it over a lighted candle the effect of the increased temperature was to produce precisely such another white spot."

Will any person be likely to assert that Slade, under the circumstances, produced the above two distinct passages of matter through matter, as related by any process of trickery? Doubtless, for there are those who will assert the moon to be made of green cheese. Thoughtful people will, in consequence of the above relation find therein food for reflection; but as is trenchantly said by T. L. Nichols, M. D., of London in connection with a similar success by a wholly different medium: "It is certain that no mortal man could have tied these knots; equally certain that all the philosophers and all the 'magicians' of Europe cannot now untie them under the same conditions."

#### DISAPPEARANCE AND REAPPEARANCE OF A MATERIAL BODY.

Upon the morning of the 5th of May, Prof. Zollner expressed the wish to Slade that, at their then contemplated sitting, there might occur in some very striking manner, if possible, the disappearance and reappearance of a "material body." "Ready at once for the experiment, Slade requested Herr Von Hoffmann to give him a book; the latter thereupon took from the small bookshelf at the end of a book printed and bound in octavo. Slade laid this upon a slate, held the same partly under the edge of the table, and immediately withdrew the slate again without the book. We searched the card table carefully everywhere outside and inside. So also we searched the small room, but all in vain; the book had vanished. After about five minutes we again took our places at the table for further observations, Slade opposite me, Von Hoffmann between us on my left. We had scarcely sat down when the book fell from the ceiling of the room on to the table striking my right ear with some violence in its descent. The direction in which it came down from above seemed from this to have been an

oblique one, proceeding from above and behind my back. Slade, during this occurrence, was sitting in front of me, and keeping both his hands quietly on the table. He asserted shortly before, as usual on occasions of similar physical phenomena that he saw lights hovering in the air, or attached to bodies, whereof, however, neither my friend nor myself were ever able to perceive anything."

#### MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A TABLE.

"In the sitting of the following day, the 6th of May at a quarter past eleven, by bright sunshine, I was to be witness, quite unexpectedly and unpreparedly, of a yet far more magnificent phenomenon of this kind. I had as usual taken my place with Slade at the card table. Opposite to me stood, as was often the case in other experiments a small round table near the card table. The height of the round table is 77 centimetres, diameter of the surface 46 centimetres, the material birch-wood, and the weight of the whole table 4.5 kilogrammes. About a minute might have passed after Slade and I had sat down and laid our hands joined together on the table when the round table was set in slow oscillations, which we could both clearly perceive in the top of the round table rising above the card table, while its lower part was concealed from view by the top of the card table. The motions very soon became greater, and the whole table approaching the card table laid itself under the latter, with its three feet turned towards me. Neither I nor, as it seemed, Mr. Slade, knew how the phenomenon would further develop since during the space of a minute, which now elapsed, nothing whatever occurred. Slade was about to take slate and pencil to ask his 'spirits' whether we had anything still to expect, when I wished to take a nearer view of the position of the round table lying, as I supposed, under the card table. To my and Slade's great astonishment we found the space beneath the card table completely empty, nor were we able to find in all the rest of the room that table which only a moment before was present to our senses. In the expectation of its reappearance we sat again at the card table, Slade close to me, at the same angle of the table opposite that near which the round table had stood before. We might have sat about five or six minutes, in intense expectation of what should come when Slade suddenly again asserted that he saw lights in the air. Looking up in the air eagerly and astonished, in different directions, Slade asked me if I did not perceive the great lights. I answered decidedly in the negative; but as I turned my head, following Slade's gaze up to the ceiling of the room behind my back, I suddenly observed, at the height of about five feet, the hitherto invisible table, with its legs turned upwards, very quickly floating down in the air upon the top of the card table. Although we involuntarily drew back our heads sideways, Slade to the left and I to the right, to avoid injury from the falling table, yet we were both, before the round table had laid itself down on the top of the card table, so violently struck on the side of the head, that I felt the pain on the left of mine fully four hours after this occurrence, which took place at about half-past eleven."

#### MATERIALIZATION OF A HAND.

Upon page 86, Prof. Zollner says that desiring to repeat an experiment which had succeeded with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, "I then took a slate myself, and held it with my right hand under the table. While now, as I did so, Slade's hands, continually visible to me, lay quietly on the table, there appeared suddenly a large hand, close in front of me, emerging from under the edge of the table. All the fingers of the hand moved quickly, and I was able to observe them accurately during a space of at least two minutes. The color of the hand was pale and inclined to an olive green. And now while I continually saw Slade's hands lying before me on the table, and he himself sat at the table on my left, the above mentioned hand rose suddenly as quick as an arrow, still higher, and grasped with a powerful pressure my left upper arm for over a minute long. When this hand had disappeared—Slade's hands lying on the table after as before—I was so violently pinched on my right hand, which during these four minutes was all along holding the before-mentioned slate under the table, that I could not help crying out. With this manifestation the extraordinary sitting ceased."

At this sitting there had been other marvelous phenomena constantly occurring. Upon the morning of the 15th of Dec., at half-past ten o'clock, "while W. Weber, Fechner, and Scheibner, were present, suddenly Weber's coat was unbuttoned under the table, his gold watch was taken from his waistcoat pocket, and was placed gently in his right hand, as he held it under the table. During this proceeding, which occupied about three minutes, and was described exactly in its particular phases by Weber, Mr. Slade's hands were, be it understood, before our eyes upon the table, and his legs crossed sidewise in such a position that any employment of them was out of the question. This sitting took place at my residence, in the corner room lighted by four large windows. Those who seek to explain the phenomena described above, and proved also at other places by reliable observers, of visible and tangible human limbs, by suppositions of possible deception by means of gutta serena hands, and so forth, treat the matter without consideration, since they judge of phe-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



### The Sheep and the Goats, or the Problem of Crime.

Synopsis of a Discourse Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 14, 1886, by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by John B. Cummings.)

In the 25th chapter of Matthew, Jesus, a short time before his death, gave a graphic description of the last judgment, when all nations should be summoned to appear and give testimony individually and collectively in regard to their actions in this world. And whoever had not led the true life, who—whosoever had failed in striving to embody truth, should be set on the left hand, even as a shepherd separates the goats from the sheep. Those found wanting should be cast into everlasting fire, while the elect should inherit eternal life.

With a large class of people the sayings of Jesus, as reported, have the force of authority and are conclusive. To question them is to be called "infidel" and to deserve eternal death. The time has arrived for some at least, who are not satisfied with authoritative statements, to investigate for themselves. Nothing is too sacred for analysis, and no subject is quite settled. Let us see if any one has the right to call the vast majority of people "goats." It is a question for scientists as well as for theologians. In judging of a person's innocence or guilt, we should consider the influence of ancestry and of environment. Let us see how the present civilization is related to the past. How can the will mould the soul's destiny? What is the philosophy of crime? What is the genesis of sin?

There are three causes of crime—ignorance, idleness and intemperance. Ignorance is a failure to know the facts of existence, and a failure to trace effects to causes and causes to effects. Idleness is an inactivity of the faculties from want of opportunity, or from lack of a definite aim or incentive. Intemperance is an excess in any department. The forces run riot in one direction and lie fallow in another, causing a loss of equilibrium. This ignorance concerning the qualities of the human mind and its possibilities was the necessary result of the undeveloped condition of primal man. Excesses naturally arise from ignorance, but ignorance is not a crime, and no man should be punished on account of his ignorance. Suffering is nature's method for instruction. All punishment is illegitimate when exacted for sin or when its end—enlightenment—is lost to view. Nature instructs by degrees, first in the physical department, then in the mental, and finally in the moral. We are barbarians first, the same as the primal man, in our infancy. Barbarism is the infancy of the human race. Our barbarism differs from that of the past, because we possess the latent capacity, which is the result of the slowly ripening civilization of many ages, which we inherit. A babe resembles the primal man; and there are many mental and moral infants of mature years, who are full grown ignorances—who, from lack of the mental development, are misled by false theories and views. A child with bad habits is harder to train than one without fixed habits.

The first crime against human nature was committed through ignorance. The first crime against another was prompted by idleness. It was perpetrated by all who wished to possess what he had not earned. Crimes against individuals and society at large are caused, in the majority of cases, either directly or indirectly by intemperance. Strong drink clouds the mind and reduces the spiritual nature to an abnormal state. With all our boasted civilization and Christianity, we have yet to see the form of government which is guided by the Golden Rule. We should deal with man as a moral being. Society must meet the requirements of his spiritual nature, for they are necessities as truly as are those of his mental and physical being. Long before civilization dawned upon Europe there existed art, sciences and systems of government of wonderful perfection in Egypt and in other parts of the world. Why were these advanced civilizations eclipsed? What caused their ebb and their utter extinction? Does nature fail? Is there not something enduring? The cause of these failures is to be found in ignorance—in the lack of perceiving the oneness of humanity. The study of mind in relation to moral law would effect a good reformation. Principles alone are eternal. We must realize the unity of human interests, recognize the eternity of obligation, and be receptive to the higher light. The successful enthronement of the spirit alone can make our civilization enduring. Through psychometric law we can trace the same fatal mistake in all the civilizations, from the oldest down to our own times. We see the development of mind and body, but the spiritual has not made equal progress. The spiritual alone has the power of saving; for it possesses the balance of power. The spirit holds all. It alone can know the law of being and the unity between the seen and the unseen. It was the lack of the spiritual which caused the downfall of all past civilizations. It is the lack of it which now causes the undertone of discontent, which is heard nearly everywhere. There is no peace now.

There is a good deal said about the dangerous classes. We are told that the poor workers are dangerous. I deny it. The dangerous classes are those men who, morally blind and with hearts of steel, are rolling up wealth, which is the product of the working classes. It would not be any wonder if the downtrodden, desperate men should before long cause such a frightful state of terrorism as the world has never yet beheld. The man who claims two hundred millions as his own is a dangerous man. The man who obtains labor at the lowest price is dangerous. The man who does not see that all have their rights is dangerous. The man who would have us to believe that nature is not able to supply all is a dangerous man. Why do England fear that her palaces will be destroyed? Because she disregards the rights of the masses. The Established Church of England buries the nobility that tread upon the sacred rights of the people, who, lashed to frenzy, have lately risen. Woe to kings and queens, to emperors and czars, to popes and priests, who disregard man as a moral, mental and spiritual being! Human nature is plastic. It submits to much suffering, but it will at last cry out when ground down beyond endurance. In humanity there is an unlimited amount of material for good, but what have those in power done to meet the people's wants? So little—so little! To-day there are millions in Europe who know not where to get food or where to lay their heads. Regardless of all this misery the favored few are rolling in luxury. This idleness of the rich is an exclamation in its effect as the idleness of the poor. In the enforced idleness of the poor there is never lack of fear caused by

want; but in the pampered idleness of the rich there is deep degradation, the result of low vices which spread their poison everywhere.

Bad government and blindness to the necessities of the people are caused by the obscuration of the moral luminary. Now what we want of teachers, rulers and others is the realization of the actual brotherhood of man—the recognition of human rights without any exception on account of race or sex. Provide opportunities for the proper exercise of all the faculties, intellectual and spiritual. Then crime will be unknown. No one wants to suffer. All wish to be happy. How can we be happy? Few persons can truly say at all times, "I am glad of this life." Every heart is sore, if not for self, for others. There is restless motion everywhere. Our educational systems are at fault, and we should pull them up by the roots. A wrong visited anywhere is sure to make a noise; and rights trampled on will set all in agitation. When the mob destroys property in London, the queen sends a letter of sympathy to the sufferers. There is plenty for the nobility, while most of God's children have no place while they can call their own on God's footstool. Nature is rich, powerful and just; and the time will come when she will require of all those who control her vast stores an account of their stewardship. You have a right only to that which your needs require; and you must respect the rights of all. To deprive another of anything necessary to him is wrong, and you will suffer for it.

Criminals will not be reformed by prison idleness. To stuff the brain and neglect the heart is not education. We must recognize man as a spiritual, as well as a physical and mental being. Then the seeds of a good life will be sowed. Then children will not be moral imbeciles. The best remedy for crime is to provide healthful occupation for all. But how can this be done when inventions are driving out labor? Unless statesmen awake, crime will increase. The mind must have food as well as the body. Sometimes reformation seems hopeless, yet one star creeps up to inspire us with encouragement. No government is secure now, because power and wealth are being concentrated in the hands of a few, and the people are neglected.

When men of power become benefactors of their race, and the masses build an institution instead of a monument to their memory; when the heart shall be educated as well as the head; when the parks of the nobility shall be cut up for the houses of the multitude; when idle hands shall have congenial work; when land robbers shall be forced to give up their ill-gotten possessions; and when prohibition prevents the transformation of food into poison, then there will be no more crime, but, instead, virtue and happiness everywhere. Nature gives plenty for all. The very weeds become silken garments for our use, and insects become our servants. Are we poor, sad, hungry, full of grief? It is not that Nature has not given enough, but lack of light prevents the just distribution of her gifts. I do not mean that the rich should give their money to the poor, but that they should give them opportunities for supplying their wants by their own labor. Why does suicide increase the number of its victims? It is because the poor are denied the necessities of life; and the mother's protest against this outrage, impressing itself upon the mind of the unborn babe, becomes suicide in the adult. No man properly placed will do wrong, because it brings pain. Happiness is to be found by using and enjoying all good things in moderation. We should restrain criminals by placing them within moral environments, and discriminate between them, keeping the young separate from their hardened elders. We should have men of heart and brain, instead of selfish men, to govern and reform them. Criminals should be treated as insane, and not with the I-am-hollower-than-thou air.

Come, let us reason together, and let us have more confidence in each other. Let us see that there is a just distribution of the products of labor among those who produced them. Let us place the angel of womanhood in place of power; and let the voice of motherhood be heard in the councils of the nation. Find something good and noble to give occupation to idlers; and look after the interests of the weak. Let us have moral legislation, and let us do all we can to better human nature. There is room in the world even for the Chinaman. Let us have fair play. Justice is the only basis for an enduring civilization. Let us make our religion a thing of love. Then home will be the building place of heavenly temples, parenthood will enjoy its divine prerogative, and the sympathy between the two worlds will draw us to purity. O let us hasten that sweet day! Let us not try to crush out criminals, nor trample on the rights of another. God hasten the time when the light of day shall dispel the dark night of ignorance, when every soul shall live in obedience to moral law and find in this the balm for every ill!

### ELECTRICITY AND SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A late number of the New York World contains a description of another marvelous invention by Thomas E. Edison. From that I learn that the euharmonic hand of Thomas A. Edison has given to the world, round and perfect, another of his wonderful electrical inventions; and from this time forward telegraphing to and from moving trains will be one of the regular conveniences of the public. The Edison system was applied to a train on the Staten Island Railroad, and for an hour messages after messages leaped through the air from the roof of a car moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour to the regular telegraph wires over a hundred feet away. The answers leaped from the wires down to the roof and were ticked out on an instrument in the presence of a distinguished company of railroad men and electricians. Messages were sent home, stock quotations were received and orders to arrest imaginary fleeing criminals. In short, the exhibition was a big success.

It was 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the guests of the Railway Telegraph and Telephone Company arrived at Clifton and were shown into the second passenger-car of an ordinary train on the Staten Island Railroad Company. In the middle of the car was a little table two feet square, to which was attached a small battery of only five cups. A black-whiskered, swarthy operator sat at the table with a tiny telephone receiver attached to each ear looking like a man with ear-muffs on. From each receiver a wire led to the battery wire. Ordinary telegraph wires ran up from the table to the roof of the car, to which they were connected.

Mr. Edison leaned down and seized the operator's key, which he worked vigorously as he sent this message, which was received at the office twelve minutes later:

To the Editor of the World:  
I send you this from a moving train on Staten Island by wire direct. EDISON.

This system was brought into its present shape by Mr. Edison, but the first patent was taken out by William Wiley Smith, of Tennessee, who, with E. T. Gilliland, the noted New York electrician, co-operated with Mr. Edison in the matter. Mr. Smith conceived the idea of having a message pass from a train to an ordinary wire along the route by simple induction. He told Mr. Gilliland. Mr. Gilliland told Mr. Edison.

"I found," said Mr. Edison, "that a current of electricity could pass through the air between two conductors, but if the communication lasted longer than 250,000th of a second the air became polarized, or otherwise changed by the electricity, and it resisted any further communication. In other words, the air offered practically no resistance to an electric current for the 250,000th part of a second. If I could get a wave so short and sharp that it would pass through the air between the given points in that short space of time, the thing would work. Now, in this moving car there is a little battery. When the operator at that table sends a message the waves go at the rate of about 600 to a second. These waves on an ordinary Morse current go about 13 to a second. These waves are sent into the air from the tin roof of the car with such suddenness and sharpness, by means of a simple electro-magnet, that each telegraphic letter, consisting of a dot or a dash, passes to the wires strung on the regular telegraphic poles all along the railway inside of the 250,000th part of a second. There is a pause of about a thousandth of a second to let the air regain its ordinary condition. Then another letter is plumped through the air to the wires. Then another pause and another letter, and so on. If you try to push a candle through a pine board you will break the candle. If you shoot the candle out of a gun it will make a hole in the board. These letters are darted through the air so quickly that the air molecules don't have time to think about resisting, as it were. This system will work in all weathers. The electrical sympathy or induction between the roof of the car and the wires is so great that messages will leap through the air to or from the regular wires as far as 580 feet. We don't use any new wires, but work on the regular telegraph system. Our signals come to the ear of the operator in musical notes, such as a prolonged 'oo-o-o-o' for a dash and a short 'oo' for a dot. We work just as quickly and as easily as the ordinary system."

Mr. Edison said that by this principle he discovered that ships can telegraph to each other through the air at a distance of twenty-five miles. A small balloon coated with gold foil could carry a thin wire into the air 3,100 feet from each ship. The wire charges the balloon with electricity. At a height of 3,100 feet the air is so light that the electric current will pass by induction from one of these balloons to another twenty-five miles away. The moment a ship is within electrical communication of another the telegraph instrument on board begins to sing. So does the instrument on the other ship. The operators on the ships then talk to each other. "I have already experimented across great fields with this system and have met with great success." While electricity is doing a grand work, spirit, more subtle still, can be brought into requisition by spirits, sometimes by advanced mortals, and messages can be transmitted thousands of miles. The world is advancing. New York. G.

### WHAT IS DEATH?

This is, perhaps, the most engrossing problem that can engage the attention of speculative thought. The mystery which enshrouds it adds to, rather than detracts from, the intense desire to discover a satisfactory solution, and invests it with a fascination which few can resist. Whether upon the death of the body, the principle of consciousness, which we term mind, soul or spirit, is utterly annihilated, or whether, after physical death, this principle continues to exist under conditions not yet revealed to us, are questions that the profoundest thinkers in all ages have in vain essayed to answer. Inductive philosophy has laid bare many of the secrets of nature; but, in this particular field of inquiry, a limit must be reached where experiment is no longer possible, and hypothesis only can step in. Man, from his own complex organization downwards, can trace the process of evolution until he reaches, in the single cell of protoplasm, the lowest known form of life. This he can prove to be a compound of four chemical elements, which, when subject to certain conditions, undergoes certain well-defined changes. But here his science deserts him; he cannot tell how or why this combination is endowed with life, nor why, when he brings such elements together, animation is wanting. He is face to face with a blank, dead wall, and what is behind it he can only conjecture. Materialism denies the separate existence of life and matter, and, as a natural corollary, denies the possibility of life continuing after the death of the body. But this is simply a dogmatism based upon an hypothesis. Before it can be asserted that physical death is absolute extinction, it is necessary to ascertain what is life? whether it is the cause or the effect of the combination of elements that constitute the organic body. If it could be proved that it is the effect, Materialism would be on a tolerably safe ground; but it cannot be so proved, for human ingenuity has never yet succeeded in producing vitality. If it cannot be proved that life is an effect of matter, the theory that it is the cause of matter is as good as the opposite hypothesis. Force and matter are the twin ultimates of philosophy and science; but which, if either, came into existence first, no man knows. It is said to be a law of nature that nothing which exists can be lost or destroyed. When the body dies—that is, when this force which we call life leaves its environment, the constituents of the body are given up to the elements, and matter suffers no loss; but, if physical death were the annihilation of that force with which the body was endowed, one of the "ultimates" would suffer loss, which is contrary to the law just referred to. This deeply interesting question is, however, one of those which man cannot settle until he manages to peep behind that "blank, dead wall" which hides the "first cause" from his view; and with regard to it the Agnostic position, which recognizes a possible limit to human research, is at once the happiest and most philosophical. "Prove all things," said the Apostle Paul; and, if we add, Believe only that which can be proved, we have an excellent rule for guidance in life. To many minds the Materialistic doctrine of extinction is peculiarly gloomy and repulsive, and, although they may believe only that which can be proved, they may have desires concerning matters to which the axioms of Euclid cannot be applied.

On the question, "What is Death?" I venture to say there is a preponderating feeling of hope that it may move to the threshold of a happier and purer existence; for in man,

warped and comforted though his nature sometimes appears to be, there lurks an aspiration for a higher and better life, there is implanted in him such a yearning after knowledge, such a keen desire to explore and know the hidden mysteries of the universe, that annihilation after his brief and fettered sojourn here sounds like a delusion and a mockery.

If death is truly the "first dark day of nothingness," then justice is not an attribute of nature. When we see the glaring inequalities resulting from our social laws, by which millions are condemned to life-long wretchedness and misery, that the pampered few may revel in pomp and luxury; when we watch the hopeless, writhing under the "whips and scorns of time," and see "the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes," the question forces itself upon us—"Is there no hereafter, where all our hollow conventionalities shall count for naught, where some of the fruit shall fall to the share of him who, in this life, gathered only thorns?" Whatever may await us, happily for mankind Materialism cannot prove its dismal creed, and there still remains to us a solace in illuminating the dark clouds of uncertainty with the silvery beams of hope.

One word on Spiritualism. Everybody knows that Spiritualism, though without the pale of existing philosophy, claims to have solved the problem, "What is Death?" This, Materialism treats with undisguised contempt. But, as it is both unphilosophical and injudicious to pass judgment without impartially hearing both sides, I venture to suggest to those who are concerned as to a future state, if they are still strangers to psychical research, to make themselves acquainted with some of the literature of this very interesting subject before finally committing themselves to the Materialistic doctrine of annihilation. There they will find, in support of many marvelous statements, the testimony of a host of perfectly unimpeachable witnesses, evidence of such a character that there is no escape from the conclusion—either Spiritualism is true, or all the philosophers, scientists, doctors, lawyers, etc., who have embraced it have been duped, or (more improbable still) all these men of repute are in league to cheat the world. Such a large number of people of undoubted integrity are prepared to declare that they have had the most indisputable proofs of the truth of this doctrine, and that these proofs are open to all who choose to seek them, that the subject—one of incalculable importance to the human race—deserves to be thoroughly investigated before it is cast aside as worthless or impossible.—A. M. D. in *Secular Review*.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Religion versus Dogma and Ceremonies.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

There is a class of men anxious to separate religion from dogma and ceremonies, believing that religion, pure and undefiled, should stand by itself, without any of those doubtful accompaniments about which there is so much disagreement and unpleasant feeling. There seems to have been, all along the centuries, a disposition on the part of most of the clergy to inseparably bind all these elements together—to make it appear that to believe an inscrutable dogma, or perform some useless ceremony, quite as important as to visit the sick, administer to the wants of the needy, or to do the work that in any sense distinguishes the good Samaritan from the Levite priest. The objection to ceremonies might not be so very great were it not evident that many attend to the outward forms and neglect the most vital parts which are prompted by the goodness and purity of the spirit within. Men quite destitute of real spirituality readily join in ceremonies, but they are not prone to live the life of a truly religious person.

However much some men may, for a purpose, desire to be thought religious, their lambkin blankets are generally quite too short to cover up all their over-steppings and short-steppings. If the outward life is to run smoothly year after year, keeping step and time with the law of kindness, justice and holy living, the most interior spirit must be the directing power, otherwise there will be inharmonious incongruity, sad breaks and divergences in the honor of a man's path; but where the most interior law of the spirit has been thoroughly educated and wisely trained into the love of righteousness, there can be no disagreement between the outer and the inner man. The life will flow in pleasant channels, and that without strained effort; such a man will be natural, not artificial, in his daily living. Shall it be said that we do not meet with such men? That would be a mistake. To the glory of God and humanity we do meet them along the highways of life, and are charmed by the sweetness and beauty of their souls. Were it not for fear of being misapprehended, we might frankly tell them of our admiration for them. Some of these fortunate persons are born into that order of life and others grow into it. These persons must enjoy a degree of happiness far in advance of those who stand upon the lower planes of action, allowing themselves to be the playthings of low passions, hate, malice, envy, prejudice, or revenge. These cloud the sunshine of the spirit, and rob the soul of its divine right of inheritance—shut it out, for the time being, from entering into its grand possessions that wait upon its development into a more exalted, loving and beautiful life.

If anything can be made certain by human experience, it is that human happiness, in a sense most noble and true, can be obtained only through a just appreciation and humble acquiescence in the commands of the higher law written by the finger of Omnipotence upon the tablets of our own hearts. It is not necessary to look to an outward page to find this law. We all hold it within, and a precious boon it is, but if we cover it with too much worldly rubbish, the lettering of the law may become dim to our mental vision—the angel voices proceeding from the inner temple may become low and indistinct murmuring.

The musical birds of paradise that might once have nestled and sang sweetly there, perhaps have been driven out through rough contact with worldly storms. However this may be, all that has ever been lost may be regained, and a thousand fold added. The man who stands at the low foot-hills is not bound to remain there. God has placed within him a power that, wisely used, will enable him to find a key that will unlock the doors that have shut him out from the higher courts of wisdom. The lowliest person need not tarry in the valleys of human life, thought or action—the way is open, the path is clear, the power to rise has been given to upward climb. Then why, linger among low swales, brambles and briars that incarcerate soul and body, since through these higher faculties of the spirit the Father is

ever calling his dear children to come to Him. In the hours of our silent meditations we hear his voice. In the still hours of the night he speaks to us. He would have us press onward and upward through all our earthly sorrows, misfortunes and fearful sadness of spirit. He says to us, Fight the battle of life manfully, nobly—falter not by the way, and your every effort shall give you strength and beauty of spirit. It is not our business to loiter by the way or to play the sluggard.

The divine law of action demands force and energy in striving. The transient storms of life only test our capacity, try our experience, skill and strength in guiding our boat along the current of life. If we fall in the effort of to-day, let us rise early and try again to-morrow, never losing confidence in the divine inheritance God has been pleased to grant us. We hold the right to render these gardens of the spirit, strong in mental power, rich in resources, radiant and graceful with the love of beauty, and brilliant with flowers of thought and sparkling gems of moral excellence! Shall we fold our arms and wait while others pass on and upward through their untiring zeal and industry? No! We will not, but be up and doing, and see that every hour bears heavenward a good report!

Truly, has it been said, "Knowledge must be earned; it cannot be passively taken. Unless the mind works for its living it will always remain poor, neither gifts nor legacies, neither houses nor lands, can enrich it. No gifts, endowments or advantages can make up for the lack of mental energy, enthusiasm and will. All beauty will fade away as surely as that of a plant when deprived of air and light. There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but that it may be bettered. The sun that rises in the clouds may set in splendor, and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom."

Men who would be truly religious and gain growth and strength of soul-power through their religion, must think and act for themselves. It will not do to give out their thinking to another and pay for it. It is a mistake to suppose that listening to sermons, that send the larger share of the human family into endless woe, to listen to prayers oftentimes repeated, or hymns sweetly chanted, constitutes a religious act or actions, in any absolute sense. The vital realities of a religious life are to be found in our daily contact with our fellow beings. Are we careful to hold ourselves in a frame of mind to reflect happiness upon those around us? Are the principles of kindness, justice, toleration and mercy predominant in our thoughts, our feelings and actions? Is it a pleasure to us to lift burdens from the oppressed in spirit, and do we rejoice in the prosperity of others? If we can answer these questions in the affirmative, then he may apprehend that we have at least commenced cultivating the true principles of religion. But this course of life demands no creed, no domination of ecclesiastical power over the soul. We have only to heed the gentle warnings of the monitor that whispers to us from the inner consciousness—the divinity that dwells in the immortal spirit.

### The Treatment of Refractory Ghosts.

The many inquiries we have received as to the Haunted House advertised last week, leads us to make a few remarks as to the spirit and under what conditions ghosts of the refractory order should be approached. We have read several accounts in which it was stated that a party, accompanied by a powerful physical medium, have held a dark séance in a haunted abode, and with such results that they will not require to be told not to do it again. As well might an aristocrat, loaded with gold chains and jewels, shut both eyes and walk into the mob of window-breakers and shop wreckers, as to adopt such a course as that. This dark circle with a powerful physical medium, places the position wholly in the hands of the dangerous class of ghost, and the end of that transaction leaves matters in a worse state than they were at the beginning.

Do not take a physical medium with you at all; unless that medium be at the same time spiritually developed, and be under the influence of spiritual aspirations, and in company with spiritually-minded, positive people, who, while not antagonistic to mediumship, give strength to the sphere of thought, and furnish a kind of psychological battery to keep in its place the attacking spirit. Take with you a clairvoyant and trance medium, an harmonious circle, all enlightened on the true nature of the case; and hold your sitting in the light. Begin with the harmonious expression of your highest soul-state in singing; then let the inspired medium give more definite expression in a suitable prayer. The new condition would then be established, the one in "outer darkness" would come to the light (spiritual light) like a moth to the flame of a candle. Then the guides would describe, or the clairvoyant would see, or the lost one would control.

Turn up the Medium for the summer months of last year, and it will be seen how Mr. Spriggs and Mr. Smart treated many earth-bound spirits. We would be glad to see this haunted house properly dealt with. We could organize a party to visit it and hold a sitting. The thing must be done in true spiritual fashion, or it would be "uncle-tified" in method and disastrous in results. The friends making the attempt should first send a representative down to get a report on conditions, and some preliminary sittings at home for instruction and psychical organization, before making an attempt in the haunted house itself.—Medium and Day-break.

Dr. Schlemm is paying a short visit in London. He is somewhere broken in health, and is not going to undertake any further excavations.

Mrs. Nancy Miller, of Cumberland, Me., will be 105 years old in June. She remembers seeing Washington when he visited that place in October, 1794.

Mme. Modjeska placed a wreath of white immortelles on the grave of Longfellow at Cambridge the other day.

Mrs. Hawley's last words were an expression of gratitude to the Senator for his devotion as a husband.

The Mexican Postal Department has reduced the rate of postage from border to interior towns from 25 cents to 5 cents.

Another effort is being made to have the street cars in Toronto run on Sundays, but the sentiment is against it very strong.

### Hersford's Acid Phosphate. FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic, also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."







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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 20, 1886.

## Social Purity—Home Education.

Some years ago Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten labored with great zeal and industry to raise money for an asylum for fallen women. Her efforts were defeated for the time, as the property owners in the locality where she was ready to buy land and build, rose up against the presence of such a beneficent institution in their midst. But no good work ever fails, although it may be postponed for a time. Her eloquent appeals helped to swell the pure tide of a righteous public opinion, and what she could not do then is being done by others now. In this city of Chicago amidst its intense life, where, if sin abounds, grace abounds also, a circular address is now sent out, "To all who think that not only 'Fallen Man' but 'Fallen Woman' can be saved," telling of pleasant rooms opened, and in care of Dr. Kate C. Bushnell to welcome friendly and unfortunate girls, which gives promise of large usefulness. Frances E. Willard and others of the W. C. T. U., are engaged in this work, and the hour is ripe for it, thanks to the good and true women and men who have done their duty. As has been well said: "For every fallen woman there is a fallen man." Society has condoned the man's offense, but not that of woman; henceforth they must be on the same footing, the guilt of one held as great as that of the other, and the upward struggle and repentant life of both helped alike. Moral education and physiological light are needed, and spiritual culture in all and through all. Wise training touching the saving power of the will positive against vice, we want. The innocence of ignorance must be lifted up to the righteous strength of intelligent purity. The social purity department of the W. C. T. U., aiming for home education on the laws of heredity and marriage, is an excellent move, and our Chicago *Inter Ocean* does well to publish Miss Willard's letter on the late demonstration in England, and the plan of work of which she says three words give the key: "Prevention, reformation, legislation."

The *Philanthropist*, an excellent monthly sheet in New York, edited by Aaron M. Powell and his wife, gives report of the late Decade Meeting in that city of the New York Committee for the prevention of State regulation of vice, fully held in the parlors of the Isaac T. Hopper Home. Excellent letters from eminent persons were read, Heber Newton sending his message of unity. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell writes from her English home, suggesting much of practical value. She says: "The first and most urgent work is to secure legal and social protection to minors, both boys and girls. No man or woman should be allowed by law to corrupt or abuse a young creature of 17 and under, whether lad or maiden, and all our schools and colleges should be guarded and purified."

The same sheet reports the second annual meeting of the White Cross Society in New York, and gives this excellent word by Bishop Potter: "How would the congregation feel if a communion chalice were stolen and carried to a brothel and used for an infamous purpose? But what about the infinitely more sacred vessel, the human body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, being found there?" Some seven hundred young people in New York, members of temperance societies, belong to the White Cross Society, pledged to a deeper sense of self-control and bodily consecration.

At the New York Committee meeting at the Hopper Home, Dr. De Costa gave a tabulated statement from documents furnished him by Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, concerning the legal "age of consent" in the several States and Territories, as follows: The "age of consent" is ten years in Alabama,

Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Florida, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, Wyoming. In the States of Rhode Island and Georgia the common law regulation of ten years obtains, and in the State of Arkansas the age is fixed at puberty. The age of twelve years is named in Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, West Virginia and, until recently, Washington Territory. Delaware fixes the age at seven years.

In Washington Territory the "legal age of consent" has just been changed to sixteen years, the first response in our country to the late action of a like kind in England brought about there by the efforts of a company of leading women and by the moral indignation aroused by the awful exposures of outrages on the young by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We may well bear in mind that women vote in Washington Territory and this is among the good first fruits of their influence.

The strangely perverted public opinion, which prevails here as well as in England, is shown by what Dr. Blackwell said of the London trial of William Stead, the *Pall Mall Gazette* editor, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment:

"His conviction could only be had by laying down the false legal principle, that 'a motive has nothing to do with action,' a dictum falsified by every case of 'justifiable homicide.' The Government immediately rewarded the judge who convicted Stead by raising him to the higher Court of Appeal!"

The release of Mr. Stead from prison at the end of his term was the occasion of one of the most remarkable meetings ever held in London. The great Exeter Hall held but a small part of the multitude seeking admission. Hon. James Stansfeld, M. P., presided, and the coming in of Mr. Stead, leading his six year old daughter by the hand, was the signal for a great outburst of heart-felt English welcome. The leading journals in this country, as well as in England, have mostly ignored this important meeting, or given it but slight mention! Prize fights and base ball games call for more attention than this great uprising for moral purity and the safety of childhood and womanhood from the worse than brutish passions of men in high life.

We are glad to call attention to these signs of effort for right education, social purity, and wise self-control. We may all well help the world to move on in upward grooves.

## The Passion Flower Emblem.

At a missionary meeting one of the speakers, whose field of labor had been among the pagan Hindoos, eloquently said:

"On one of the mountain ranges in India there lived, years ago, a coffee planter, an Englishman. Wishing to have something to remind him of home, he had his friends send out a few passion-flower seeds in a letter. They grew finely in his garden. Neighbors asked him for some plants; but he declined, wishing to have a monopoly of that flower. He succeeded, until the feathery seeds were ripe, and then the winds of heaven became distributors; for the winged seeds were blown over his garden walls into all his neighbors' grounds, and into the surrounding jungles. The climate proved propitious, and when I visited that mountain range, some years later, in every plantation, in every jungle, by the side of every brook, in every crack and cranny of the craggy mountains, was to be seen the beautiful passion flower, turning its expectant face toward the morning sun."

This he thought a "fitting emblem of the spread of the gospel in India," but far more fitting may it be held to illustrate the spread of modern Spiritualism. Only forty years ago this movement started in the little brown house at Hydesville, the chosen spot, perhaps, of the Spirit world for the opening of their great effort to open the minds of the dwellers on earth to a deeper and more real sense of their existence and presence. In that forty years forty fold more has been accomplished than by all the missionary labors of all the churches in the world. They count their converts by scanty thousands while Spiritualists count by millions. They have reached only a few heathen lands while Spiritualism has made its way among both heathen and Christian, in England and Continental Europe as well as among Hindoos in Asia, in palaces and colleges as well as in farm houses and common schools, among scientists and literary men as well as among the sagacious but plain workers in common life. All this and more has been done with far less cost in money, far less parade of organized effort and labor than has been spent and planned by sectarian missionary efforts. Spontaneously have the fine gifts of mediumship been developed in many lands, and they have grown amidst trial and trouble. Not by the work of a pampered and well-paid ministry, but by the devoted efforts of eloquent and earnest men and women, poorly paid and not half appreciated, have these glad tidings been spread abroad.

The best of our journals and books have been brought amidst sore financial embarrassments and are still pitifully misunderstood by the world, yet are mines of wealth more precious than the diamonds of Goiconda to their spiritual minded readers.

No movement in the world of thought and spiritual life ever spread so far and grew so strong in forty years as this. It stands a great fact in the life of our day, known by millions on every continent, dreaded by blind bigots, ridiculed by the flippant, derided by the vulgar, yet loved and sacredly cherished by the goodly and growing company whom it inspires and fills with new light and life.

We have no wish to cast unjust slight on the honest efforts of devoted sectarian missionaries, yet this great fact of Spiritualism, with its wide-spread and uplifting power, makes the results of their labors small and

poor in comparison. This is the fresh impulse and inspiration of to-day; theirs the painful effort to galvanize into new life the ghosts of dying dogmas. Spiritualism may well be likened to "the beautiful passion flower turning its expectant face toward the morning sun."

## IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

That question has been made the subject for many sensational lectures, declamatory sermons, and exciting essays, and still in the well balanced and cultured minds of millions of inquiring people, an emphatic negative response would be given thereto. While a devil with long horns, a cloven foot, sulphurous breath and malignant intentions is only acknowledged to exist by those enthusiastic religionists who are extremely orthodox, there are many others who believe in the existence of numberless devils, who figure conspicuously in all the important affairs of men, and who are instrumental in causing all the evils that now exert an influence in the world. While Plato figured prominently in ancient times as the god of Hades, or the lower world, and who was claimed to be the son of Saturn and Ops, brother of Jupiter and Neptune, and husband of Proserpina, the Christian devil has acted a no less important part in the affairs of men, having circumvented Deity himself in his earnest endeavor to evolve a perfect pair of human beings, and to retain the garden in which he placed them in its pristine purity and loveliness.

Devils, if ancient history be true, or if standard beliefs amount to anything whatever, have played almost as important a part in the history of the world, as the various deities to whom is ascribed the origin and control of the universe. But are there devils, —personal beings, well defined in bodily structure, and who are the author of evil—more or less? Certainly there are! Did you ever entertain, nourish or cuddle an unkind thought? Did you ever clasp to your heart a malignant wish? Did envy, malice, or hatred ever take possession of your soul? Did you ever covet the possessions of another? Did lust, like an insatiable monster, ever get a foothold in your nature? Did you ever manifest an unforgiving spirit? Did you ever in word, thought or deed, invade the sanctity that clusters divinely around the home circle, and introduce discord there? Did you ever lie—send forth tongue-weeds and tongue-poison to pollute the moral atmosphere of the world? Did you ever slander your neighbor, or try to cheat him in a business transaction? If you ever, in the course of your life, did any of the above enumerated things, while in the act you were a devil!—nothing more, nothing less.

The devil and the angel often exist together in the same person, and one oftentimes supersedes the other, as daylight supersedes the darkness. That merchant is a devil when he sells you a piece of cloth as composed exclusively of wool, when it is constructed in part of cotton. The planter who mixed sand with his sugar and adulterated his molasses, is in every sense of the word a devil. When Parson Downs of Boston, bounced like a wild beast of prey upon an enterprising reporter, seized him ferociously by the throat, flung him back against the wall, and began to choke him, he ceased to be a man, and was transmuted for a time into a devil. There were four words in his madened mind; a malignant, poisonous hate in the expression of his fiery eyes, and his countenance seemed to be illuminated with the fumes of a hell. The angel of his nature—the little there was—faded away when that disgraceful fight was transpiring, and in thought, spirit and intention, he was a fiend. He did not, however, have horns protruding from his forehead; his breath was not sulphurous, his foot not cloven, nor the color of his face black, but he was nevertheless devilish for a time, and the better part of his nature was entirely suppressed.

There was John Washburn, a Baptist minister, who, it is said, fled to Canada from Lowell, Mass., to escape prosecution. He was sent from Lowell by the Home Missionary Society, to be educated for the ministry at Waterville, Me. There he was detected in the robbery of the Catholic church, and expelled. He married an estimable Maine lady, and was subsequently married in Vermont. He was sent to prison for bigamy, duped the prison officials by pretending plety, and secured a pardon. He removed West, married a third wife, induced her to transfer her bank account to him, then shortly deserted her, taking all her money. He was the poorest kind of a devil—a sort of beast, dangerous to community; a serpent whose breath was pestilential; a slimy monster whose touch was contaminating; a human monstrosity that sowed the seeds of destruction wherever he went. Around about him there was a foulness that corrupted the pure, the innocent, the confiding. In all his acts of life he was in every sense of the word—a devil.

The ministerial devil, the pulpit devil, the church-member devil, and the exceedingly pious devil, are the very worst devils in existence. John Wesley Black, sent to the penitentiary from Lawrence, Kansas, for seducing eleven girls ranging in age from eleven to thirteen years, was Superintendent of a Sunday school. He prayed pathetically; he exhorted eloquently; he had a beautiful reverential air, and the expression of his features was sublimely devout, yet he was a fiend—a devil in all respects. His carresses were serpent-like, and his very breath contained a moral-destroying miasma. The Fairies in ancient mythology are represented as armed with snakes and lighted torches.

This Superintendent Black was somewhat different—his very nature was snakish and his pretended plety was a lighted torch that enabled him to consummate his villiany.

Devils are, indeed, too numerous to mention. Every exacting, selfish monopolist is a devil. The mother who murders her unborn child for a time is a fiend. The law-maker who sells his vote, ought to be able to see symptoms of the appearance of a cloven foot on his own person. The slanderer, if he will try, can undoubtedly detect sulphur in his breath, and can easily imagine that he has horns on his head. When Logan Sleeper, a minister, steeped a loaf of bread in communion wine, and then munched it, he was just emerging into a full-fledged devil, and finally became a crank and vagrant.

Nearly all the members of a prominent church in Salisbury Township, near Macungie, Pa., became demonized during a disgraceful melee, which resulted in many sore heads and general disruption. The members had just been watching their opportunity to give vent to their feelings, which they did by jumping to their feet and on the benches—fifty men trying to speak at once. Very excited language was used, half a dozen men were knocked down, and the place resolved itself into a pandemonium. The people took sides pro and con, and for ten minutes the air was filled with the execrations of the malcontents. Just think of this howling mob! Hands clinched; arms gesticulating wildly; voices demon-like; eyes glistening with hate and ferocity; every attitude threatening and devilish; their language coarse and brutal. Were they not all devils for a time, and fit for a high position in the worst conceivable pandemonium? If so many devils in the churches and among ministers of the gospel, what do you think you will find in houses of prostitution; in low dens of vice; in gambling halls, and among sand-baggers, shoplifters, and petty thieves and villains generally? We have alluded principally to the so-called higher strata of society, and we find legions of devils there. What, then, can we expect in the lower walks of life?

The mission of Spiritualism is to so enlighten mankind that there will be no devils. There are only a few among Spiritualists, and they are growing daily less. The truth alone will make mankind free, and so illuminate the world with the grandeur of its ideas and the sublimity of its teachings, that devils will cease to be evolved and the millennium will be ushered in. What the world wants, is more light on this and kindred subjects.

## Jones on the Preachers.

The Chicago *Herald* contains the following pertinent remarks with reference to the Revivalist Jones:

"The good brethren who invited Sam Jones to come hither and save sinners hoped, no doubt, that he would help the churches. But a bull in a china shop is not more destructive of the fragile ware upon its counters than is Jones among the churches. He seems to have a positive delight in fastening upon the churches the charge of hypocrisy. The ministers who sit back of him in courted and conscious conspiracy are used for his mischief. His personal compliments are reserved for the brethren who approve him at a safe distance. 'I tell you,' cried Brother Jones, 'that the worst enemies God has got to-day are in pulpits of this world.' The audience was with Sam in his low estimate of the pulpit. It applauded, but its greatest demonstration, its heartiest approval, followed Jones' declaration, 'I believe as many preachers go to hell in proportion to their numbers as any class of people in God Almighty's world.' That brought down the house. There was no qualification, no limitation. 'Any class of people,' gamblers, even euchre players. Chicago has some extraordinary preachers, but as a class she places a very much higher estimate upon them than the itinerant from Georgia, who seems to gather his opinion from the very Uriah Heepish manner in which such of them as are puppets in his hands receive his bastings. They are so very humble under his lash and at the storm of derision he raises against them. The Lord, they seem to think, is using the Georgian to chasten them, and they accept insults as a spaniel receives blows."

"During the week Mr. Jones made some apparently sincere declarations of a purpose to reform his speech, and strive for that high standard of taste in homilies which the ministers, most of whom he devotes so readily to perdition, have established in this town. Alas! for the frailty of human nature, Jones is proving a backslider. The jargon of the swamp, the debasing lingo of the irreclaimable progressive euchre player, the abounding epithet of tap-room frequenters, the colloquialisms of the unregenerate and impolite will come trippingly from the tongue of the revivalist. But a few more weeks of the bracing and enlightening environment of Chicago may be trusted to improve the preacher's speech."

J. J. Morse writes as follows from 541 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "My month's labors for the First Society in New York City, were again a great success. The audiences were large—over four hundred at nights—larger than they have had for a long time. The work of my inspired has been greatly appreciated, and myself and family most warmly received. Yesterday I commenced my return engagement here, and was greeted by two very good congregations, alike as to quantity and quality. I have been during February, and will continue to do so during March, holding a weekly reception at the residence of Hon. A. H. Dally, and the large company attending profess themselves much interested and gratified, and much indebted to the Judge and Mrs. Dally for many kindnesses and friendships. I only wish this city and others were blessed with more of such good folks. Indirectly we learn from them and Bro. Nichols, that Col. Bundy is improving in health and recovering with satisfactory rapidity. We hope to hear, under his own hand, ere long, that he is quite

restored, and in active command once more, and prepared to carry on the good work his zeal and ability are so devoted to. We remain at this address over the 31st inst., certain, and, perhaps, longer."

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Col. Bundy, wife and daughter were at Long Beach, Cal., twenty-two miles from Los Angeles, March 3rd.

Mrs. A. L. Pennell will speak in Haverhill, Mass., April 18th.

Charles Dawbarn of New York, is to speak at Onset-Bay near season, on Sunday and Tuesday, 25th and 27th of July.

A. B. French has published several of his eloquent lectures in pamphlet form. They furnish most excellent reading.

During the next six months Lyman C. Howe will lecture the three Sundays of each month at Elmira, N. Y. The other Sundays will be occupied in Cattaraugus Co.

Lyman C. Howe writes: "Without disparaging any of the other excellent publications, I think the JOURNAL has no superior, if it has any equal, in the field it occupies."

Societies desiring the services of Rev. J. H. Harter, at weddings or funerals, or to lecture on temperance or Spiritualism, can address him at Auburn, N. Y.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord held one of her descriptive sciences at United Fellowship Hall, 1371 Washington street, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, March 14th.

Alfred Russell Wallace, whose name is familiar wherever among men the Spiritual Dispensation has been under special inquiry, will make a lecture tour in the United States next winter.

A correspondent from Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "Mr. Walter Howell, who has been lecturing for our Society through February, has been engaged for March. He is appreciated and doing good."

"Transcendental Physics." This work is an account of experimental investigations from the Scientific Treatises of Prof. Zöllner, translated from the German. Price, only \$1.00. For sale at this office.

We publish on another page an account of a wonderful invention by Edison. Dr. Eugene Crowell, the prominent Spiritualist author, is President of the Edison electric Light Company of New York.

Dr. Dean Clarke will lecture at Brockton, March 21st; in Portland, Me., April 4th and 11th. Would like an immediate engagement for March 28th, and in Maine or New Hampshire, the last two Sundays of April. Will be at Lake Pleasant August 8th and 10th.

Mr. Jas. B. Silkman, of New York City, a valued correspondent and friend of the JOURNAL, is writing a series of articles, entitled, "Reform of the Lunacy Laws," in Hall's *Journal of Health*. Mr. Silkman can give many facts from experience and investigation, and the articles are valuable and timely.

Mrs. L. A. Coffin, psychometrist, thanks the mediums and Spiritualists of Chicago for the warm reception given her and the interest and sympathy shown her while visiting here. Her address until further orders will be Somerville, Mass., where she will be glad to hear from those in search of psychometric readings.

Miles Robinson of Greenspoint, N. Y., writes: "In your edition of the 6th inst., under the heading, 'An Appeal on Behalf of Social Purity,' it is stated that He 'whospoke as never man spake,' freely forgave the 'woman who was a sinner,' on the condition that she should 'go in peace and sin no more.' When people who engage in such a benevolent and praiseworthy undertaking, it is sad to see them make such a false statement. If Christ made no condition with the woman before he forgave her, why should it be so stated?"

Mr. William M. Salter, of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, has received a well merited compliment; a reader of his "Religion and Morals," who is familiar with ethical literature, and pleased with the work, felt that it should be read by more than the American edition would reach, and has translated it into German, and it is for sale by Leipzig, Berlin and Chicago publishers. It comprises fifteen of Mr. Salter's discourses before his Society and fills a volume of nearly four hundred pages.

Mr. O. A. Babel, the untutored, inspirational cowboy pianist that we alluded to lately, gave his first public recital to a New York audience March 12th, in Steinway Hall. He was dressed in a blue flannel shirt and leather leggings. When it is remembered that Mr. Babel never received any musical instruction, his execution must be considered marvelous. One feat that he performed was to cover the key board of the piano with a cloth and without looking at the instrument to play a difficult march brilliantly. The recital ended with "Home, Sweet Home," which he played with twenty-one variations.

The *Christian Register* of Boston, prints in full, in its issue of March 4th, Prof. Wallace's article, "Science and Spiritualism," and alludes to it editorially as follows: "His [Prof. Wallace's] interesting and valuable works, which give the results of studies over a large section of the globe have proved him to be an acute and accurate observer, and a man in whom the candor of the scientific method is conspicuously illustrated. It is an interesting fact, therefore, to know that Mr. Wallace is a thoroughgoing Spiritualist; and whatever opinion our readers may have in regard to that movement, they will read with interest, we think, Dr. Wallace's view of the harmony between Spiritualism and Science."



Giles B. Stebbins will lecture at Port Huron, Mich., Sunday, March 28th, morning and evening, at the anniversary meeting.

"Sphinx." This is the title of a new German monthly magazine, devoted to the discussion of the whole realm of Occult and Supernatural Phenomena, including mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, psychometry and mediumistic phenomena. The chief aim of this monthly seems to be to induce German scientists to look into these things, and to open an arena for an impartial and general discussion for and against their reality and good or bad tendency of the views and practices founded thereon. By its style, it addresses itself more to literary and scientific circles than to the general public. Its typographical appearance is unexceptionable. It is published by S. Hubbe-Schleiden, of Neuhausen, near Munich, Bavaria, and can be ordered of any German newsdealer.

One of the greatest novelties of the age will be presented to the people of the Northwest at Battery B, in Chicago, during the latter part of March, in the shape of a grove of bearing orange trees. This exhibit will be made in connection with an exhibit of citrus fruits, such as oranges and lemons from the now famous orange section of the Pacific coast, under the auspices of the Immigration Association of Southern California. The transcontinental railroads have generously offered to bring this exhibit to Chicago free of freight. It will fill twenty cars, and twelve men will accompany it. The exhibit will be under the management of L. M. Holt, editor of the *Riverside* (Cal.) Press and Horticulturalist, assisted by H. N. Rust, formerly of Chicago, as a business manager, J. E. Clarke, Commissioner of Immigration, C. Z. Culver of Santa Ana, and Frank A. Kimball of National City, San Diego county. This will be a novel exhibit for the people of Chicago and the Northwest; and will attract crowds of people. Those who desire to get information relative to Southern California should attend this fair and consult with the best posted men of that section who will be in attendance.

#### JESUS NOT A GOD.

But "a Great-Souled, God-Like Man and Brother."

REV. CHARLES ELLIS ON THE NATURAL RELIGION OF CHRIST'S REFORM.

Rev. Charles Ellis, of East Saginaw, Mich., preached lately to a good audience at the Unitarian Church, Detroit, on "The Natural Religion of Jesus' Reform." He said:

Worshiped for 1,800 years as a God, Jesus may well be an object of supreme importance. But is he or was he God? The vast majority of Christians, so-called, have unhesitatingly accepted the dogma of his interest in the God-head and have hastened to condemn all who did not acquiesce in their opinion. It is therefore a matter of interest to us all. But to understand him we must go beyond his day and look at the causes that were for ages preparing the opportunity that he seized. Every attempt to account for Jesus by miracle only tends to hide from humanity the real grandeur of his heroism and his work.

The religions of mankind are embraced under the three heads of Fetichism, Polytheism and Monotheism. The modern child hunting strange shells and oddly shaped stones on the seashore unconsciously manifests something of the character that led the savage of long ago to connect mysterious power with just such curiosities. As the human mind grew the impotency of lifeless objects dawned upon it and then animate objects became the representatives of the unseen powers. This was early Polytheism. To this in time succeeded the conception that the gods were anthropomorphic, and out of this came Monotheism, still anthropomorphic, but based upon the idea of supremacy.

The picture represented upon the stage whereon Jesus made his appearance was that of the dying form of Polytheism and the birth of a religion of humanity which, as it existed in Jesus' mind, has never yet been realized, but which is growing with the elevation of the race. Monotheism had been in the world ages before Jesus came, but among the Jews it had not been very attractive. Moses and his successors had as much difficulty in keeping the people from running after false gods as modern ministers have in keeping the average "member" from going a-fishing on Sunday. Jesus inherited the belief in one God, but he advanced a new conception. God was not a king, but a Father, who did not hate but loved all, Jew and Gentile, alike.

There is no place for miracle in the progress of the human races. What looks marvelous in the distance becomes matter-of-fact when we come up with it, just as the object that may have frightened a timid lad in the darkness, becomes only an old stump, or a harmless cow when seen in the sunlight of next morning. Age follows age each giving character to and leaving opportunity for its successor. It was this succession that prepared the way for Jesus, whose reform was simply an attempt to cut the humanity around him loose from the dead and decaying body of Polytheism. Jesus was one of the sublimest heretics who ever brought truth to the world. He moved in the gulf stream of progress and paddled his own canoe. Once a truth, and a man with head and heart to understand and feel it and courage to utter it, stand for it and if need be, die for it, appears on this whirling earth of ours, not all the power of national arms and priestly intolerance can arrest it! The truth may be annihilated, the man may be crucified, broken on the wheel, burned at the stake, flung to wild beasts or stung to death by the scorpions of falsehood, but the spirit of that truth and the power of that man will still walk abroad conducting the world to freedom.

Belief in spirits carried man to belief in Anthropomorphic Polytheism which was followed by a direful result. It made men too familiar with the gods. They argued that if the gods were like men in form they must be so in attributes and passions and that as the gods could gratify their passions so should man gratify his. Moral restraint was breaking down. There was a reversion towards savagery. Passion assumed control. Religion became corruption. In Greece phil-

osophy ran into mysticism and foundered in a sea of atheism. Out of the decay of morals rose Socrates who declared for God and virtue. But virtue became cynicism. Morality died and sophistry once more preached the foolishness of wisdom and Greece echoed the cry. Then came Plato to found a new age of theorizing and a nobler conception of God than the world had ever known. Greece became mighty. In Alexandria the mysticism of the Orient, the logic and sophistry of Greece, the Magianism of Persia, the Monotheism of the Jew, all blended, and in the wash of the intellectual tide each lost its sharp corners and became a rounded pebble that might be handled with safety and indifference. But Greece drooped. Rome finally stood upon her grave. But Rome grew upon the battlefield. Intellect and genius were nothing to her save as they shown in arms. She cared nothing for religion sincerely. Her watchword was "conquest." To secure that she stopped at no cruelty, but when once she had conquered a people she left them their gods and their religion, asking only tribute. The effect of Rome's policy upon the world was stagnation of moral and intellectual activity. She killed religion. Her conquered nations found that their gods were powerless to relieve them and they lost faith. They sank into indifference. The despair that grew out of Roman tyranny in the East has never lifted its black cloud from that once fair land. Desolation still sits enthroned upon the ruins of what were once the foremost nations of the world, although the power of Rome has itself been dust for ages. When she became mistress of the world she murdered her victims with the slow poison of tyranny, sugar-coated with the pretense of religious freedom.

It has long been argued that the universal peace prevailing at the time of the appearance of Jesus is a proof of the miraculous character of his advent and his mission. But why was the world at peace? Because it had been conquered and enslaved. It had no power to resist. Rome was at peace because nowhere was there a sword that could be lifted against her. She had nothing to fight. It was a peace, not of expectancy, but of hopeless despair, and not Almighty God, but imperious Rome was the cause of it. The Jews had watched through generations for their long-promised Messiah, in vain. The key waters of disappointment had chilled the hearts of the suffering poor until in their misery hope itself had died. But at last struck the hour and came the man.

Born of the long-oppressed Jews, the blood of their old time hopefulness in his veins, the miseries of his people weighing on his heart, the despair of any happiness in this world impressed upon his nature through the sorrows of his mother's life, indignant at the falsehoods and shams and hypocrites of the priesthood, his heart full of sympathy for the poor from whom he sprang, and aching to make them happier, if not in this life then in another one, he flung aside his tools, girded himself for the effort he could no longer repress, sprang into that wild sea of faithlessness, caught humanity in his arms and bore it to the shore; bore it to the sunlight of a new day, breathed into it a song of hope, breathed into it the story of a Father's love in heaven, breathed into it that great democratic watchword, "the brotherhood of man," breathed into it the divinity of virtue, bathed it in the inspiration of his own heroism—and then, because in his great, unselfish devotion to the poor, of whom he was one, because he had struck at the corruption and power of the priesthood and the tyranny of political despotism, he was murdered as a heretic, dangerous alike to the rotten religion of the Jews and the political power of Rome! He was an agitator and a reformer, and as such he was crucified. There was nothing miraculous about it. Natural causes working slowly through long ages produce astounding results, and people unable to follow the train of causes cry, "Behold, a miracle!" But Jesus was one of the world's great heroes, and as such we may claim him for his worth to us, not as a mythical god, but as a great-souled, god-like man and a brother.

#### "DEATH AND AFTERWARDS."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"The Universalist of Chicago is a paper that contains many thoughtful and suggestive articles. In a late number the editor says: 'Mr. Edwin Arnold, the distinguished Oriental scholar, and author of "The Light of Asia," in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* prints an article with the above caption, presenting many beautiful thoughts on immortality, and suggesting grounds for the faith that he does not explicitly advocate, which is the basis of the Christian hope. The article begins with the assertion that 'man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality.' 'Only a few,' he further says, 'feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist.' The article goes on to show, with considerable force, that it is a great mistake to refuse to believe in a continued existence after death on the ground of the mystery attached to the subject, or the incomprehensibility of the alleged fact. If we exclude from the domain of things we believe everything that we do not fully understand, or that fails to give tangible proofs of its reality, how narrow the margin would become! How much we would exclude in the process!'

"Mr. Arnold, in emphasizing this point, points out what is evident to all thoughtful minds, that because a thing is incomprehensible is no reason for its exclusion from the practical belief of mankind. We understand but very few things in their entirety. We walk by faith and not by sight in regard to all the substantial realities of life. 'What is comprehensible?' asks a writer, possibly Mr. Goldsmith, in the *Toronto Globe*, in reviewing Mr. Arnold's article. 'Precious little of anything,' he answers. 'When a man refuses to believe in what he does not comprehend, he leaves himself a very meagre creed.' Yet many allow themselves to sink into a habit of doubt on the supreme question of immortality, disregarding the fact that in multitudes of other instances, we willingly accept things not fully understood, and never question their existence, or endeavor to put our faith to a final test.

"Mr. Arnold further shows that the inspirations of infancy, youth and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. He urges the question with renewed force. Why not this inspiration that is common to the heart of man in regard to immortality? There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from nature," he says, "in the way in which the theme of his own immortality tenses and haunts a man. Perhaps nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives, to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any serious change in the process called 'dying.' And once again Mr. Arnold very beautifully says:

"What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother

the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be lost by a quincy or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them ground work and stuff for splendid further living, by process of death; which even when it seems accidental or premature is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom it may well be the new born dawns to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrators awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised to a light that never was on sea or land," and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch, and taste, and smell, had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of the earthly nursery.

"These are but suggestions from a rich, thoughtful and overflowing mind in regard to this great subject. It is by such reasonings as these that men endeavor to find in Natural Religion the solace needed by the hungering and thirsting human heart in presence of the great mystery. So far as they go they are helpful; they are assuring also in the degree that the mind fully enters into the subtle thoughts and analysis of the writer. But they are far removed from that serene spirit of faith and assurance which bursts forth in the Apostle's words: 'For me to live is Christ; to die is gain.' We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God eternal in the heavens. 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.'

"Something more is required than these beautiful reflections drawn from nature, and the inherent philosophy of things, to bring home to the heart this definite conclusion of undying life. This alone is found in the Christian Revelation; in the example and power of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; in the faith that is born from the personal appropriation of Christ in the heart, finding its most triumphant assurance in the promise, 'As I live ye shall live also. Thanks be to God for the hope of immortality thus founded on Christ.' Thanks be unto the Father for the unspeakable gift of his Son, 'through whom life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel.'

Of course the above remarks by the editor in part savor very strongly of orthodoxy, and in that respect are unworthy of a progressive mind. A superstitious adherence to Jesus as the only son of God, and a firm belief in the infallibility of his teachings still cling to him. Otherwise the article is exceptionally good. By and by when his eyes shall have become opened to the grand truths of Spiritualism he will fully realize the exact status of Jesus, and look solely to himself for salvation. J. T. Chicago, Ill.

#### General News.

The Boston Athenaeum is to be open on Sundays.—One hundred thousand bushels of peanuts are stored at Norfolk, Va.—Krupp, the Essen gun manufacturer, owns 547 iron ore mines in Germany.—Mr. Cleveland wrote 150 veto messages during his two years as Governor of New York.—President Cleveland is said to have engaged a summer residence at Litchfield, Conn.—The average of those who enter college in this country is 17; a century ago it was 14.—Mr. Charles Asbury, the Postmaster at Lulu, La., has four daughters named Pearl, Diamond, Ruby, and Garnet.—Miss Susan B. Anthony claims that twenty-six members of the United States Senate are in favor of woman suffrage.—Justin McCarthy is to be the spokesman of the Irish Parliamentary party at the great meeting in Glasgow.—Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, of New York, will be one of the speakers at the National Woman Suffrage Convention.—There are in twenty-two States of our Union 268,478 more women than men. Dakota has 29,415 more men than women.

Helena, M. T., has a lady superintendent of schools who has Indian blood in her veins. She is highly educated, and has a decided dramatic talent.—There are in the New York Assembly 108 natives of that State, eight born in Texas, two in Pennsylvania, four in Scotland, three in New Jersey, and three in New England.—The Central Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor, having fully investigated the difference between the Atlanta Constitution and the Typographical Union on which the boycott of the Constitution was based, has declared the boycott off.—The Crown Prince of Portugal, who is to marry Princess Amelia of Orleans, has an abundant supply of names. When he signs his names in full they are Charles Ferdinand Louis Mary Victor Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Francis of Assisi, Joseph Simon of Braganza, Savoy, Bourbon, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Braganza.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, preaches, it is believed, to more people than any other minister in this country. He has three brothers, as follows: The Rev. J. V. N. Talmage, D. D., of China; the Rev. James K. Talmage, D. D., of Kingston; the Rev. Goyl Talmage, D. D., of Port Jervis, N. Y., all of whom are eminent in their profession, and are occupying important positions in the ministry.

#### MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

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#### Business Notices.

Hudson Tuttle lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. At-tempts funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O.; P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MR. CHARLES DAWSON will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 24th to April 10th. Mr. Dawson would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such Societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 163 West 23rd St., New York City.

**Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.**

Church of New Spiritual Dispensation, 416 Adelphi St., near Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Mediums' Meeting, 3:30 P. M. Ladies Aid Society meets every Thursday, 3 to 10 P. M. John J. Zetter, President; S. B. Nichols, Vice-President; W. J. Gilling, Secretary; A. H. Kipp, Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds weekly conferences on Sunday evenings at Fraternity Hall, corner Bedford Ave. and South Second St. Alpha Lodge meets in same place Sunday afternoon.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 124 West 43rd Street, New York. The Brooklyn Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., at Miller's Arcade Hall, 54 Union Square.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, M. T. B. Snyder, service Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Porter, Secretary; F. M. Maynard, Treasurer.

**Saratoga Springs, N. Y.**  
The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. B. Mills, President. E. J. Huling, Secretary.

**The Society of United Spiritualists.**  
The Society of United Spiritualists, Chicago, meets each Sunday at 2 P. M. at the Madison Street Theatre. The price will consist of a lecture, and short addresses, and singing. DR. J. H. RANDALL, President.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

## "MOVERS."

"Can we find a lodging, sir, with you this bitter night? For its colder, and a snow: there's no other house in sight. We're a movin' eastward slowly, but it's little we can do; We won't be much of bother, for of us there's only two."

"Just my wife and I, sir, and she ain't been very stout Since we started on this journey—and we've took the shortest route Back to old Indiana from our cabin in the west. Thanks we'll be glad to stay, and then I'll tell the rest."

"You see we went to Kansas, and settled on some land, Start'n out right perty, a workin' hand in hand; The skies looked rosy then, sir, and we couldn't see a cloud. And Mary seemed so happy, while I was glad and proud."

"Especially when, one morning, just at the break of day, Our little Loda came to us, like a flower pure in May. Then told and care seemed nothing, and we loved each other more. We planned and plotted lovingly, 'till a shadow crossed our door."

"Our baby girl took sickly, and in spite of human she left us, and her vacant chair that no other child could fill. Then misfortune poured upon us, and our crops were pretty bad, And then a sleppin' note awoke and swallowed all we had."

"Soon Mary lost the roses from her cheeks once plump and round, And began to look so ghostly; then a cough with its hollow sound Came on to scare me dreadful, and I 'lowed to bring her back To the home for which she's dyin'—and now I'm on that track."

"She says she's awful homesick (she's a fallin' day by day) And wants to keep a movin', and a burryin' on the way, I hope she'll brighten up a bit, and get a good night's rest; She's a coughin' badly now sir; it's that trouble in her breast."

"She'll be better in the morning, and I think I heard her say She'd be at home and happy ere the close of another day. We won't get home in a day, sir, nor a week, at the rate we go, But I don't let on to worry her; it wouldn't do, you know."

"They called the 'mover' early from his feathery 'spare-room' that day, And led him to her chamber, and not a word was said. Only they stood there weeping, and those lips so still and white Could give them back no answer—they had closed in death last night."

"She'd be better in the morning," and eager to be away On her journey homeward pushing, hoping to reach next day, She's better sir, this morning, for her longing soul has flown To the home for which she was dying—to meet her Loda at the throne. Carthage, Ill. GAY DAVIDSON.

## FAITH.

BY S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

They went with me to the grave To bury one who lay low, And they said: "Thy white-browed girl, Thy lily, with heart of snow, Is dead; and the years shall come, And the years shall end, And thy heart will be in the grave with her Under the winter snow."

I scarcely heard their speech, For the angels whispered low, And they said: "Thy white-browed girl, Thy lily, with heart of snow, Is born; and the days shall come, And the days shall end, And thy heart will be in the sky with her, Not in the grave below."

The pain that held my soul Crushed like a lump of clay, And the darkness, dumb with grief, Were gone; and behold, the day Dawned up from out the dark! The sun stood by his side, And he bore me in his arms of love, With my darling across the tide.

## FAITH CURES.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is amusing to read an account of the proceedings of the faith cure meetings at No. 15 Washington Street, this city. At one of their meetings lately, it appears from the reports in the Tribune, that persons about to be operated upon by surgeons and cases in which tumors figured prominently, seemed to be specialists. Sister Rounds said that the devil was after her with sewer gas. A week ago she was taken with a chill. This was evidently Satan's method of preventing her from attending the Adelphi Theatre meetings, but after hands had been laid upon her she was entirely cured. A red-nosed man remarked that he had given his soul to the Lord four weeks ago, and that he had taken a strong drink away from him. A woman who claimed to have been cured ten months ago of cancer in the throat by prayer said that two weeks ago she was afflicted with blood-poisoning and couldn't see for two days. She got medicine, but would not use it. She was anointed, and now she was glad to say that she had been miraculously healed. A brother was present who had come all the way from Kentucky to be operated upon. He wanted the prayers of the assembly so that he might become enabled to overcome the necessity of an operation. Brother Deming stated the Lord had directed his steps to a certain barber shop which contained a drunken barber. He sat in the chair ostensibly to get his hair cut, but the barber cut more head than hair both times the brother went there. He at once saw the necessity of converting this knight of the clippers, and he wanted the prayers of the meeting to save the man, as he was in danger of losing his job. The requests were again numerous among others being the following: A man about to undergo a surgical operation, between twelve and one o'clock, an operation, who had had a tumor which has been operated upon; a friend with a large tumor; and a man in Iowa, that he may be rid of sin and the effects of a sinful career. Chicago, Ill. J. T.

## The "Gnostic Theosophist."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I perused the "Excursion to Scientific Theosophy," by "A Gnostic Theosophist," contained in the JOURNAL of Feb. 20th, not without interest. It is open, at some points, to correction in its figures; but I care less about that, than when it flies off into the veritable "ghostly-land" of metaphysical nonsense. I am such a much believer (blinded if you will) in the old doctrine of the price of the property of the spheres, Sir Isaac Newton, when he said: "Oh! physics, beware of metaphysics; that whenever your correspondents set sail upon that dreamy, ghostly, unreal sea, and attempt to carry in their boat the deduction of positive science as a float for their metaphysical untruths, they must expect to hear from me as long as I remain in this 'sublimity sphere,' which literally means 'under the moon.' And should I ever 'live to die,' and get above the moon, finding them there with their fancies, they will hear from me still."

Allow me to point out some of the misguiding first, just pausing to suggest to all persons metaphysically inclined, that figures should be altogether banished from the position of a real science, never added to figures which properly treated, and as dangerous as icebergs in the sea they sail upon.

Your "Gnostic Theosophist" says a "crith" is the weight of about 13½ grains of hydrogen gas at a given temperature and barometric pressure. Next he says: "There are some billions of billions of 'molecules' in the 13½ grains of hydrogen gas." He then says that a hydrogen molecule consists of two atoms, and that each atom weighs ½ a "crith." This is therefore down with a vengeance. What becomes of the "billion billions" molecules in the "crith" when he calls the weight of the half of one of those molecules ½ a "crith"?

This would be worse than calling Vanderbilt's millions of dollars "half a million," and half of one of those dollars "half a crith." That will not work in financial affairs and amongst hard dollars; but may do in "Gnostic Theosophical" business where dreams are in order and solid truth entirely unfashionable and irregular.

Again, your correspondent says: "Neither time nor space is an objective reality. Yet just before he has told us: 'The sun is 92½ millions of miles from the earth,' and that 'light comes that distance in a few seconds.' Why did he not say 8 minutes and 20 seconds, which is about the latest and most accurate deduction, at the earth's mean distance from the sun? Five hundred seconds can hardly be called 'a few'; but if neither the distance of the sun nor the time of light-passage is an objective reality, what is the odds whether they are correctly stated or not? and what becomes of the consummate skill and patience with which astronomers for more than 200 years (since the velocity of light was discovered and approximated by Roemer in 1676) have labored to correct and reduce to the least possible limit of error, his most important announcement?

"Time," he says, "is the eternal continuity of mind with itself." Space is the boundless continuity of mind with matter." Just so! If we only knew what you meant by it! Metaphysics is the ceaseless 'contiguity' of bombast with tinfoilery, wherein the reader can not understand the writer, and the latter can not explain himself.

I think the colored race would make grand metaphysicians and first-class Professors of that branch in our colleges; for they have a special aptitude for pigging together big-dictionary-spread-eagle words, that it makes your head ache to ascertain what they are trying to say, or whether or not they are trying to say anything.

I did not take time to go over all of your friends' entertaining numerical statements and 'suppositions'; but having stumbled on those few errors, I can not guarantee the rest. But I do guarantee to have that calculation founded on the Pyramid of 'Gizeh,' spoken of in his foot note, making the sun's distance 92,285,568 miles. That 'Gizeh' is a first-class pyramid and, as the Yankee says through his nose, "I want to know."

There has been much labor and refined skill in endeavoring to reduce the limit of possible error in the measurement of the distance to our nearest sun-illuminating central sun, and still the work goes on. The venerable Prof. Newcomb's last announcement is: "We may, therefore, call the distance of the sun 92½ millions of miles, with the uncertainty, perhaps, of nearly one quarter of a million."

These figures are given by one of our most skillful and conservative astronomers, and are arrived at after a review of all the best methods of determination, and we can not, according to them, get below 92½ millions nor above 93 millions. But let us by all means know what "Gizeh" says, and how she (if she is a female) makes it out only little above 92½ millions. We have no knowledge that the Egyptians had the refinements of modern instrumental appliances, but by all means put "Gizeh" on the witness stand.

Hockessin, Del. J. G. JACKSON.

"The Rapid Growth of Spiritualism."

Under the above heading a clergyman is reported, in your last issue, to have written to our JOURNAL, in certain statements, to which I ask permission to reply.

1. "Its converts need to be entirely from the infidel and atheist classes, so much so that Spiritualism itself was ranked, and rightly so, as a species of infidelity." The italics are mine.

Those who claimed Spiritualism with infidelity were full of the notion, among whom it is now spreading rapidly. But their estimate of Spiritualism did not make it infidel; neither does their reception of Spiritualism make it other than infidel now, if it ever were so. Spiritualism is not, and never was, rightly ranked as a species of infidelity. It is a development of the spiritual side of humanity, sent to supply a great need in the world, and also in the Church, which, to a great extent has lost hold of the truth; but their estimate of Spiritualism did not make it infidel; neither does their reception of Spiritualism make it other than infidel now, if it ever were so. Spiritualism is not, and never was, rightly ranked as a species of infidelity. 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(Continued from First Page.)  
 phenomena which they have neither seen nor examined referably to the conditions of their occurrence."

**SPRINKLED WITH WATER.**  
 Upon the morning of the 7th of May a séance had been held in the room so frequently before occupied for the purpose, when "Slade and I then rose to look in a closet near by for a somewhat larger piece of slate pencil, but before this could be done, almost at the moment when we rose, we were sprinkled from above by a sort of drizzle. We were wet on the head, clothes, and hands, and the traces of this shower—of perhaps one-fourth of a second's duration—were afterwards clearly perceptible on the floor of the room. Remains of the liquid were especially on the upper side of my right hand. I touched it with the tip of my tongue; so far as taste could inform the moisture was pure water. I should mention here that in the room in which we were there was no vessel with water, although there was in that immediately adjoining. Surprised at this unexpected phenomenon, and yet busied in drying our clothes, we took our places again at the table, and were about to join hands, when suddenly the same thing was repeated almost more strongly. This time the ceiling and walls of the room were also moistened, and there seemed, judging from the direction and form of the traces of water, to have projected several different jets of water at the same time, from a point in the middle of the room, perhaps four feet high above our heads; as if a jet of water were to be discharged perpendicularly upon a plane, where it would then spread itself out radially in all directions."

**MATERIALIZATION ESTABLISHED.**  
 Upon page 63 Prof. Zöllner says: "As almost regularly at all the sittings (while Slade's hands rested on the table, visible to all present, and his feet, in the sideways position, could be at any time observed) we felt the touch of hands under the table, and had even seen them transiently under the same conditions, I desired to institute an experiment by which a convincing proof of the existence of these hands could be permanently afforded. I therefore proposed to Mr. Slade to have placed under the table a flat porcelain vase filled up to the edge with wheat flour, and that he should then request his 'spirits' to put their hands in the flour before touching us. In this manner the visible traces of the touching must be shown on our clothes after contact, and at the same time Slade's hands and feet could be examined for remains of flour adhering to them. Slade declared himself ready at once for the proposed test. I fetched a large porcelain bowl of about one foot diameter and two inches deep; filled it evenly to the brim with flour and placed it under the table. We did not trouble ourselves at first about the eventual success of this experiment, but continuing for over five minutes the magnetic experiments (wherein Slade would cause the needle of a compass to turn in all directions at will.—J. F. B.), Slade's hands being all the time visible upon the table, when suddenly I felt my right knee powerfully grasped and pressed by a large hand under the table for about a second, and at the same moment, as I mentioned this to the others, and was about to get up, the bowl of meal was pushed forward from its place under the table about four feet on the floor. Upon my trousers I had the impression in meal of a large strong hand, and on the meal surface of the bowl were indented the thumb and four fingers with all the niceties of structure and folds of the skin impressed. An immediate examination of Slade's hands and feet showed not the slightest traces of flour, and the comparison of his own hand—with the impression on the meal proved the latter to be considerably the larger. The impression is still in my possession, although through frequent shaking, the delicacy of the lines is becoming gradually obliterated by the falling together of the particles of meal."

As another of this class of experiments—and it will be the last which came under Zöllner's direct inspection, that I shall use for the purposes of this paper, although I have left a wealth of even more startling and important testimony in abundance unquoted—from which permanent results were obtained is the record of that on page 70:

**IMPRESSION OF FEET INSIDE OF A SLATE.**  
 "I took a book-slate bought by myself; that is, two slates connected at one side by cross hinges, like a book for folding up. In the absence of Slade I lined both slates within, on the sides applied to one another, with a half sheet of my letter paper, which, immediately before the sitting, was evenly spread with soot in the way already described. This slate I closed, and remarked to Mr. Slade that it must be an easy thing for them to place on the interior of the closed slates (italics mine) the impression of feet hitherto only produced on the open slates. Slade laughed, and thought that this would be absolutely impossible. Even his 'spirits' which he questioned, seemed at first much perplexed with this proposition; but finally answered with the stereotyped caution, 'We will try.' To my great surprise, Slade consented to my laying the closed book slate (which I had never let out of my hands after I had spread the soot) on my lap during the sitting, so that I could continually observe it to the middle. We might have sat at the table in the brightly lighted room for about five minutes, our hands linked with those of Slade in the usual manner above the table, when I suddenly felt on two occasions, the one shortly after the other, the slate pressed down upon my lap, without my having perceived anything in the least visible. Three raps on the table announced that all was completed, and when I opened the slate there was within it on the one side the impression of a right foot; on the other side that of a left foot, and indeed of the same which we had already obtained impressions on the two former evenings." Upon which occasions Prof. Zöllner and assistants had carefully taken accurate measurements, and made other exact comparisons, as between Slade's feet and those of the 'spirit,' and found them totally different in every respect; and just here allow me to inquire in view of the above results, is Mr. Simmons' explanation of the occurrences, and the charges of alleged fraud upon the part of Slade, in Weston, Va., so wholly preposterous as they might, to the uninitiated reader at a first glance seem? As Prof. Zöllner says: "My readers may judge for themselves how far it is possible for me, after witnessing these facts, to consider Slade either an impostor or a conjuror, and as I am expressly authorized to mention in the presence of my friends and colleagues, Prof. Fechner, Prof. Weber, the celebrated electrician from Göttingen, and Herr Scheibner, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Leipzig, they are perfectly convinced of the reality of the observed facts, altogether excluding imposture or prestidigitation."

**FOUR KNOTS TIED IN AN ENDLESS CORD.**  
 In one of Zöllner's sittings with Slade four

knots were tied in an endless cord under the most stringent conditions against trickery, power, and of this occurrence—which I have omitted in detail because of its similarity in principle to some I have quoted. Prof. Zöllner says:

"The four knots in the before mentioned cord, with the seal unbroken, this day still lie before me. I can send this cord to any man for examination. I might send it in turn to all the learned societies of the world, so as to convince them that not a subjective phantasma is here in question, but an objective and lasting effect produced in the material world, which no human intelligence, with the conceptions of space so far current, is able to explain. If, nevertheless, the foundation of this fact, deduced by me on the ground of an enlarged conception of space, should be denied only one other kind of explanation would remain, arising from a moral mode of consideration that at present, it is true, is quite customary. This explanation would consist in the presumption that I myself and the honorable men and citizens of Leipzig, in whose presence several of these cords were sealed, were either common impostors, or were not in possession of our sound senses sufficient to perceive if Mr. Slade himself, before the cords were sealed, had tied them in knots. The discussion, however, of such a hypothesis would no longer belong to the domain of science, but would fall under the category of social decency.... Mr. Slade produced upon me and my friends the impression of his being a gentleman; the sentence [not enforced.—J. F. B.] for imposture pronounced against him in London necessarily excited our moral sympathy, for the physical facts observed by us in such a sitting—a variety in his presence, negated on every reasonable ground the supposition that he had, in one solitary instance, taken refuge in willful imposture. Mr. Slade in my eyes, therefore, was innocently condemned—a victim of his accusers' and his judges' limited knowledge." And may it not reasonably be the fact that this language is as applicable to his accusers, and his judges, in Weston, Va., as in London, England?

**SLADE AND THE CONJURER BELLACHINI.**  
 Upon his travels in Europe Slade visited, among other countries, that of Russia, where he appeared as a medium before the Grand Duke, who announced his belief in the genuineness of Slade's productions, after having witnessed many of the most marvelous phenomena, but it was at Berlin that he underwent a series of the most searching tests at the hands of Bellachini, Prestidigitator and Court Conjuror to His Majesty the King and Emperor William, who appeared and made oath to the following:

"I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Henry Slade, after only one sitting, and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also in my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening, in his bedroom, I must for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have not in the smallest degree found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining by any reference to prestidigitation, to be absolutely impossible. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace in London, Porty in Berne, and Butlerov in St. Petersburg, to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinion of laymen, as to the 'How' of this subject to be premature, and according to my view and experience, false, and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a notary and witnesses."

(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI.  
 Berlin, 9th Dec.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

In so far as human ability can encompass and encompass an end, Slade has heretofore come within its power as never man did before. Experts of the character above quoted, have passed him through their most carefully devised schemes to discover the evidence of trickery, if such there were, and, when these men, Zöllner, Weber, Fechner, Scheibner and Bellachini, whose words and whose testimony would be accepted in every other relation in life, assure us that they are "perfectly convinced of the reality of the observed facts, altogether excluding imposture or prestidigitation," why should not their assertions and conclusions in connection with the genuineness of Slade's mediumship, in the past, be entitled to the most respectful consideration? Spiritualists demand that they shall receive such consideration. In relation to the character of Henry Slade, as an individual, I know absolutely nothing. I trust that it may be the best, but if, in the future, he is destined (which God forbid) to go down into the very depths of villainy and degradation, yet no man hold the cause of Spiritualism responsible therefor, nor aver that it was ever the victim of any deception upon his part, in so far as it has heretofore endorsed his past mediumship with the stamp of genuineness, by means of which he, as an irresponsible agent—as a machine, of which it matters little whether it be rough or polished, if it possess the ability to be properly used by its masters—has represented a source of actual, tangible communication between those who are living and those who are dead; and this, it seems to me, no man can reasonably deny who, having investigated, will believe that he sees what he sees, hears what he hears, feels what he feels, or who will accept the most competent human testimony. Of Slade's denunciations in Weston, Va., I can say nothing condemnatory, if their charges are made in good faith, and beyond the possibility of all error, which in view of Mr. Simmons' explanation in the JOURNAL and the marvelous phenomena herein recorded, I must still be permitted to entertain an honest doubt. However, if these parties who allege fraud upon the part of Slade are conscientious—and this I have no right, under the rules of courtesy, to doubt—they are to be commended in taking the course which they did, for fraud is rampant and should be exposed at any cost, even though it should announce the downfall of a man (or a woman) who, like Henry Slade, has honestly earned in connection with his past the distinguished merit of an endorsement by the Cause of Spiritualism, as an undoubtedly genuine medium—an endorsement of which it retracts not a word, lot or tittle, whatever may prove to be the result of Slade's future; and no person could reasonably require that Spiritualism should be held responsible, save in connection with the specific phenomena which it had investigated and pronounced

good! Notwithstanding which the secular press of this country have welcomed, with avidity, the alleged exposure of Slade as involving the truths of Spiritualism in its meshes, a Boston daily announcing as its display lines of the story beneath, "The Great Mediums of Spiritualism! Only needing investigation to render them impostors." Another paper published there, the *Herald* says: "It appears that, after all, it is only a question of time and the right kind of opportunity when every so-called spiritual medium who produces what are claimed to be physical manifestations of spiritual force, will be exposed to the world as an impostor and a fraud." No impostor can long continuously practice his infernal trade without repeated exposures. If investigated, and if time shall show that Henry Slade's powers as a genuine medium have waned, or been wholly withdrawn (as has been frequently the case with others), and that he is now practicing imposture and fraud—which personally I can not believe—then, however great his temptation, condemn him utterly, but pity him still in consideration of his great past and all that he has accomplished through much personal sacrifice and suffering. If, however, his mediumship remains unimpaired, those who have hitherto controlled it will carry him through triumphant, inexorable time will reveal. "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing."

Bangor, Me.

#### Similar, or the Two Worlds, Spiritual and Material.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Swedenborgians are very liberal, and I must confess that I read the following in the *New Church Independent* (Swedenborgian) with a great deal of interest:

"There are two worlds: one a natural world, indexed with natural matter; the other a spiritual world governed by spiritual laws, as states relate to individual and aggregate states. These two worlds are one within the other, as the spirit is in the body, and in all and every part of it; or as the thought is in the written or printed word; or as the internal sense of the Word is in all and every part of the letter."

"Spirit and the material counterpart subserving it, resemble one another, not in every particular, but in general. Thus a man may have a very perfect and beautiful body and face, while his spirit may be deformed and ugly; or vice versa, the spirit may be beautiful and symmetrical, while the body and face are ugly, deformed, mutilated. The spirit and body of man resemble one another, not in particular features, but in the general fact, that they are both in the same human form; that is to say, that the spirit is never a horse or a tree, while the body is a man; neither is the spirit ever a vapor or a cloud, while the body is a man. They are both men. And in this they resemble one another, while as to particular features and traits they may be widely dissimilar."

"The same is true of the two worlds. In general traits they resemble one another so strikingly, that the newly arisen spirit with difficulty learns the lesson of his own death. The new world in which he moves is so much like that which he has just left behind him, that it is difficult for him to understand the change that has taken place. In fact, there are spirits now in the other life, to whom it cannot be proven, that they have ever died. Thus in their general traits the two worlds resemble one another, although in particular features they may radically differ. Thus both worlds have mountains and valleys and rivers and oceans, but the mountain of the one does not always coincide with the mountain of the other; nor does the river of one follow of necessity the same course exactly as the other."

"But in order to enter upon our subject with the full power of penetration, it is necessary to set before the mind fully and clearly the picture of the two worlds. Our natural world is sufficiently known. Ascend a mountain and you have the world spread at your feet. That clump of green is a forest; yonder regularly divided spaces separated from one another by faint dark lines, are farms and fields; those black patches scattered everywhere, with here and there a daub of red or yellow, are the roofs of cottages, beneath which beat human hearts in all the fulness of joy and woe; that silver thread spinning its length toward the white line in the horizon, is a river, restlessly running into the ocean. The shadows swiftly gliding over the landscape are the clouds that float immediately above your head; and yonder pale halo of murky gold surrounds a large city and covers it as with a pall. This is our world, the natural world. But now, supposing the eyes of the spirit be opened, and the state of the subject be one of sublime resignation to the Divine Will, and of intense love to the Lord in His Divine Human;—such a spirit would find himself upon a mountain, with a beautiful house in which to dwell, simple, but royally sweet in its appurtenances; and as he stands in the doorway of his residence and gazes forth upon the world beneath him, he too would see green meadows and clumps of forest here and there; he too would see the habitations of men scattered far and wide at his feet; he too would see the silver thread of a river running unceasingly into the sea; he too would see in the distance a dull haze of gray vapor that hangs over the city—and over it all, the glory and beauty of the never-setting Sun, the dwelling place of the Lord above the heavens, and here and there the shadow of a wandering cloud flying rapidly over the landscape. This is the spiritual world."

"The two worlds are in all respects exactly alike. And there is one feature noticeable in the letter of the Word in regard to this spiritual world, and that is, that the spiritual world is accepted as an axiomatic factor in the sequence of created realities. Nowhere in the letter is there an attempt at explanation of spiritual entities. They are simply introduced as actual facts, and left to stand as they are. It is nowhere stated that there are two worlds, exactly alike. The eye is simply opened to both of them simultaneously, and it is left to the ingenuity of man to trace the boundary line between the two. Just as John and Ezekiel do not laboriously prove that they have a spirit, or are a spirit, but they simply say: 'I was in the spirit,' or 'the spirit lifted me up.'"

"As man is accepted as a dual factor in Scripture, spirit and matter in one, so is the world accepted as a dual factor in Scripture, a world of spirit and a world of matter, the two coinciding as hand and glove, as spirit and body, as thought and word. This fact may be traced in the general scenery as presented in the Word. When Ezekiel is in the spirit, he sees a great and high mountain, a valley filled with bones, a city and a temple, whereof he gives all accurate measurements; and even an entire country which is divided and allotted to the various parts and tribes of the house of Israel; and then again he sees the cherubim and their mysterious ming-

ling of the known and the unknown. Zachariah sees horses and chariots and mountains; Daniel sees a river and trees and a man clothed in Byssus, with a measuring reed in his hand and an inkhorn at his side; John sees the Son of Man walking in the midst of seven lampstands; he sees a sea of crystal, rivers, mountains, cities, houses, trees, woods, scales, men, animals;—while other prophets see ephahs, houses, trees, baskets, armies riding on horses, fire, water, air, etc. All these objects go to make up a real world, just as real as the world in which we now live."

"Thus there is an unmistakable resemblance between the external appearance of both worlds, the spiritual and the natural."

"One other fact enters into the consideration of this subject. It is the fact that both the spiritual and the natural worlds are under the same laws, with the sole difference, that matter of itself is dead and remains inertly in a state of rest or motion, as pre-ordained; while spiritual substance of itself is, by the nearness of the Divine sphere, quickened into life. All laws which we find upon earth are projected into matter from the spiritual world; hence thinkers, like Drummond, seeing the similarity, or rather sameness in the law, reason that there is natural law in the spiritual world. In reality, however, the opposite is true. The spiritual is projected into the natural and formulates and shapes it. The spiritual, being more readily vivified and nearer the center of life, comes under the law with less resisting force. The same force which in the spiritual world immediately, that is, after the delay of a few moments, can produce a tree, will operate in matter through a space of years, and there again produce a tree of the same kind and after the same manner, using the seed as a first formative principle. The force which builds up a tree in the spiritual world works with volatile and plastic substances; the same force exerted into matter, works against the inertia and deadness of matter. In the one case it takes a few seconds, in the other a few years. Just as electrically, the finer force can travel along its cable across the Atlantic in a few moments, while a sailing vessel consumes at least three weeks in a similar trip, because it is under the control of similar laws, but exerted in grosser and heavier parts of matter. Thus a law in the spiritual world (owing to the absence of resistance and the non-existence of gravitation and friction, as peculiar accidents of matter) can produce in the twinkling of an eye, what may require several days, weeks, months or even years to accomplish in matter, the spiritual force and life working against the natural inertia and deadness of matter. Thus again in a dream, I can live through a number of incidents in five or ten minutes, which if duly developed in matter, with its slowness and deadness, would occupy the space of a year or two. Thus the same force in the spiritual world will accomplish with marvelous rapidity what requires a great lapse of time in the world of matter."

"Again, a spiritual law will have control of larger and more composite masses in the spiritual world than in the natural. A force controlling and attracting a thousand men and knitting them into a society in the spiritual world, would probably be sufficient only to unite the atomic parts of two or three chemical substances in the world of matter. Or again, a law which will control a vast mass of spiritual substance without intervening means, would require in the world of matter endless supplementary means. As a force sufficient to hurl a large stone into the sea, as seen by John, would require an endless number of supplementary levers, inclined planes, windlasses and horse-powers in matter. Thus a principle is established. For instance, the process of assimilation, of chemical affinity, of homoeopathy, of the attraction of cohesion and gravitation, of magnetism and electricity,—all work upon the infinitesimally small, and are the same law active upon varying atomic parts. But this same law, that is, the law of 'similia similibus,' is not so active upon greater masses. Animals and plants come under it to some extent; those of similar species being inclined to be gregarious. But men are almost altogether exempt from it; except in some very pronounced cases. That is, musician and musician may be mutually attracted, artist and artist may be mutually attracted to one another, but as to the body upon earth, they will yet be very distinct. But in the spiritual world, the same law which in matter attracts water to water, and gold to gold, and iron to iron, draws man to man, and knits them into societies. All whose affections are alike or similar dwell together in the other life."

"Thus again are the two worlds very similar; so similar that they can scarcely be distinguished, and the boundary line can be set only with difficulty."

While, of course, there are enormous errors in the teachings of the erratic Swedenborg, there are also grand truths. I will give the Swedenborgians credit for entertaining many advanced thoughts.

Philadelphia, Pa. SPIRITUALIST.

#### An Indian Girl's Death.

Miss Susie Wickliffe, a girl of the Cherokee nation, who was attending a mission school in the Indian Territory, died recently. A local paper says:

She seemed to realize that she was soon to leave this world of sorrow, and called to her mother and said: "I think I can't get home, can I?" "No, I mother, I don't want to go home?" "Yes, but I am too sick," and, raising her right hand, continued: "My heart will soon find a better home. You must give me up, mother. Though I love you dearly, I will give you up." She called her mother early one morning, thinking her asleep, but finding her awake said: "Oh, I didn't know you were up—I thought I'd wake you. I was with some little children last night." A few hours before she expired she said: "I do not belong to the church, but I have been praying ever since I've been here at the mission, two years or more." She then seemed to be engaged in earnest prayer, and we heard her: "Save us all at last for Jesus' sake, amen! Be still—just listen to them singing—how sweet—as though it was in a church. Thus, seemingly greeted by sweet music, she ceased to breathe, and her spirit was borne to its eternal rest."

A committee of doctors and painters met at the Casino of the Clotire, Notre Dame, to examine about 100 infant candidates for a baby-show. Many were rejected. Several of the babies were discovered to be afflicted with diseases and ailments the existence of which the parents were not aware. The doctors have reported to the effect that baby-shows might become one of the best means of sanitary inspection, which parents would not shrink from, but on the contrary would court, in order to gratify their paternal and maternal vanity and affection.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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### The Occult Forces in Nature.

An Address Delivered by Adam Miller, M. D., before the Chicago Philosophical Society, Jan. 16th, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

If there is anything in nature more mysterious and incomprehensible than the ordinary recurring natural phenomena, it is included in the word "force." This term, so frequently used and so little understood, may be considered under two different heads. First, that which is plain and manifests itself in our presence; and secondly, that which is occult, and which cannot be fully comprehended by the human mind, nor explained by human language. Since scientific investigation has led to the adoption of the dogma of the correlation and conservation of force, an importance previously unthought of has been attached to this word. It is force behind and about force, according to modern theories, giving and receiving new impulses until the whole physical structure of the universe is run by the action and interaction of force. This, it is claimed, is one of the greatest discoveries of the present century, but unfortunately, like all other theories in reference to a cosmos, it leads us into discussions on matters involved in mysteries where the widest range of human thought and human investigation soon find their boundaries, and the reluctant confession is extorted from the daring explorer of nature's unexplored mysteries, that they are still locked up in the dim and distant future, and must for the present remain beyond human comprehension. In our presence, and upon the surface of things there is much that appears plain to the superficial observer. We see forces and the apparent causes of these forces around us in our daily life. We may think we understand them perfectly, but behind and beyond these visible manifestations of force there are occult forces and powers of whose origin and methods of operation we know nothing.

When we see a wagon or carriage drawn by horse, or a train of cars propelled by the power of steam, we appear to understand the operation perfectly. The power of the horses and the steam are sufficient to overcome the inertia of the wagon or car to which they are attached, and they must move. Here is a manifestation of energy which upon the surface of things appears very plain; and if we go no farther back than this visible and constantly recurring manifestation of force, we see nothing mysterious in it; but when we come to inquire into the primal origin of this force, and travel backward in our investigation we soon arrive at a point where the *how* and the *why* are beyond our knowledge. In our investigation of this subject we may travel back on two distinct lines: First, along the vital or physiological line, and secondly along the mechanical and chemical line. In the latter we shall find a combination of the vital with the chemical. In our first backward movement from the present manifestations of force we are led to inquire whence the horse derived his power to move, the wagon and cars to which he may be hitched. This, we say, he does by his strength, and his strength is the result of his growth from a small colt to a fully developed horse. But what made him grow? You reply the food taken into his system as nourishment. But what produced this food? The soil on which it has grown under the influence of sunshine and showers. Here we find a beautiful process constantly going on and we think no more of it than as a matter of course, and matters of fact. The transmutation of hay and grain, through the process of digestion and assimilation, converted into a powerful bony structure and into muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, ligaments and other parts that build up and sustain the animal structure

are but insignificant parts of nature's mysterious chemistry. Behind the fact of sunshine and showers, and a peculiarly adapted soil for the production of vegetation by which animal life is sustained, comes the question: How does sunshine get from its home in the sun to our earth? And how does moisture get up from the earth to form itself into clouds to return to the earth in showers of rain? It is lifted up, we are told, by the rays of the sun, and carried up into the colder regions of the atmosphere, and there formed into clouds to return to the earth in showers, by the force of gravity. But how does the sunbeam get through interplanetary space for many millions of miles until it reaches the earth. Is it by objective attraction or subjective propulsion? In other words, does the earth as an objective point draw it, or does the sun push it out in journey of from four hours to hundreds of years as in the case of the more distant planets and stars; and at a speed of 12,000,000 miles per minute. No raging storm can turn one sunbeam from its course nor retard its progress; onward it rushes as if carried on unwearied wings toward its objective point, and when it arrives it falls upon the most delicate structure without the least disturbance. It gently lifts the dewdrop from flower and leaf, and hides it from our sight during the day only to return it at the next twilight to repeat its refreshing influence upon the growing plant. But these are only some of the delicate and tender touches of this mighty and yet mysterious force. It is the most gentle of all gentle things, and the most powerful of all powerful things in nature.

Whence comes the lifting power of the sun's rays to carry millions of tons of water from ocean, lake and river, forming them into rain clouds, to be carried by the winds to the different and distant parts of the earth? And these winds that serve as chariots for the clouds are indirect creations of the sun.

Science supplies us with a nomenclature to describe these marvelous operations, but can render no satisfactory account of the occult forces through which they are carried on; and what is the primal cause of the line along which the forces come, that appear so plain to us in our daily life.

Let us now look a little ways along the mechanical and chemical line of force. We are not now looking at the horse whose power to make things move comes indirectly from the sun, through the vegetable world; but we come to contemplate the locomotive which dashes across continents with marvelous speed, dragging its freight and passenger trains like a thing of life. What gives the steam engine its energy? The fuel converts the water into steam, and this supplies the power to drive ships across the ocean and locomotives over land. The steam is the result of heat; the heat is produced by the fuel, the fuel is supplied by the sun whether in the form of wood or coal. The legitimate conclusion is that whether we ride in carriages, street cars, or on railroads propelled by steam we are moved by a force that has its origin in the sun. And who can tell whence came the mighty energies displayed by this bright orb? We have theories in great abundance, and these appear more or less plausible according to the logical skill of their defenders, and when logic and rhetoric and analogical deductions have done their utmost, and the question is plainly put, how and why is this so? the answer comes back, "We do not know!" An appeal to the laws of nature will not help us out of the difficulty. In nature we see certain results follow certain causes, and from these we draw our conclusions, and say the laws of nature produced the results. Such are the regularities and the certainties of these operations that we can depend on them as actual verities. But here we enter upon the threshold of the occult forces or powers in nature. The question comes up with peculiar emphasis: Whence came these laws and correlated forces that are now producing such marvelous results? Inertia is one of the known properties of matter. It only moves as it is affected, or acted upon by a force or power sufficient to overcome its resistance. Here we have another difficult problem to solve. Was matter before all things, or did it produce itself and then make laws to govern itself; or do these laws possess in themselves such an amount of intelligence as to produce the order, regularity, and harmony we find in the physical universe? Was matter a necessity of these governing laws, or were these pre-existing laws a necessity of matter? We may well ask this question: In what direction do our highest conceptions of grandeur and harmony in a cosmic universe lead us? Is it in the direction of unintelligent or blind chance? or is it in the direction of a superintending and intelligent power controlling and directing the forces of nature?

The term, occult force, may be objected to when used in reference to an intelligent power in nature; but taking Webster's definition of the term we find ourselves justified in using it in this sense. According to Webster it is, "Hidden from the eye or understanding, invisible, secret, unknown, undetected, undetected." In astronomy it is the hiding of a heavenly body from our sight by the intervention of some other of the heavenly bodies? It must be kept in mind that we are not discussing the occult sciences of the middle ages, included under the head of magic, alchemy, necromancy, etc. Our object is to find and set forth a power in nature that controls the laws of a cosmic universe—the *wisdom* of all the powers and forces in nature, displaying itself in all forms of matter and all manifestations of life, from

the minutest germ to the highest stage of development within the compass of our knowledge.

It is contended by some modern philosophers that these conceptions of an infinite controlling power in nature lead to an unwarrantable degree of credulity and superstition—that we can have no rational conception of an almighty being that existed before all things, and that created all things. Theories in science and religion are often rendered obscure and objectionable on account of the misapplication or misunderstanding of terms employed in their defense. Our highest conceptions of a supreme power do not require us to believe that this almighty power was especially exercised at a certain definite time, and within certain specified limits to create a cosmic universe out of absolutely nothing. The term creation does not necessarily imply this. Our idea of an infinite and eternal power may carry with it the idea of an infinite and eternal possessor of the essence and potency out of which all forms of matter and all conditions have come; not as an accident of blind chance but an incident of an intelligent causation.

We lose nothing in our plea for an intelligent creating power by admitting that the primal elements may have been but few in number, and that these may have existed from eternity as a possession of the infinite power. We can more rationally conceive of an eternally existing something than of an eternal nothing. Our conceptions of an infinite power with possessions, must be more grand and sublime than that of a power in eternal solitude. The change of material forms and the transmutation of material substances do not indicate a loss of energy nor a loss of substance. Instead of Nature running down in her mighty revolutions, to a state of equilibrium and death, there is a constant onward push and upward movement to higher developments and destinies; and retrogression in one direction means progression in another direction.

The forces at work everywhere, in all parts of the universal empire of matter may be occult to us in their methods of operation, while their results are visible in every direction. The works of the most skillful artist, and the most ingenious mechanical contrivance of men are but feeble imitations of Nature's magnificent displays from her chemical laboratory and her mechanical workshop. We know men work with their eyes open to see what they are doing; and with their minds active to plan and their hands engaged to execute and carry out their well conceived plans, and can we believe that Nature without eyes to see, or a mind to conceive or intelligently directed hands to perform her work has left all intelligent workers far in the rear for grandeur, beauty and harmony.

Men finish their work and retire from their respective fields of labor, and finally leave all to the care of their successors. Nature's work, under the controlling influence of an almighty power, is never done; or being ended in one direction, it is commenced anew in another direction, and always accomplished with a master hand, whether in stars and worlds, or in the secret chambers of the earth pushing up in the varied forms of life, or forming crystals and diamonds to amuse the rustic or to adorn the monarch's throne or brow. Any causation must be above or superior to the result, so far as mechanism and ability are concerned. That which put five fingers on each human hand and five toes on each foot should be able to count twenty. That which produced the human organs of speech, and the melody of the human voice should have a knowledge of speech and harmonious sounds. That which produced the organs of sight should itself be able to see; and that which produced the organs of hearing should be able to hear, or have some knowledge of acoustics and the principles of the chromatic scale. That which constructs an apparatus like the stomach that can change food into nourishment must have a thorough knowledge of chemistry. That which conveys every particle of digested nourishment to the particular point where it is needed to build up the human structure, and to supply the wastes that are constantly going on, must have a knowledge of navigation and commercial transactions; of want and supply. That which produced the heart with its delicately adjusted valves as a pumping apparatus must have some knowledge of hydrodynamics. That which produced the odors of flowers with all their delicate and sweet perfumes must know something of the sense of smell; in a word, that which produces a thing must know something of the thing produced. Of course this can have no reference to the chemical action of one substance upon another caused by the intelligent compounding of one substance with another by which chemical results are produced. We only speak of primal elements as they are produced in Nature's great laboratory through an all-controlling and over-ruling power; not by a blind force which has no eyes, and cannot see; no ears and cannot hear; no brains and cannot think; no mind to conceive and plan, and no hands to work out well conceived and carefully laid plans. If this blind force could possibly exist outside of the imaginations of men, it must have come from nothing and is leading us to nowhere, whatever that condition may be.

Electricity, that mighty giant of force, now rocking in the cradle of infancy, creeping upon the attention of this generation so darkly and silently, that our Congress from time to time rejected its claims to public recognition and favor; but there was one

daring adventurer who with prophetic vision appeared to see the coming glory of this occult power, and urged its claims upon Congress year after year, until some of the politicians had their eyes opened and were compelled to recognize its claims to public patronage. Now the civilized world, from its centre to its utmost boundaries is brought into speaking distance, and the speakers of every language of this babbling earth can communicate their thoughts to each other with messages flashing with lightning speed. Here again we ask the question: By what strange force is this invisible something pushed through the conducting wires for thousands of miles over land and through the ocean's depths. Is it pushed, or is it pulled; or does it move by some mysterious inherent energy, altogether above the comprehension of even those who are most familiar with the working of this masterful power.

Again, when we look at the magnetic poles affecting the needle of the compass by which ships are guided in their course across the trackless ocean, we see the operation of a power entirely above human comprehension, and one which must, for the present at least, be classed among the occult forces in Nature.

In the vegetable world we find forces equally mysterious; the different formation in plants, leaves and flowers, with their varied colors and fragrance, all coming from the same soil and under the same influence of sunshine and rain, and all measuring up to their original types for centuries on centuries in succession. Could an unintelligent force in Nature move along the same line, and keep the same track so long without making a single mistake?

If Mr. Tyndall's assertion, that matter contains in itself the promise and potency of all life, could be proved, it would not prove the doctrine of spontaneous generation. If certain conditions of matter will produce either animal or vegetable life, then we ask how and whence came these conditions? Did they produce themselves or arrange themselves in such forms and combinations as to make life possible where the life germ did not previously exist. Modern discoveries have established the fact that it is difficult to find conditions in earth, air or water free from germs out of which life may come. And in the unfolding and development from germs to fully organized manhood, what strange force or power weighs or measures out the different ingredients that are found in the human organism? For example: If a well organized human being weighs 150 pounds, his body is composed of—oxygen, 107 pounds; hydrogen, 13 pounds; carbon, 21 pounds; nitrogen, 3 pounds 8 ounces; phosphorus, 1 pound 12 ounces; calcium, 2 pounds, and sulphur, 2 ounces, with numerous other ingredients in smaller quantities, such as iron, sodium, potassium, magnesium, etc. The power which weighs or measures out these nicely adjusted ingredients must know something of measure, weights and proportions, and these cannot be attributes of a force that is deaf, dumb and blind. But life itself, in its million forms, and under such varied conditions as we find it is an unexplained mystery. One kind will flourish and multiply itself with astonishing rapidity, while another kind would perish immediately.

In life we find matter in motion by a mysterious union of a vital principle with numerous compounds of material substances, as already referred to, but how this union is produced, and by what power it is kept up for a limited period, and then by a law of limitation extending from a few hours to one hundred years and more, this union is severed, cannot be explained; and equally mysterious is the fact that when this separation is completed the union can never again be successfully effected.

All animals instinctively love life and are provided with means of self-defence or escape from the attack of the enemy ready to destroy it; and yet the final separation of this vital principle from matter is the certain doom of every organized living being. What this vital principle is we cannot tell. We know as little about it as we do about the connecting link between matter and life.

When we ascend from the lower order of living beings to the higher class, where reason and intelligence take the place of instinct, we find the mystery of life increasing. We find forces at work, and powers displaying themselves immeasurably beyond what is seen in the lower plane of life. Here we find volition, free will, law, moral responsibility and penalties for the violation of laws.

Passing over all speculations and conjectures in reference to the final fate of the lower conditions of life, we approach the question: "Will this higher order or form of life, including memory, reason, consciousness, free will, and all the attributes of the soul, exist after the destruction and decay of the body?" Theists claim such a relation of the soul of man with all its attributes, to the infinite spirit; that it must necessarily have an eternal existence, regardless of a physical organization.

Atheists and materialists, on the other hand claim that life or spirit can only exist in connection with physical organizations, and when these are disintegrated the spirit ceases to exist as an independent entity, and this, we are told, is to be the final ending of this noble being endowed with such marvelous intellectual capacities and powers as we find in man.

Have the advocates of this materialistic philosophy ever seriously thought of the ludicrous conclusions that naturally flow

from their theory? Matter is every thing, makes its own laws and governs itself by blind force. Matter is the same in man and all the lower animals only differently organized.

Now a young man, true to his convictions and theory writing to his sweetheart would address her as his dear little clod. A lady writing to her absent husband might consistently say:

"MY DEAR LUMP OF CLAY.—I am anxious to see you; but a new philosophy has taught me that you are, after all, nothing more than a finely organized chunk of matter, and if you die before you get home that will be the end of you, but then it affords me great consolation to know that the cattle in your yard are made of the same stuff that you are made of, and then there is our dear old jackass made of the same matter; and O! what consolations come to my mind to think we will all soon be on a level with the dear, patient, senseless old brute who to all appearance will soon be—

"Beyond the braying and the snorting,  
Beyond the frisking and the sporting,  
Beyond the pulling and the hauling,  
Beyond the creeping and the crawling."

"O! what a good time we will have when we all get to nowhere and turned into nothing."

We can imagine the reply of the materialistic philosopher to a letter like the above. It might be something like the following:

"MY DARLING SLICE OF CLAY.—Your truly philosophical letter was received in due time. I rejoice to know that you are advancing so rapidly in this new philosophy, and have found out that we are nothing but organized forms of matter; but I think your comparison with a certain animal might have been a little more elegant; yet I must confess it serves as a very striking illustration of our philosophy. It is the truth and we may as well express it in the strongest term, and present it to others by the most striking illustrations. Now my dear organized slice of clay, when we were married I was simple enough to think you had a soul, and I was also inclined to believe I had one; but now our grand philosophy teaches us that we stand on a level with the brutes that perish, yet I can scarcely give up the idea that there is considerable sand in my composition, which makes me something of a brick. Give my love to the dear little slices of clay at home, and believe me as ever your affectionate, "CHUCK CHUNK OF MATTER."

Now, if the separation of the vital principle called life or soul, from the body is to be the final end of all human beings, then we may well turn away with disgust from the operations of this blind force in nature and say it has mocked us with a cruel partiality. Many of the lower class of animals live longer than man. The unconscious oak and pine of the forest will endure the pelting storms of a thousand winters, while man, the noblest being on earth, is cut down in the prime of his life, and more than one-half of the race in the very spring time of their existence, like a beautiful flower destroyed in the bud before it had time to shed its fragrance on the surrounding air.

The question, "If a man die shall he live again?" has come up thousands of times in the minds of thoughtful and anxious inquirers after truth. The common sentiment and yearnings of all nations, savage and civilized, have gone in this direction. The highest philosophy and the most logical reasoning can afford no valid objection to this soul or spirit existence. I know, Mr. President, of the Philosophical Society, that my critics will ring out the change of environment on my remarks. This, they claim, does everything for all classes of animals from man down to the lowest creeping thing that lives. Now it may be well to prick this bubble of environment, and let out some of the gas before it ascends in our presence this evening. This is the stronghold of the materialistic philosophy. It is claimed that it makes everything to serve its purpose. Polar animals have heavy coats of fur to protect them from the cold, while animals living in warm climates have a scanty supply because they do not need it; but I need not enlarge here. My critics will, no doubt, defend a materialistic philosophy on this line. But who can tell but the intelligent principle I have so frequently referred to, is superintending these very changes, so that instead of a deaf and dumb, and blind environment, there is a superintending intelligent power everywhere working out the grand designs of an infinite cause and will. If this power exists it must manifest itself everywhere either directly or indirectly by secondary causes.

We say men build houses and erect monuments when they never move a hand in the actual work themselves. They only superintend and give directions, while the work is performed by others, yet it is called their work.

What would we think of the philosophy of one who, on looking at some of the finest mansions in our city, with all their fine furniture would contend that the environments of the owner had furnished him with the entire outfit? Would not the poorer classes have a right to complain of the partiality of this environment providing homes for some and leaving others destitute? But we may also be told that Nature's laws are moving on in their sublime and irresistible majesty, and will not be interfered with, nor interrupted by any supposed power above Nature. Let us look at this for a moment. Are not Nature's laws constantly interfered

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## Revolution or Reformation—Which Shall It Be?

Synopsis of a Discourse Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by John R. Cummings.)

The sentiment, "The world is my country,—to do good my religion," is worthy of a God. It was the expression of an infidel, Thomas Paine, whose patriotism could condemn evils in his own country and cry out against abuses against mankind, and, in the new, help to lay the foundation of a great republic; a patriot willing to bleed for larger liberty, yet wise and liberal enough to cry out for the life of a king.

This patriotism, based upon justice, and full of regard for true religion, is sure to lay broad and good foundations for a superstructure which will shelter all humanity, when all will at last receive their deserts. But now, instead of that, we have patriotism of a narrow kind. We are chiefly concerned in the care of our own selfish interests. We turn a deaf ear to those removed from us, and we close our eyes to wrongs perpetrated on others. As a result, we have the protection of the few and the oppression of the many even in our Republic. In establishing our government, the rights of the blacks were not considered, and the result was discontent. There is that in human nature which, when probed, proves golden; that which demands justice and which strikes out for the right. This left our Republic unsafe so long as slavery existed. Our statesmen could not see that slavery was a costly luxury to be paid for in blood. They could not see that nature is moral to the core, and that a wrong perpetrated anywhere is sure to be found out and condemned.

A bloody revolution is costly. A peaceful, rational solution of a question by arbitration never costs one hundredth as much as that which is purchased by the sword. All history testifies to this fact; yet when we look over the world and feel the pulse of humanity, we are appalled at the fact that humanity has not yet learned it. We see that men in power will take the chance to right things through blood, rather than come to the rescue with wiser measures. They leave the question of natural rights to settle itself. So long as they bask in prosperity, they heed not the wrongs which are festering on all hands. We have yet to see a government founded upon equity. We thought that we did a great, philanthropic thing when we were lashed to do an act of justice to the negro. The emancipation proclamation is written in letters of light, and we proudly point to it as a sign of our progress. When we gave the ballot to the blacks we thought that justice was satisfied, and that we had then a perfect Republic. Our statesmen overlooked the fact that they withheld the elective franchise from millions of citizens. They gave it to ignorant negroes and refused it to the mothers, the wives and the daughters of America.

There are millions of dollars' worth of property owned by women who are taxed without being represented in our legislatures. Ours will not be a true Republic until sex ceases to be a crime—till women cease to knock in vain at the halls of legislation. Women cannot be tried by their peers, and however much oppressed they may be, they have no power to amend laws to obtain redress. Now, while we have the best government in the world, there is no difference between its oppression and that of the British parliament. Until we give women the ballot we shall never have self-government—never attain the highest civilization—and never enjoy real peace.

How can these desired ends be brought about? One plan proposed is to stop immigration. Our country is an asylum for criminals and paupers from the old world. We extend to ignorant foreigners, the elective franchise, still keeping it from women, and the result is that there are disturbing forces at work among the unreasoning masses. Politicians use them as tools to gain their own selfish ends, and true patriotism languishes. All are striving to get rich instead of becoming truly prosperous, and we see around us the extremes of luxury and poverty. We hear of Nihilism, Communism and Socialism in the old world, and their echo is sounding here. There is eternal unrest everywhere. How can we remedy these evils? Men will not continue to starve much longer without demanding their rights. The time will soon come when this problem must be settled. Negro slavery cried out one hundred years before our statesmen heard it. They would not believe that it was condemned by God. Moral forces had no effect upon them, but they were suddenly startled into action by war. Then came that awful drama which proved so costly in blood and treasure.

For a few years we have been on the high road to prosperity. We have had bountiful harvests and increased manufactures; but we see vast wealth on one hand, and on the other, the toiler cut down in wages until they are insufficient to procure him the necessities of life. Now low mutterings of discontent are heard, and again we are lying on our oars, and our statesmen are asleep at the helm. They see not whether we are drifting. Is it possible to arouse to a sense of justice those in power? Will they have the wisdom to deliver the down-trodden from their sufferings without bloodshed? Are we to see the labor organizations for self protection meeting secretly in dark places to start a revolution by which the governments in the new and the old worlds will be overthrown? Or shall we, by studying the rights of man, do justice to all and preserve peace by arbitration? I believe that there is sufficient goodness in human nature, and sufficient wisdom in those in power, if once aroused to existing dangers, to clear the ship of state from the rocks and the shoals which threaten her. If we believe that there is a divinity that shapes our destinies, we must believe that justice will triumph at last, and that by violent, if not by peaceful means every question concerning human rights is sure to be settled. But must the innocent go down with the guilty, or shall only wrong-doers be punished? Men in power and men of wealth must come to the rescue, or the people, torn by their agonies, will rise and snatch from selfishness and greed that which has been so long withheld.

Revolution or reformation—which shall it be? Revolution is costly in treasure and in lives. Homes are desolated, and the innocent suffer more than the guilty, for mothers must receive this two-edged sword, and childhood goes down in passions rampant in revolution. The people are forced to the front, while their rulers, and too often their generals, stand back out of danger. Reform should begin now and here by our meeting peacefully in convention to sit in judgment between labor and capital, and to redress wrongs. Nature is on the side of reformation, and our invisible friends above will

point to mighty means in our power by which the difficult social problems can be solved without bloodshed. God is working through the people, and the end must be the righting of wrongs.

How can we reform our governments, and how avert the threatening dangers? Our answer must be incomplete, but we see that we are at the beginning of splendid activities. Let there be a convention of rulers, wise men, philosophers and social scientists of all nations. Let them invite every class, bond or free, rich or poor, to send representatives to state their wrongs, and let them listen to all with sympathy for humanity in all conditions. These questions must be settled within the next five or ten years; and the toiler, who feels better toward capitalists, may see, by that cooperation, exigencies may be met. If on the part of the strong and the wise there is displayed sympathy and good judgment, and patience on the part of the poor, we may inaugurate an era in which forces now wasted will be utilized for the public good.

Politics has become a by-word and a disgrace, because men are lagging to point out a better way. There is a general disgust at present methods, but each one feels that his individual effort is ineffectual. Every man's duty is on the side of justice. There is no excuse to avoid politics or the polls. Every one should use his power for the purification of politics. Though you are but one against millions, utter your protest against injustice. God is on the side of justice, and a reformation expands till the universe feels its power and divine destiny triumphs over human error. There should be reform in all departments of life. Woman should be given her appropriate place as an equal beside her brother man. Protect the weak, even the Chinamen. It is said that they are aliens, but they are less dangerous than those from the old monarchies of Europe, who set at once to undermine our government. Reform the ballot by limiting suffrage. No one who cannot read should have a vote. Keep sectarianism out of the public schools. Morality is good enough for our children. Break down the barriers of caste based on wealth or ancestry, and respect talent and genius in all. Cease to license or tolerate dens of prostitution and intemperance, and have one moral standard for man and woman. Require pure virginity of men as well as of women. Make pulpits centers of education, and let ministers not preach against imaginary evils, but against actual wrongs. Have churches not too good for temperance meetings, and not too good to be open every day. Let the rich have a larger and sweeter sympathy for the poor, and let the oppressed have a patient hearing in our legislative halls.

Let us have reformation rather than revolution. I see in millions in Europe material for a revolution of more frightful darkness than ever before, threatening the downfall of existing governments and universal upheavals in society. I see also the possibility of settling these difficulties peacefully by a reformation in our governments, in society and in our daily lives. Shall we have it? What can I do? you ask. I answer, You can make your own life give out a purer tone, develop a higher sentiment among your neighbors, and throw all your influence on the side of justice. I see the possibility of such good as the world has never seen. I would say to workmen, Be patient and go slow. Listen not too readily to burning appeals. Be not too ready to put the torch to combustibles. It is easier to start a fire than to quench it, and war brings untold sufferings to multitudes of innocent people.

To those men who think that such a revolution is impossible, I say, study history and see if there ever existed wrongs without revolution following, or if there was ever a tyrant without fear. The undertones of revolution reach our fair republic. The vilest in blood are working swiftly in the dark, and if we do not take care, our condition will soon be frightful. Be just while you may. Begin reform at once and extend it from the presidential chair down to the beggar, not only for your own good—but for generations yet to come. Never mind heaven until every slave is free, the ignorant enlightened, and power is the possession of the wise and pure.

There is much to fear from intemperance. When a mob is not only angered by wrongs but crazed by drink, then woe to the innocent as well as the guilty. Prohibition is necessary, and we should act at once for the establishment. Intemperance must be abolished, for cool heads will be required in the time of trial soon to come. I tremble when I think what infuriated beasts men are when drunk. These dens of drink multiply. They far outnumber the churches, and liquor costs more than food and clothing. I tremble when I see how heedless of this danger the people are. Misery is increased more by strong drink than by anything else. Intemperance causes poverty and crime, and fills our prisons and asylums. In this direction there is the greatest need of reformation, and it should begin at home. If we succeed, then at least one-half of the danger will be averted and one-half of the obstacles removed. Teach temperance and patience. Award to capital its due, and to genius its due. Ward off revolution, which would not stop until all governments are overthrown. Laborers, pray and wait in patience, for God is guiding the affairs of men, and he will enthroned himself in the heart of humanity.

### SPIRIT PICTURES.

Curious Developments Where Least Expected.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last December the well-known Dr. P. Wm. Paulson, of Oakland, Cal., visited his lately deceased brother, Dr. H. L. Paulson, of Paola, The California doctor had hardly been an hour in town, and had never seen or heard of me before, yet he gave me several excellent tests by describing friends in spirit-life. He is, no doubt, an excellent clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. He don't, however, seem to use his powers much except in his profession. His brother here insisted that he should also try his mediumship, in getting spirit-pictures for himself and a few friends. He agreed to do so, in the gallery of Mr. W. S. Howard, a materialist and an artist, whose work will compare favorably with any I have seen in Chicago.

Dr. P. W. Paulson asked the artist if he had any objection to his holding one of his hands on the camera while he was taking the different pictures, stating that he expected spirit pictures. Mr. Howard laughed at the idea, and told him he was welcome to put both hands on; at the same time he kept a close eye on his camera, so that no fraud could be practiced.

Dr. Wm. Paulson said: "We will try, as I can promise nothing in this line." Although the weather was very cloudy and unfavorable, Mr. Howard took likenesses of Dr. H. L. Paulson, T. K. Clifton, J. T. Haughey and myself, while Mr. Howard took that of Dr. H. L. Paulson a person came sud-

denly into the room, and the result was not successful, but the other three proved a success. While Mr. Howard took the likenesses in light of all, Dr. P. Wm. Paulson just put one hand for a few seconds on the camera, and after being placed in this camera.

Mr. W. S. Howard has lived here for several years, and is known by all as an upright, honorable citizen, whose word is good. Dr. P. Wm. Paulson, of Oakland, is also favorably well known to all Liberals and Spiritualists of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and California, and, therefore, it is unnecessary for me to say anything about him. His face indicates a straightforward, honest and honorable man, and he is said to be well situated financially, with a good practice. He left the next day before the pictures were developed. He was more anxious than any of us to learn whether there were any spirit pictures on the cards. After a few days of cloudy weather, the sun shone for several hours, and Mr. Howard succeeded in developing the pictures. To Mr. Howard's greatest surprise, he found on Mr. Clifton's picture, besides Mr. Clifton, a likeness of a beautiful young lady in a bridal veil and costume, leaning on Mr. Clifton. On Mr. Haughey's are well developed faces of old gentlemen, and a close inspection will reveal several other things on it. On mine are also three faces of gentlemen.

Any and all of these statements can and will be sworn to by the artist, T. Haughey, T. K. Clifton and myself, if necessary. Dr. H. L. Paulson, of this city, passed to spirit-life a few weeks ago, regretted by all his friends, as he was a noble man and a true and outspoken Spiritualist. Dr. P. Wm. Paulson is busy in his profession in Oakland and San Francisco.

PAOLA, KANSAS. E. T. ABRENS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Is Spiritualism a Neo-Theocracy?

Individual enlightenment is the true basis of universal progress. The tendency of the age is to eliminate supernaturalism from the lot of life. The era of an irresponsible Theocracy is well nigh spent. Roman Catholicism is a power over man's religious convictions, and in this country wisely abstains from practical politics. The science of to-day proclaims the supremacy of law, and blunder as we may, and do the progress that is the resultant of our own efforts is better than a seeming advance depending upon an assumed "divine" impulse. Gods, many or one, as elements in our life problems, are rapidly vanishing quantities. Moses gives place to a Lyell, a Miller or a Denton. Mount Sinai is no longer a legislative point; human growth and needs write the commandments of the nineteenth century. Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Tyndal, and Huxley render Theocracy obsolete. Paleontology discloses progress as the result of complex causes, showing as priestcraft flourished independence declined, and empires fell. Hindoo, Egyptian, Greek and Jew have languished, for a priest's God cannot govern or perpetuate a society he has never lived in, or shared. Deities, angels, priests, rulers, peoples, have been the elements, the theocratic schemes of the past; the results bigots, tyrants, slaves, and supernaturalism.

Again, human attention, diverted from its own sphere, the world in which it is exercised, neglects its own concerns. The craft and tyranny find their opportunity. Revelation, inspiration, and the interpretations of Sacerdotalism become the sources of law and polity, and applied by priest, augur, or oracle, the only right methods for advice, guidance, or vindication. Priestly domination results in popular subjection.—"God's will," not the peoples' good, rules all. Luther, Servetus, Knox and Quaker Fox were protests against papal teachings, but Volney's eloquence and Paine's trenchant logic strike deeper notes. These men said: "The world is ours, let us rule it." We live in it, let us be happy. Nature feeds us and clothes us; let all partake of her bounty. Theocracy has failed to bring us "The Rights of Man; let us dethrone its puppets, and rule ourselves." America caught the inspiration, and a good—if so-called "Godless" constitution blesses and preserves a free people.

Thirty-eight years ago came the Hydesville raps. At the times obscure star of immortality shone brightly and clear again. Doubtless and believers in church or creed were baptized. The air rang with shouts of joy. The ashes of mourning were washed from pale faces by tears of rapture. The dead lived. For a time the new light blessed all it shone upon. Abnegation, devotion, enthusiasm reigned supreme. Then came clouds. Much of the popular clamor was silenced; the road became smoother, then self crept out and credulity awoke, because ignorance largely overshadowed all this new theory meant. Until presently a school of thought, ably presented by a Cook arose, urging that as "the spirits" initiated "the work," they, and they alone must decide how it shall proceed. Against this came the earnest protest of the few, who at first felt a danger they could not see; who urged that we, on the mortal plane ought not to surrender to these new and untried powers without due trial and strict examination. These few were reviled and jeered at—fair evidence they had light—or nearly so. History has vindicated them now! But at first the Neo-Theocracy gained, and much was said, done and borne because "the spirits" so willed or wished. Let it be asked: Does there exist one institution directed absolutely by spirit-guidance without attention or recourse to usual business needs and methods? If so, where is it? The Neo-Theocracy, like the Paleo Theocracy, is a failure when unsupplemented by methods that are the results of practical experience. If advice, foresight, or suggestion from the "inner" are used to aid in building up our "outer" method, then, and only then, success.

A philanthropist builds a majestic pile, in good faith spends his thousands; the Neo-Theocracy steps in and twiddle, empty seats, and seeming failure are the existing sequences. Surrendering the judgment to irresponsible invisibles, who can neither be criticised or chastised for follies, looks like mental hari-kari. The ability that directed the creation, continued in the conduct of the edifice, would banish the invisible and irresponsible Neo-Theocracy and invite counselors, not rulers from the unseen.

Phenomena, inexplicable in nature, strange in manner of occurrence, challenge investigation. The dead are said to stand veritably before the living, and avoidpoisals forms are presented as evidences of imponderable being. The Neo-Theocracy counsels wonder, admiration and gaping gossip, but declines examination; arguing such is wicked doubtfulness. Paint, tinsel, drapery and masks condemn the tactics of the Neo-Theocracy, while gentles sneer and believers grow weary. It needs not be so. Truth is there, but not until séance rooms are temples of study will the Jarley's wax works cease to attract.

The wisest teachers suggest, the bigot dogmatizes, departed souls on the average are neither Solons, Napoleons, Vanderbilts or Saints. To expect them to be quite wise teachers, safe guides in politics or social life is idle. To invite the antique to direct the modern, is foolish. Manes, Plato, Socrates, et genus omne, granting they do return to us, must be too advanced to help us much at present. Shall we then, as some claim we must, give up mind, conscience, and life to the Neo-Theocracy? Certain among us would convert the spirits into, or be content to have, help, and not desire domination? To be advised, not coerced; to work with, and not under; to feel the old terse truth, "Stand up for I also am a man" and live as such; or shall we bend the neck, put on the yoke, and in this Neo-Theocracy of departed mankind find fresh fetters for our souls, and in its media new priests to becloud our minds? If so, who shall help us? For then we shall but have exchanged masters—spirits for "God," mediums for "priests," and neither advantaged our fellows, or ourselves by the exchange.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. PHILADELPHOS.

Is Astrology a Humbug or a Science?

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That question has been asked thousands of times, but never answered to the satisfaction of the masses. The following from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the eminent author, on the subject, published in the Chicago Tribune will be read with interest:

"In these matter-of-fact days many people are not aware that astrology is the parent of astronomy; that it is not a fabled mystery—a supernatural supposition—but a science. Pope speaks of 'astrologers who future fates foretell'; and in ancient times astrology was synonymous with astronomy. Had it not been for astrologer, we should now have no astronomers. Therefore I may be pardoned for calling the attention of the public to a very curious and interesting man in New York who is versed in the language of the stars, and claims to be able to tell their effect upon human destinies.

"If the stars affect the movements of the earth, the climate, the tides, the appearance of the sun, as all educated people know to be a fact, why may it not be equally reasonable to suppose that human lives are in a measure influenced by the situation of the planets?

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By JOHN C. BUNDY.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 27, 1886.

## Truth and Prejudice Grow Together.

We have noted the great increase in our popular newspapers of reports of haunted houses, strange phenomena, apparitions, mind-cures and the like, as proofs of a growing popular desire to know of these things which pertain to the inner life of man and to the life beyond. A like increase of these things in private life, not recorded in the newspapers, is equally marked. For instance, a friend tells us of a late evening visit at a pleasant home, where the talk turned on Spiritualism. One lady, not a Spiritualist, told of being "chased all over a room by a table which started to go up stairs" after her. The intelligent hostess told of a visit in an Episcopal family, their sitting around a table and having raps, table moving, and most clear and emphatic replies to mental and oral questions.

Evidently the power of unseen intelligences, people in the life beyond, to manifest themselves to us, grows with our growing wish for such manifestations. This is natural. In our daily life, if we show no desire to see our friends and neighbors they seldom visit us, but with the growth of our desire for their society they see us oftener. So it is as between us and our friends "over there."

As the power and frequency of spirit visitations grow, the dogged obstinacy and blind and bitter prejudice of opponents grow also. This, too, is natural. When devils or evil spirits are being cast out they writhe and groan. When false theories are being upset, the groans and violence of their advocates increase. As emancipation drew near proslavery mobs grew more fierce. In the Christian Union "A Layman" gives a column of "Hints and Helps," among which are the following:

Are there any spooks? Do the phantom hands of modern spook-compellers exist except as attached to their own precious torments? Was Belshazzar fooled? Our time is being victimized by new and ingenious spooks. Occultism, clairvoyance, telepathy, spiritism, mind cure are our witches' cauldron. The clairvoyant uses means as sensible as the foot of frog and our telepathy is as scientific as lizard legs. These modern types of superstition are unique in that they masquerade in the name of science—as if a spook should appear and deliver paragraphs about the evolution of the heterogeneous from the homogeneous, and press the primivism of the sun.

Is there in this modern witchcraft cauldron any real wisdom of truth? Is there nothing in this world beyond dirt or nothing beyond membership in the fetiches of heat, light, and electricity? He who makes light of superstition should beware lest he also make light of religion. There is abroad a flippancy of familiarity not only with sacred things, but with sacred truths. The golden censor by which your neighbor finds the kingdom of God may not be the consecrated instrument by which your soul is uplifted, but beware lest your soul be by nothing uplifted. Tear down no man's religion with sneer and laughter and wine, lest in destroying the temple you involve in a common ruin both Palestine and Samson. We owe a duty of respect to religions from which we are widely divergent. If they are imperfect, so is ours. Christianity is perfect, but no man's view of it is perfect. Do we wish to convert the world to the true God? Then we must illustrate him before the heretic. You never will convert a man from a false religion by ridiculing. Judaism was a side of truth.

His closing paragraphs have gleams of broad thought, but these "spooks" are all folly and superstition. They are so thick all around in our day that his righteous soul waxes wroth.

This is an evangelical view, but we find it like from a liberal Christian source, for the glamour of false philosophy and the fog of ignorance spread beyond all limits of creed, to daunt and dim the mental sight of saint and sinner alike.

Rev. Charles Ellis, a Unitarian from East Saginaw, lately preached in the church of that denomination in Detroit, and the Tribune of that city reports his discourse. He held intellectual progress and moral culture to be the coming religion and said no word of intuition or of man's inner life and infinite spiritual relations. "The religions of the past are an epitome of man, a supposed relation to a supposed unseen and unknown world of spiritual beings and powers that be-

longed to the world of emotion." Savages, he said, dreamed that they saw ghosts, and so the belief grew, and the belief in a supreme Being came from the same dreamy source. Most interesting is the conceit of a young preacher, quietly ignoring the psychic research and spiritual experiences of great and gifted persons in our day, and so filled with "the pride of science, falsely so-called," as to also ignore the records of like experiences of great souls in the past! "Spooks" must be thick enough in the Saginaw pine woods to trouble him and call out his learned ignorance. Truth must be gaining as its opponents are thus moved to reveal their folly.

## Huxley's Ideal Man.

In a late issue of *Unity* is the following:

"Professor Huxley's ideal man is such a *Unity* works to produce, one who has been nurtured in youth that his body is the ready servant of his mind, and with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamer of his own ideas as well as for the great fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no doubt, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are made to heed a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty whether of nature or art, to hate all violence, and respect others as well as himself."

This "ideal man" is good so far as it goes, but the conception is imperfect and fragmentary, leaving out all thought of the microcosmic nature, the infinite relations, the intuitive soul-knowledge, the voice within that tells of immortality, the aspirations toward the Infinite Mind.

It is such an ideal as a high-minded agnostic, materialist, or atheist might hold, but not such as would satisfy a spiritual and intuitive thinker like Emerson, who saw man as "an intelligence served by bodily organs," an immortal spirit clothed in flesh to-day, but beyond the stars, and served by a celestial body to-morrow.

*Unity* can not be satisfied with Huxley's ideal if it accepts Emerson's. If it "works to produce" this ideal man of the English scientist, its effort is agnostic. If it aims to spread the ideal of the concord sage, its effort is for spiritual culture. "Under which king" does our neighbor serve? Divided allegiance is but confusion and failure.

Here is Huxley's own statement. He says: "In the interest of scientific clearness I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean that the whole organism has certain mental faculties, which, like those rest, are dependent on its molecular composition and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to that I look to a future life, when all I mean is, that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds."

With no wish to belittle his signal services as an inductive scientist, it is plain that a man who is not decided that he has a soul is of no consequence in psychic or spiritual matters.

Does *Unity* rest content with these misty uncertainties as to the spirit of man and the future life? or can it say with Emerson,

"Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,  
 Heart's love will meet three ages hence."

Does it accept the poor notion that certain mental faculties are "dependent on molecular composition"? or can it accept the spiritual statement that "Death is but an event, a circumstance in the eternal life of man? As the bursting of the rose bud is needed for the development of the flower, so is the death of the physical body needed for the higher conditions of the life beyond?" We greatly need clear thought and the emphatic statement of spiritual realities. We want in our day a spiritual philosophy and an ideal of man in its white light.

Here is a noble word from Rev. Reed Stewart of Battle Creek, Michigan, an independent preacher, to a large audience. In speaking on "Soul Forces," his "ideal man" is more complete than any agnostic conception, his recognition of research in the spiritual world, frank and fair. He said:

"It is worthy of note that all the souls which have moved the world, and not so much stamped as furrowed their way of thinking and acting into age, have set up the claim that they maintained an original and immediate relation to some spiritual force greater than themselves. The world is not their own creation, merely passive instruments with another used at will;—the hand which must remain dumb until swept by the passing breeze. They have all heard voices and seen visions, and contemporaries could not hear nor see, and they set their claims to these celestial omens. Thus Buddha, thus Zoroaster, thus Jesus, and Paul, and Mahomet, and Luther, have felt that the unseen realm, the world of God, was greater than they. The word of Jesus that he came not to do his own will but the will of Him who sent him, is the common testimony of all such like souls. Soocrates' wisdom, the wisdom of the world of God must be considered first. Mahomet, coming back from his communings in the mountains, said: 'God is great. He alone is real. In devout silence I will obey him.' Luther confessed: 'I am a miserable creature, God's righteousness drives me.' The Holy Ghost in the New Testament, the daemon of the Greek prophet, the 'trance' of the mystic, the 'inner light' of the Quakers, the 'illumination' and the 'opening of the word' of Swedenborg, are all forms of the same thing, namely, that each person has an opening on one side to the universal life. And in whatever degree inspiration may come—whether it be an ecstasy which catches the soul up to the third heaven and reveals things unutterably reserved for the select few in history, or only the glow of emotion which overpowers our own dull souls when we witness a virtuous act, or resolve that henceforth our feet shall walk in upward bending, and we may believe that the tide of the sea of life is rising, and is surging up every inlet and bay of being."

"And after making all necessary allowance for exaggeration, and subtracting whatever is unreal from the extravagant claims of these enthusiasts, the results which they have left clearly that there was a truth which defies all assaults. These spiritual heroes did not deal with vain, and shallow, and shadowy things. As we grant a deep and pervading sincerity to the men who have dealt with the laws of the material world—to Copernicus, and Galileo, and Columbus, and Newton, a strict justice requires that a like sincerity be granted to those who have sought to explore the secrets of the spiritual world. And as we believe that the first class among the objects of their search—discovered new worlds, and new continents, and new laws, so we may believe the latter class when they report the existence of new spiritual worlds, and new spiritual laws."

To which is *Unity* and Unitarianism nearest? To Huxley's agnosticism, or Reed Stewart's clear and strong affirmation?

An interesting experiment in cremation was made at Pittsburgh a few days ago. A body was placed in the retort, and in less than an hour was reduced to ashes by the use of natural gas as fuel. The gas has two advantages: first, in quickness of combustion; and second, that no foreign substances mix with the ashes of the deceased. When wood is used a considerable part of the ashes collected for the urn is from the wood itself.

## Divine Providence Examined and Analyzed.

DIVINE: Excellent in the highest degree.—Webster.

PROVIDENCE: The act of providing or preparing for future use or application; foresight; timely care; readiness to provide.—Webster.

The question may well be asked, what is Divine Providence? Ministers of the Gospel have studiously endeavored to elucidate in a comprehensive manner its real nature, but they have never succeeded in explaining it to the entire satisfaction of many scrutinizing minds. It is designated as being very "mysterious," as far beyond the understanding of the average mortal, and no one, as yet, has succeeded in demonstrating scientifically its exact status, as separate and apart from humanity. Sometimes relief comes to a mortal in accordance with a fervent prayer. Then, again, sincere supplications to Deity meet with no response whatever. As a peculiar manifestation of what is often designated as Divine Providence, we may remark that the arch traitor still lives, while Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, and hundreds of other noble men who were connected with the late war on the Union side, have passed to spirit-life. Thousands of dollars are expended annually in the effort to christianize foreign heathens, while the heathens in our own country are left without assistance. Murderers, under the supervision of a minister of the Gospel, repent, "experience religion," and are supposed to go directly to heaven, while the poor victim, is, of course, consigned to hell. Divine Providence is also supposed to be the substratum of all religious sects; the central point from which all faith and prayer emanate, and without its controlling influence, it is affirmed that the world would soon be thrown into chaos. We use the term, however, in exact accord with the above definition.

The human mind can not, however, have a substantial conception of what constitutes Divine Providence outside of a human being. Burt Coatsman, a cowboy convicted and sentenced to three years at Joliet prison from Wyoming, was released Jan. 30th, having served his term. When Coatsman was brought into the clerk's office to be discharged, the clerk handed him a package of bills amounting to nearly \$1,000, and informed him that \$1,000 of the money had been sent to him as a Christmas present by one of the cattle kings of Wyoming. The ex-convict was nearly paralyzed with astonishment at his good fortune and left the prison doors with a light heart. That was a noble generous act; an act worthy of the highest conception of Divine Providence—if not Divine Providence itself—the giving of \$1,000 to that unfortunate prisoner. There was a glorious, refulgent light in it; there was sublime comfort in it; there was ecstatic pleasure in it; there was a heart-felt satisfaction in it, but the Divine Providence was composed exclusively of the benign cattle king.

A mother at Manhasset, L. I., whose child was taken ill, refused to send for a physician, saying that she had confidence in its restoration to health by Divine Providence. Her faith was painfully shaken by the death of her little one. She had not an adequate comprehension of what constitutes Divine Providence, or she would never have relied exclusively on supernatural means. Relying entirely on supernatural means, indicates that she placed full confidence in God, instead of wisely summoning to her aid the Divine Providence manifested in a good physician.

It is related that by the wreck of a bank in Lancaster, Mass., recently a widow lost her whole fortune—\$2,000—whereupon an unknown person in Boston arranged to pay her \$120 annually (representing 6 per cent interest on her loss) as long as she lived. There, too, was a most beautiful illustration of the divine in man's nature in providing her with an income that would enable her to live comfortably during the remainder of her life. Divine Providence in this case was remarkably prominent.

As is well known, events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy, and ending often, only with the termination of a miserable existence. It has been related that about nine o'clock in the evening of the day of the late Massachusetts State election, a gentleman passing up Washington Street, Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"These ain't my papers," he replied; "I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor half-clad little waif, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, rousing up from his nap, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stowing it away safely in his pocket, started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston. He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold.

In this narrative we see Divine Providence finely manifested, illustrating the grandeur of human nature in the lowly walks of life, where it is more frequently found than in the higher strata of society. There was nothing

providential in the humane effort of the gentleman to alleviate the burden of the little newsboy, only so far as the Divine Providence within his soul had been exercised, just as any other innate desire or impulse of human nature might be, under certain circumstances, called into requisition.

We may set it down as an established fact that whatever is good, efficacious, or healing, is divine, in the highest and noblest sense of that word, and whenever one provides health or happiness to any suffering human being he becomes in the highest conception of the term, *Divine Providence*.

Divine Providence has generally been regarded as located in some distant place—no one knows exactly where—and in no wise a part of, or connected with, mortal man, and which moves about in compliance with the prayers and entreaties of the children of earth. Such is, however, not the case. Every kind thought, word, or deed is divine, and when they alleviate the suffering of some poor mortal, then they can be designated as constituting Divine Providence. God in no sense of the word should be regarded as the Divine Providence from which special providences flow. Special providence can only emanate from the Divine Providence in men, women, spirits and angels.

## The Sunday-Opening Question.

A cablegram from London states that the much mooted "Sunday-opening question" may be regarded as settled in England. No one doubts now that soon the Commons will follow the Lords, who, March 19th, by a majority of fourteen, voted that "the time has come when, in the interest of religion and education, all national collections should be opened to the public Sundays as other days." The Archbishop of Canterbury and seven other bishops, of course, voted with the church traditions of the past in the minority. All the Peers of ability voted for the measure. Lord Bramwell, better known as Judge Bramwell, made a stirring speech in favor of keeping the museums and picture-galleries open Sundays. Turning toward the Primate and his fellow Bishops, he said:

"I am perfectly satisfied that it is the religious part of the matter that is at the bottom of the opposition to the motion. We are alone in Christendom in observing Sunday in the way we do. The English view of Sunday is a novelty. I object to the way in which Sunday is observed, because it is a day wasted. It ought to be a day of recreation and enjoyment. There is nothing in a man's nature which tells him that it is wrong for him to enjoy himself on Sunday. The proper interpretation of the supplication, 'and lead us not into temptation,' is: 'Do not lay down for us a rule for Sunday which we can not observe.' Prince Bismarck has recorded that when he was in England he always had a painful impression of the English Sunday; that he was always glad when it was over; and that he was sure many Englishmen had the same feeling. That is the condition of things that I ask the House to set about to remedy. The English Sunday is mispent. It is worse than mispent; it leads people into temptation. This is not a question of the workingman only, but there are plenty of other people who are entitled to consideration. It is idle and selfish for workingmen to object to being employed Sunday at places of recreation."

Several morning papers are jubilant over this victory of progress over cant, and one paper hails the vote as an evidence that the Peers are waking up to the power of popular sentiment; when such men as Lords Granville, Coleridge, Rosebery, Spencer, Ripon, Wolseley, Napier, Bute (the Roman Catholic convert and the original of "Lothair"), and young Lord Houghton (his first vote) join against the archbishop.

## The Bible—Is This True?

H. N. Lowe is quoted in the *Christian Advocate* as follows:

"While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions, have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused, than any other book the world ever saw. It survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulphed in the stream of time, yet is borne along till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no longer."

Any book that lives and is widely read for long centuries must have real power and merit. We are not inclined to belittle the excellencies of the nobler portion of that collection of documents which we call the Bible, or to hide the faults of other parts of the book. Read with eyes and mind open, it will do far more good than it ever has, but the theory of its infallible inspiration will pass away. Mr. Lowe should know that the Vedas and the Buddhist Dhammapada have stood longer than the Bible, and with less change. He says: "It survives all changes itself unchanged." The revised version, prepared by eminent clergymen, has thousands of changes from the old version, and orthodox commentators admit as high as thirty thousand differences in parts of many old editions. Foolish indeed is such talk about the Bible being unchanged or standing longer than any other book.

The 38th anniversary of modern Spiritualism, will be celebrated at the G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, March 24th. Music, recitations, etc.

Three working girls at St. Joseph, Mich., became insane over religion, and eight others are slightly affected. The Pentecost Band brought about the dementia.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Bundy and family reached San Jose, Cal., on the 11th inst., and at latest advices were having a delightful visit at Sunny Beye, the home of Mrs. E. L. Watson.

Kossuth, at 84, amused himself hugely with the late carnival festivities at Naples.

While David Strong of Medway, O., was eating his dinner the upper set of his false teeth fell into his throat and he was choked to death.

Giles B. Stebbins lectures at Port Huron, Mich., March 28th, morning and evening, on the occasion of the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Lyman C. Howe lectured at Yorkshire, N. Y., last Sunday. He has an engagement at Elmira to lecture three Sundays in each month for the next six months.

Tramps who are found on the streets of Winona, Minn., after eight o'clock in the evening are locked up by the police. There are fewer conflagrations since the ordinance went into effect.

The Rev. Fayette Royce of Beloit, Wis., an Episcopalian minister, yet exceedingly liberal in his views, not believing in the genuine orthodox hell, has lately had the degree of D. D. conferred upon him by Hobart College, N. Y.

"Poems of the Life Beyond and Within," compiled by Giles B. Stebbins. Voices from many lands and centuries, saying, "Man, thou shalt never die. Price, cloth, \$1.50; postage, 10 cents extra.—For sale at this office.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, 416 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold exercises commemorative of the 38th anniversary of modern Spiritualism, on Wednesday evening, March 31st, at 7:45. Mr. J. J. Morse, the English trance medium, Hon. A. H. Bailey and Mr. W. C. Bowen are expected as the speakers of the occasion, while Mrs. Stryker, Mrs. Jones and other well known mediums will offer evidences of spirit return. A cordial invitation extended to all. Admission free.

The first Spiritualist Aid Society of Boston, will celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in Tremont Temple, Wednesday, March 31st. Speakers: At 10 A. M., Mrs. Nellie Palmer; at 2:30 P. M., Mr. J. Frank Baxter will deliver the Anniversary Address; at 7:30, P. M., Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Test medium, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles. Elocutionist, Lucette Webster. Singing by Madame Callista Huntly Piccolli, Miss Amanda Bailey, Mrs. C. W. Sullivan, and Master Willie Gaskins. Accompaniment, Miss Amy Balch. Refreshments will be served in the lower hall. Admission to each session, ten cents.

The Thirty-eighth Anniversary Celebration of Modern Spiritualism under the auspices of the Society of United Spiritualists will be celebrated Sunday, March 28th, at the Madison St. Theatre. Services commence at 1:30 P. M., sharp. Programme: Song, Unique Quartette; Reading and Invocation, Dr. J. H. Randall; Congregational singing; Address, Mrs. J. D. Shepard; Song, Mrs. Frank Cole and Mrs. Faust; Address, Judge Charles H. Wood; Song, Mrs. Anna Doré and Miss Clara Marshall; Describing medium, Mrs. Minnie Marshall; Recitation, Miss Mabel Bishop; Congregational singing; Address, Mrs. S. F. DeWolf; Address, W. H. Blair, Esq.; Recitation, Miss Helen Bishop; Song, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Faust; Describing medium, Mr. Ewing; Address, O. E. Bishop, Esq.; Instrumental music, Guitar, Harmonicon and Jewaharp, by Messrs. Faust, Hickcock and Gaghagan Brothers; Closing remarks, Dr. Randall; Congregational singing.

The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* has a clerical correspondent in sore distress. He writes: "Universalism in various forms is stealing into the church. Let a preacher be suspected of a doubt, and his mind grows, hundreds of people unite to testify how they are pleased. It is time for earnest Christians to take firm ground. Universalism is coming everywhere. This is distressing to those who feel that Christianity can not live without hell fire." But Spiritualism, too, is "coming in everywhere." Many churches of all denominations have Spiritualists among their members and helpers. We were lately told of a popular city church in which twelve families were Spiritualists. As yet very little is said about it, the ignoring or the pooh-pooh policy being in vogue, but this will not last. Let us keep firm, hold our standard high, give our true mediums and our earnest speakers and writers sympathy and due material aid, and we win, the whole lump will be leavened.

We learn from a special dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*, that there is great excitement in Leavenworth, Kansas, in spiritualistic circles about a fifteen year old colored girl named Chancé Ross, who lives in Third avenue with her parents, who are intelligent, respectable people. Sunday, March 14th, the girl said she had been called to the spirit world and would leave at seven o'clock and return at five the next morning. She went to sleep at the hour named and awoke precisely at five o'clock. She then related that she had been called to the spirit land to bring back a warning to the people to prepare themselves for great destruction of life and property during the coming summer by cyclones and floods; and the city is doomed unless the danger can be averted by prayer. She saw many relatives who have long since been dead, and describes the place visited as beautiful in the extreme. After talking about four hours she said she was called to leave again and how long she would be away or asleep, and awoke at the hour named.















This is a large 12mm. of 872 pages, long primer type with an appendix of twenty-three pages in brevier.

The author takes the ground that since naturalists are concerned with a knowledge of real phenomena, appearances, their sense perceptions, and which are not only historically but also philosophically important, it is inevitable that daily observation, to any faithful investigator, thereof spiritualism is a natural science, and all opposition to it, like the famous pretence that it is outside of nature, is a mere dogma.

Mr. Sargent remarks in his preface: "The hour is coming and now, when the man claiming to be a philosopher, philologist or scientist, who has no other interest than to deny the existing phenomena here recorded, will be set down as behind age, or as evading its most important question. Spiritualism is a fact, and cannot be denied." So he collects in 600 pages of my first book on the subject. Among intelligents menveris claims to scientific recognition are no longer a sort of doubt."

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